



European Collection of Social Poetry and Art (1800 – 1950's)

ELBA
2007



Socrates
Grundtvig



Title

**European Collection of Social Poetry
and Art
(1800 – 1950's)**

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The ELBA Project

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ELBA project (Electronic Book for Adults) is a three years of European experience that lead together several institutions coming from different European countries (Spain, Greece, Italy, Cyprus, Lithuania). In this section of the e-Book some project partners wanted to express what working in ELBA has meant for them and they wanted to share this with the wider audience.

One of the partners was taking part in ELBA as their first international learning partnership project. In their experience, this was a great opportunity for teachers and students to improve their English language, ICT and literature skills. It was also a great chance to meet people from different European countries, to know their culture and traditions, to learn more about adult education in Europe.

Another partner underlines that the participation in the ELBA project has given the opportunity to explore a field that was not very practised until that moment (the literature and the digitisation techniques), this way enriching its range of training offer and allowing the personnel to acquire new competences and establish new relationships. This has given a great added value and improved the “excellence” activities; these achieved results will surely positively affect the future plans and projects.

Furthermore, for a female non-profit association, partner in the project, this was a real, valuable and precious “learning experience”. Not only each member of the staff was involved and developed their skills in relation to European culture and ICT, but also the students who participated at the meetings and training courses, acquired a better knowledge of the English language and had the chance to share different cultures, values and internationally driven experiences.

Another important thing is related to the partnership: the ELBA partnership had the chance to grow years after years developing sounding team collaborative skills, tolerance and respect of individual and cultural differences. The final reflection addressing cultural issues comes from the fourth institution: its team had the opportunity of participating in an international project cooperation and working for a common goal. Working in groups needs a lot of organization and especially when these groups are not sharing the same culture and language. What ELBA project achieved was the focus on common characteristics that all human have and forget our cultural and national differences. It started an intercultural dialogue and we all learned a lot from each other having in mind that we were from North, South and East of Europe.

The words of the “Union of Informatics Scientists of Viotia” are meaningful and worth to be quoted here: “The project itself is reaching its objectives and we are all happy and proud because we contributed to this outcome. More important than the project’s outcome had



been the overall procedures that took place during the tree years of cooperation. Our meetings as well as the cultural events that co-existed alongside with the meeting works offered to the ELBA partners' team the opportunity of becoming more united and concrete towards our objectives. The feelings that we all in our team shared extend not only to the satisfaction of completing successfully a project but especially to the joy of making friends inside the ELBA partnership. Friends and partners, for whom we share the same feelings of having promoted a co-operation to an intercultural friendship.”

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Prologue

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We are plunged into a world of deep changes, which affect the way to communicate and the means to produce are taking place. Ways and means closely tightened to underpin the so called Knowledge Society.

Across human history the accumulation and transmission of this knowledge has been carried out through books and libraries and the education systems. At present key elements as libraries and schools are undergoing a deep transformation which reflects, on the one hand, the new ways of editing and the structure and organization of the new sort of library, and, on the other hand, the need which methods of education and pedagogy will evolve towards a lifelong training. In addition, the queries of work which will be requested in the rising Knowledge Society involve an increasing amount of information and highly dynamic knowledge which move quickly with the times.

Within this general framework we wanted to contribute with the present project find new ways to work and to organize the work - coordinated and distributed - and to study experimental new methodologies applied to the edition through technical skills of the new task requirements.

By organizing our work we also became aware that we are collaborating to cultural integration with the countries which participated in the project, and also with Europe, through a product whose content historically gathers Poetry as one of its most sensitive expressions of culture.

Thus we drew up a European Collection of Poetry and Art since 19th century until the middle of 20th century of the countries which had participated in the development of the project. We started our work drawing up the contents and structure of the electronic book.

Obviously this took us to a previous study of Literature, Culture and History which encompassed the period already determined. We agreed that the Collection would contain poems of fifty selected poets of each participating country.

We studied the cultural and historical repertoires, contexts, the similarities between countries and we had the chance to reflect that there should be a turnaround in the cultural use of integration of Europe. A mutual knowledge to underpin the European common which would allow a rapprochement between cultures.

The result of this work was a collection of more than 250 poems belonging to writers of five countries and written in four different languages. In order to obtain an homogeneous product we took English language as the communication language and kept our own languages to express diversity within the unity. It was necessary hence to find out the translations of the poems, translate them if there were no translations found or provide a short description of them. The final outcome was a multilingual product.



The accomplishment of this previous intellectual work seems to us very advisable before starting any work or technical process, since to study and know the purpose of the tasks we are carrying out always stimulate and enrich the formative process.

Whether if they are focused on the emergent Knowledge Society the main thing will be the content and the techniques we use. In this respect it should facilitate the cultural creation, its dissemination and the application to the processes of producing material goods through automatic devices.

Hitherto we have focused our work on the definition of the realization of the electronic book, in other words the material product we had in mind. Firstly, the electronic book took us to the study of the nature and structure of this sort of books. Secondly, to learn prior the techniques of digitalisation which are necessary to pass from the content of texts printed on paper to the new electronic supports. And to experience which were the most adequate means to be used in our own case.

These tasks were distributed among the cluster of participants by elaborating computing tools of communication among the different associated groups of the project. The learners of the associated institutions got involved by learning the techniques of digitalisation and the nature and structure of digital books. Thus, we have suggested a subject to lifelong professional learning based on a new technology of digital editing which has a strong multiplier effect.

Actually in the forthcoming future most of the information will circulate on a digital basis. We think that the qualification on these techniques hence will be the cornerstone of the diffusion and learning of other techniques which will be expounded and explained in "digital texts", with the facility of including images, audio, and links to videos and other interactive tools which will facilitate training.

Moreover, due to the truly essence of the electronic techniques, comparatively different from the mechanical ones used by Guttenberg, they make the platforms of hardware necessary to the digital edition of simpler use, installation and maintenance and far more economic than the previous methods used in the printed edition. It becomes easier to install small factories, even at home, for the accomplishment of digital edition products of high quality.

On the other hand, the promotion of the digital edition not only of new texts, but of texts laying in our libraries, and their organization in digital libraries will eventually make easier to read books and make the access to culture within everyone's reach.

We finished our work with the edition of an electronic book on a hard support, entitled "European Collection of Social Poetry and Art (1800- 1950). The tasks undertaken in the last stage consisted basically on the design of the structure and the physical accomplishment of the electronic book.

The structure was determined by splitting the material in five chapters - one for each collaborating country. Each section was made up of an Introduction which shows the historical context of the poetry of each country, an index of the countries' poets and artists,



their biographies followed by the poems irrespectively expounded in a double column - one with the poem in English or, if missing with a short description/comment to the poem, and the other in its original language. Besides it contains other sections dedicated to Prologue, Foreword, Acknowledgments and Bibliography.

The navigation throughout the book is made through series of links (hyperlinks) which start off an initial index lead us to each one of the chapters and from the indexes of the chapters to the section of each poet and suitable return links to make the navigation through the book easier. The consequences of including a digital book in the net, or building up a digital library have also been experienced.

Besides the specific final product which was the main goal of ELBA project and the introduction of new techniques and practices we highlight another objective of our project which is the use of coordinated and distributed organization in the development of the projects and the experience on cooperative work using computing networks distributed in enlarged geographic scopes. This issue should be included as a learning topic within the curricula of professional training institutions to help setting up working groups located in different countries and geographical regions.

The development of the electronic book apart from the technical aspects of our work, has helped us to know each other through the definition of the cultural profiles of our own countries allowing the transfer of knowledge and therefore an integration within the widened cultural diversity of the countries participating in the project. In addition, as the process of evolution of different European cultures keeps a different pace, new technologies act as tools which help bridging the gap between individual and social development for the foundation of a common European soul.

In this respect and within the new framework of construction and of intercultural dialogue, ELBA project is a sample of co-joint participation in the creation of a cultural network set in the complete book which has promoted the introduction of the new technologies and has given way to a fruitful activity of cooperation boosting the initiative and responsibility of the participants.

Pilar Cataño Canabal
ELBA Project Coordinator

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Foreword

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For the casual reader, the following selections might seem at first glance random; however, while examining closely these poems, one can see under the prism of poetry a number of aesthetic and philosophical principles.

One can also hope that this may bridge the gap between what is particular in the experience, and what is universal in the outlook of life as expressed by the European culture and worlds.

I try to remember how the qualities of the mind, considered in the West as young people's spiritual, have been overlooked in the European society. When not ignored, they were ridiculed in the name of profit and on the basis of a materialist ideology.

However, freedom of individual expression constitutes just one of many different aspects of human creativity. Poetry—as we have observed—is a medium best suited for maintaining the balance between the two realities which Europe constantly faces; one, being the inner reality of the mind, and the other, the reality of self-preservation in the world as it is.

We admire the balance and intellectual restraint attributed to Classicism. It appears inspired by the classical model of excellence as applied to contemporary poetry, even though the rules that govern some of the work are as far as it can be from the notion of classicist imitation of anybody including the old masters.

Content and form are inseparably interwoven. A poem can create a mood, picture, or feeling. Poetry usually forms words or messages. A poem can tell stories similar to a folk tale or legend. A poem written in any style often resembles the rhythms of speech. A poem written about one's life, personality traits, and ambitions. Poetry treats a serious subject sometimes with humor. Themes are usually connected to love and romance.

Poetry which holds the principles and ideals of beauty which are characteristic of Greek and Roman art, architecture, and literature.

A poem speaks to a listener. A poem written in honor of the people of all nations and cultures. A short lyrical poem can contain poetic thoughts. Thoughts and themes are usually connected to love and romance. The closing signature often includes the poet's meaning of life as perceived by the poet himself.

Poetry, a peaceful and idealized scene, tells stories about heroes of a bygone age. Poetry depicts rural life in a peaceful, romanticized way.

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Cypriot Literature

Overview

The Cyprus selection of poetry covers a period from 1890 to 1974. In the early 1878 Cyprus was under the British occupation and most of poets were into myth, Cypriot tradition, hopes and feelings. Their main language at the time was the Cypriot dialect.

Beginning of the 20th century literature followed the Greek style of poetry. Greek language was at that time the main writing tool, even though they were some Turkish Cypriot that they wrote in Turkish their poem were not as popular within the island as the Greek Cypriot.

According to the social changes, political situation and after the Second World War, poetry in Cyprus got a new style of poetry enriched by new sentimental and spiritual character. After the national revolution against British in 1955, the freedom and justice were the influence of most Cypriots poets. This lasted almost 5 years.

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Περίληψη

Η επιλογή ποιημάτων καλύπτει την περίοδο από το 1890 μέχρι το 1950 με βασικό κριτήριο την ημερομηνία γέννησης του ποιητή (κάποια ποιήματα μπορεί να γράφτηκαν αργότερα).

Το 1878 η Κύπρος πέρασε στην αγγλική κυριαρχία. Οι συνθήκες διαβίωσης των Κυπρίων μαζί με την αμορφωσιά αποτέλεσαν τους παράγοντες που η ποίηση και γενικά η λογοτεχνία δεν είχε την αναμενόμενη εξέλιξη. Οι περισσότεροι ποιητές της εποχής περιορίζονταν σε θέματα που αφορούσαν στην Κυπριακή ζωή και στις παραδόσεις της. Σ' αυτά εξέφραζαν τα συναισθήματά τους (αγάπη, πόνο για το θάνατο και τον πόθο για ελευθερία). Κύρια γλώσσα γραφής η κυπριακή διάλεκτος.

Από τις αρχές του 20ου αιώνα, όταν πλέον η παιδεία και τα σχολεία αυξάνονται, η επαφή με τον ελλαδικό χώρο και την ποίηση αποτελεί ουσιαστικό παράγοντα διαμόρφωσης της νεότερης κυπριακής ποίησης. Έτσι η ελληνική γλώσσα και τα ρεύματα που κυριαρχούν στον ελλαδικό χώρο θα καθορίσουν τον τρόπο γραφής των περισσότερων ποιητών του 20ου αι.



Γύρω στα μέσα του 20ου αι. η ποίηση της Κύπρου αρχίζει να δέχεται επιδράσεις από τα ευρύτερα ευρωπαϊκά ρεύματα αφού αρκετοί Κύπριοι σπουδάζουν στις Ευρωπαϊκές πρωτεύουσες.

Η τουρκοκυπριακή κοινότητα ανέδειξε ποιητές που έγραψαν ποιήματα στην Τουρκική γλώσσα.

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Michaelides Vasilis (1846 – 1917)

Vasilis Michaelides was born in small village called Leukoniko in 1846 and he died in 1917 in the town of Lemesos(Limassol), in an old aged house. He wrote poetry during 19th and the 20th century. Most of his poems are about love and freedom. He writes in the Cypriot dialect. Some popular poems are 9th of July, chiotissa, and anerada.

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Ο Βασίλης Μιχαηλίδης γεννήθηκε στο Λευκόνικο το 1846 και πέθανε το 1917 στη Λεμεσό, ξεχασμένος και παραμελημένος στο πτωχοκομείο. Κορυφαίος ποιητής της Κύπρου του τέλους του 19ου και των αρχών του 20ου. Στην ποίησή του εκφράζει την αγωνία και τους εθνικούς καημούς της Κύπρου. Έγραψε όμως και ποιήματα με ερωτικό και κοινωνικό περιεχόμενο. Χρησιμοποιεί και καταξιώνει την Κυπριακή διάλεκτο. Τα πιο γνωστά ποιήματά του, η 9η Ιουλίου, η Χιώτισσα, η Ανεράδα.

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ANERADA

Back in the place where I my life began,
A budding youth
Already throbbing with a young man's pulse,
My fear of goblins lately overcome,
No longer shy,
I venture out, my curiosity to satisfy

Near by a river ford
My eyes a vision, a dazzling slender form did glimpse.
Cursed may the moment be!
Unfortunate me, I was entrapped,
Caught in the noose, held tight and fast,
Ensnared a pasture like a lamb
She looked at me and the place lit up
My mind was dazzled
The world appeared brighter by far
She smiled at me
And heaven was conjured up
I was dumbfounded, stunned.

At once I lost myself
And gaping, spellbound I stood,
Obvious to the world
"Come, follow me," she said
And I poor fool, smitten in my heart
Followed in her path

Mountains we crossed and blossom – covered hill
And plains with thistle clad
Together we walked
An endless walk
Untiring travelers pressing on,

Η ΑΝΕΡΑΔΑ

Στην χώραν π' αναγιώθηκα και 'κόμα αναγιώννουμουν
κι άρκεψα νάκκον να λαχτώ, τότες εξηφοήθηκα τα
ζώδκια κι εν έχώννουμουν κι εξέβηκα να δκιανευτώ.

Σε μιαν ποταμοδκιάβασην μιαν λυερήν εχχιάστηκα. -
νείεν καεί η σταλαμή!-ούλα τ' αρνίν έίς τον τσοκκόν ο
άχαρος επκιάστηκα, αντάν πκιαστεί μες στην νομήν;
Αντάν με είδεν, έφεξεν κι ο νους μου εφενκιάστηκεν κι
εφάνην κόσμος φωτερός.' Αντάν μου 'χαμογέλασεν,
παράδειςος επλόστηκεν ομπρός μου κι έμεινα ξερός.

Ευτς το πας μου έχασα, ■ τον κόσμον ελλησμόνησα κι
έμεινα χόσκοντα βριχτός. Είπεν μου: « Έλα κλούβα
μου», και 'πού καρκιάς επόνησα κι εκλουθησά της, ο
χαντός.

Ααόνια, κάμπους και βουνά αντάμα εδκιαβήκαμεν
γεμάτ' αθθους κι αγκαθθερά η στράτα δεν ετέλειωννεν
και δεν εποσταθήκαμεν ήτουν για λλόου μας χαρά.
'Έτρεμεν μεν και χάσει με κι έτρεμα μεν και χάσω την
και μεν της πω και μεν μου πεί' εδίψουν την,
εκαύκουμουν κι έτρεμα μεν και πκιάσω την και γινουμεν
κι οι δκυο ' στραπή.

' Υστερα σγοιαν παράδειςον έναν βουνόν εφτάσαμεν...



The road a sheer delight to us

Scared she was lest she should lose me
Scared I was lest I should lose her
No word to her I spoke nor she to me
Thirsty I was for her, inflamed by desire
Yet scared I was lest I should touch her,
Afraid we might both be consumed by fire.....

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

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Angelidou Klairi (1932)

Klairi Angelidou was born in Famagusta. She studied Philosophy in Athens and served as teacher and Headmistress in Secondary Education. She was elected to Parliament and served as Minister of Education and Culture. She has published numerous collections of poetry, as well as prose and studies. Among other distinctions she has been honored by the Universities of Athens and of Thrace, Greece.

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Γεννήθηκε στην Αμμόχωστο. Σπούδασε Ελληνική Φιλολογία στην Αθήνα και εργάστηκε ως Καθηγήτρια και Διευθύντρια Σχολείων στη Μέση Εκπαίδευση. Εξελέγη βουλευτής και υπηρέτησε ως Υπουργός Παιδείας και Πολιτισμού. Εξέδωσε ποιητικές συλλογές, πεζά και μελέτες. Μεταξύ άλλων διακρίσεων τιμήθηκε από το Πανεπιστήμιο Αθηνών και Θράκης.

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Cyprus Goddess

Sea-kissed Aphrodite, of Paphos
You emerge from the foam
Sun-drenched, beautiful dressed.
Goddess of Beauty
on the seashores of Cyprus.

The Hours will dress you in a rose-hued veil
And will crown you with ivy
singing of the coming of Adonis.
And he comes with the moonlight so manly,

To warm love's bed
Sounding the depths of love,
Bending his bow towards Aquarius,
Who scatters red roses,
Cyprus Goddess

Translated by: Constantinos Evangelides

Κύπριδα Θεά

Θαλασσοφίλητη Αφροδίτη,
Παφία,
αναδύεσαι από τους αφρούς
ηλιοπερίχυτη, ωριοπλέξουδη.
Θεά του Κάλλους
Στ' ακροθαλάσσι της Κύπρου
Οι Ώρες θα σε ντύσουν τα ροδόχροα
πέπλα
και με κισσό θα στεφανώσουν το κεφάλι σου
τραγουδώντας τον ερχομό του Άδωνη
Κι αυτός έρχεται με το φως του φεγγαριού
Αρρενωπός,
να ξεστάνει την κλίνη της αγάπης
βυθομετρώντας το μέγεθος του έρωτα
Τοξεύοντας κατα τον Υδροχόο,
που σκορπά κόκκινα τριανταφυλλα
Κύπριδα Θεά.

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[\[Index\]](#)**AUTUMN IN LICHTENSTEIN**

I have encountered Autumn in Lichtenstein. Its carpets
yellow, red, gold
in the bushes, on the grass and along the pavements
raining lightly as it was
a tiny porcupine
took cover in its prickly shell.
And I was awed by the wisdom of God. Schoolchildren
with sparkling eyes and small smiles
at the corners of their lips hurried past me in their colorful
hoods. Beauty overflows in Lichtenstein
in the blossoming flowerbeds at every corner,
on the high mountains with the snowy peaks and in the
eternal brooks of the Rhine which courses divine
to meet other rivers. The castle of the Prince illuminates
the hearts every night and men praise God
for having so munificently granted beauty and tranquility.

Lichtenstein, 29.10.2004

Translated by: Irena Ioannides**ΦΘΙΝΟΠΩΡΟ ΣΤΟ ΛΙΧΤΕΝΣΤΑΙΝ**

Αντάμωσα το Φθινόπωρο στο Λιχτενστάιν. Είχε τα χαλιά
του κίτρινα, κόκκινα, χρυσά στους θάμνους, το γρασίδι
και τα καλντερίμια φιλόβρεχε
κι ένας μικρός σκαντζόχοιρος
κρύφτηκε στ' ακανθωτό καβούκι του. Θαύμασα τη σοφία
του Θεού.
Τα σκολιάροπαιδα με μάτια αστραφτερά κι ένα μικρό
χαμόγελο στην άκρη των χειλιών βιαστικά με
προσπερνούσαν
φορώντας τις χρωματιστές κουκούλες τους. Στο
Λιχτενστάιν η ομορφιά είναι διάχυτη
στ' ανθισμένα παρτέρια σε κάθε γωνιά,
στα ψηλά βουνά με χιονισμένες κορφές και στις αέναες
νεροσυρμές του Ρήνου που κυλά Θικός
ν' ανταμώνει τ' άλλα ποτάμια. Ο πύργος του Πρίγκηπα
κάθε βράδυ φωτίζει τις καρδιές κι οι άνθρωποι ευλογούν
τον Θεό που τόσο απλόχερα χάρισε την ομορφιά και τη
γαλήνη.

Λιχτενστάιν, 29. 10.2004

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Anthias Tefkros (1903 – 1968)

Anthias Tefkros was born in Kontea 1903 and died in London England 1968. His real name is Andreas Paulou. He also use the nick name Andreas Philotheous, also C, Rayias. His main poem is “Ta sfirigmata tou aliti” the whistle of a punk. Mainly in his poems he uses ironic tone and also he is very sarcastic.

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Γεννήθηκε στην Κοντέα το 1903 και πέθανε στο Λονδίνο το 1968. Το πραγματικό του όνομα ήταν Ανδρέας Παύλου- Κατά καιρούς χρησιμοποίησε και άλλα ψευδώνυμα (Ανδρέας Φιλόθεου, Κ. Ραγιάς κ.ά.). Το σημαντικότερο του έργο είναι « Τα σφυρίγματα του Αλήτη», που τον καθιερώνουν στα νεοελληνικά γράμματα. Στην ποίηση του κυριαρχεί η ειρωνεία και ο σαρκασμός. Η ποίησή του έχει έντονο κοινωνικό χαρακτήρα και φαίνεται να είναι άμεσα επηρεασμένη από τον Κ. Βάρναλη.

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SONG TO THE SUN

To look at you with head high was my dream
proud voyager of the heavens,
Sun, father of life, worshipped by the humble
who yearn for your warm, shining embrace.

To see celebrations all around, everything dizzy
beneath the silver laughter of your light,
in the flowers and trees the sap flowing
and the buds awakening from their sweet sleep.

Roses bursting forth, jasmine opening and in the breast
where the heart had withered and aged
youth and joy triumphantly becoming masters,
-let the crowds of humble folk stand on their feet –

Translated by: John Corbidge

ΤΡΑΓΟΥΔΙ ΣΤΟ ΗΛΙΟ

Να σε κοιτάξω ε' πόθησα μ' ολόρθο το κεφάλι,
περήφανε ταξιδευτή των ουρανών,
Ήλιε, πατέρα της ζωής, λατρεία των ταπεινών,
που λαχταρούνε τη θερμή, τη φωτεινή σου αγκάλη

Νάνε γιορτή ολοτρόγυρα, τα πάντα να μεθάνε
κάτω απ' το γέλιο του φωτός σου το ασημί
στάνθη, στα δέντρα, ορμητικά να τρέχουνε οι χυμοί,
και τα μπουμπούκια απ' το γλυκό τους ύπνο να ξυπνάνε

Ρόδα να σκανε, γιασεμιά ν' ανοίγουν, και στα στήθη,
όπου μαράζωσε και γέρασε η καρδιά,
να διαφεντέψουν θριαμβικά κ' η νιότη και η χαρά,
-να στυλωθούν στα πόδια τους των ταπεινών τα πλήθη –

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Christofides Andreas (1937 – 1998)

Andreas Christophides was born in Nicosia in 1937 and died in 1998. He studied Philosophy in Athens, and Paedagogics and Mass Media in the US. He worked in Secondary Education, and in Public Broadcasting as Director General. He also served as Government Spokesman and as Minister of Education and Culture. He wrote and published numerous books of poetry, prose, essays and studies. He was also a regular contributor to dailies and magazines in Cyprus and abroad. He was honored with many local and international awards and distinctions.

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Γεννήθηκε στην Λευκωσία, σπούδασε Φιλοσοφία στην Αθήνα και Παιδαγωγικά και Μέσα Μαζικής Ενημέρωσης στην Αμερική. Εργάστηκε στη Μέση Εκπαίδευση, στη Δημόσια Ραδιοφωνία ως Διευθυντής Προγραμμάτων Ραδιοφώνου και Γενικός Διευθυντής. Διετέλεσε Κυβερνητικός Εκπρόσωπος και Υπουργός Παιδείας. Έγραψε ποίηση, πεζά, δοκίμια, μελέτες. Ήταν επίσης τακτικός συνεργάτης εφημερίδων και περιοδικών της Κύπρου και του εξωτερικού. Τιμήθηκε με πολλές διακρίσεις, τόσο επιτοπίως όσο και διεθνώς.

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PRAGUE, June 30, 1968

Do not wait for me in the shadows of the room
each night as I open the door
to the dull hotel where I am staying.

Do not wait for me at the street's bend
where I turn
where I start wandering aimlessly
in the mornings
and do not even come to Kanopiste
as I ascend the steps which lead to the castle
and I will try to forget you
in the two slanted eyes which won't even look at me
so that later I may begin putting out the candles as in a
ritual
with the bear tips of my fingers
to carry
the fire from the point where it burns
to the point where it simply hurts.
Iconographisi Xeni, 1969

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

ΠΡΑΓΑ 30 Ιουνίου 68

Μη με περιμένεις στις σκιές της κάμαρης
κάθε βράδυ σαν ανοίγω την πόρτα
στο πληκτικό ξενοδοχείο όπου διαμένω.
Μη με περιμένεις στη στροφή του δρόμου όθε περνώ
τα πρωινά καθώς αρχίζω τ'άσκοπα περιδιαβάσματα
κι ούτε στο Κονοπίστε να έλθεις
σαν θ'ανεβαίνω τα σκαλιά που οδηγούν στο κάστρο

κι εγώ θα δοκιμάσω να σε ξεχάσω
μέσα σε δυο μάτια λοξά που δε θα με κοιτάζουν καν
για ν'αρχίσω αργότερα τελετουργικά να σβήνω τα κεριά
με τα γυμνά μου δάκτυλα
να μεταφέρω
τη φωτιά από εκεί που καίει
εκεί που απλώς πονεί.

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[\[Index\]](#)**August 21, 1968****« virtuous life keeps the soul
dry and intelligent. »****Heraclitus**

Liquid soul liquid soul
You must pass through fire
must know hunger thirst illness and foremost father war
do not die during sleep
in order to wake without memory next morning sleep
awake, be alert in your dreams resurrected in the night
and die at dawn
liquid soul liquid soul
remember remember
not the outlines, the details
the eyes that shut the pores that close the elongated
shadows
let us not be oblivious in sleep liquid soul
each moment you must walk backwards experience all
that is rotten
travel with the black birds
ride the dark horses
nest in all the dim places with the bats of night with the
bats of day
and do not allow yourself to sleep keep seeing do not shut
not for a moment your eyes
when you pass through the circles of pyre remember
as you dry tears with the flame the long night's
following day thunder governs all.

Translated by: Irena Ioannides**21 Αυγούστου 1968****«αύη ψυχή σοφοτάτη και
αρίστη»****Ηράκλειτος**

Υγρή ψυχή υγρή ψυχή
Θα πρέπει να περάσεις από τη φωτιά
να γνωρίσεις την πείνα τη δίψα την αρρώστια
και προπαντός τον πόλεμο πατέρα
μην πεθαίνεις στον ύπνο
για να ξυπνάς τ'άλλο πρωί χωρίς μνήμη
να κοιμάσαι ξύπνια να γρηγορείς στα όνειρα
τη νύχτα ν'ανασταίνεσαι
και να πεθαίνεις την αυγή
υγρή ψυχή υγρή ψυχή
να θυμάσαι να θυμάσαι
όχι τα περιγράμματα, τις λεπτομέρειες
τα μάτια που σβήνουν τους πόρους που κλείνουν
τις επιμηκυσμένες σκιές
μην είμαστε ληθαίοι στον ύπνο
υγρή ψυχή
κάθε στιγμή να περπατάς ανάστροφα
να ζήσεις όλα τα σαθρά που ευρίσκει
να ταξιδέψεις με τα μαύρα πουλιά
να καβαλλικήψεις τα σκοτεινά άλογα
κούρνιασε σ'όλα τα ζοφερά μέρη
με τις νυχτερίδες της νύχτας
με τις νυχτερίδες της μέρας
μην αφεθείς να κοιμηθείς
να βλέπεις μην κλείσεις μια στιγμή τα μάτια
όταν περνάς από τους πυρωμένους κύκλους
να θυμάσαι καθώς στεγνώνεις τα δάκρυα με τη φλόγα
την άλλη μέρα της μακrunής νύχτας
τα πάντα οικιάζει ο κεραυνός.

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DREAMS

Dreams walk quietly at night
they return to the common places of the first days
look through the open windows at those who sleep
carefully select the rooms where they will spend the night
touching defenseless limbs and move the lids
(as if behind them the eyes are gazing at
the infinite curves and corners of the universe in an
endless expansion)
lightly touching the unsuspecting forehead and temples.
With dawn they return to the tombs of their childhood
days.

Conversations of the night, 1979

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

Τα Όνειρα

Τη νύχτα περπατούνε σιωπηλά τα όνειρα
επιστρέφουν στους κοινούς τόπους των πρώτων ημερών
κοιτάζουν από τ' ανοιχτά παράθυρα τους κοιμισμένους
επιλέγουν με προσοχή τα δωμάτια όπου θα
διανυκτερεύσουν
ψαύουν τα ανυπεράσπιστα μέλη και κινούν τα βλέφαρα
(ως πίσω τους τα μάτια αντικρύζουνε σε ατέλειωτο
άπλωμα
τις άπειρες καμπύλες και τις γωνίες του σύμπαντος)
ελαφρά εγγίζουν τα ανύπνοπα μέτωπα και τους
κροτάφους.
Με την αυγή γυρίζουνε στων παιδικών καιρών τους
τάφους.

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Alithersis Glafcos (1897 – 1965)

Glafkos Alithersis (1897-1965), one of the most prolific and active poets between the wars, lived his most creative years in Alexandria (1919-1963). His first collection of poetry, *Little Blue Rings* 1919, was dedicated to Palamas. The lyricism that characterizes his poetic incursions into poetry of the Palamas style, also typifies that of his next collection: *Κρινάκια του γιαλού* (1921). *The Secret Dinner* (1944; second ed. 1956) is perhaps the most perfect of his works

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Γεννήθηκε στη Λεμεσό το 1897 και πέθανε το 1965. Το πραγματικό του όνομα ήταν Μιχάλης Χατζηδημητρίου. Έζησε για πολλά χρόνια στην Αλεξάνδρεια, όπου συνδέθηκε στενά με τους εκεί πνευματικούς κύκλους. Επηρέαστηκε από τα ποιητικά ρεύματα της Αθήνας (Παλαμά, Γρυπάρη, Μαλακάση) και αυτή η επίδραση είναι εμφανής στο έργο του. Στην Αλεξάνδρεια, όπου τα χρόνια εκείνα δέσποζε η ποιητική μορφή του Καβάφη, ο Αλιθέρσης θα εγκαταλείψει τον καβαφικό κύκλο και θα παραμείνει ως το τέλος αντικαβαφικός. Τα ποιήματά του τα χαρακτηρίζει ο έντονος λυρισμός, που οδηγείται σ' ένα βαθύ μυστικισμό. Εκτός από ποίηση έγραψε διηγήματα, καθώς και δυο τραγωδίες.

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To My father

Fraudulent time, the usual traitor, had already
whitened your hair when I met you, an old
Crippled man, one leg upon the ferry
that was to carry you to Acheron's darkness.

Now I can imagine you in your prime,
the handsome farmer, innocently strong,
a ploughman for Messaria,
a God for your simplicity;

Bending on the handle of plough
to toil for future, or at leisure
in the evening, taking delight in the heroic.

Legend of your race, while I, your child,
your poet,
pulsed and thrived in your blood.

Translated by :Andonis Decavalles

ΣΤΟΝ ΠΑΤΕΡΑ ΜΟΥ

Σε γνώρισα ασπρισμένο, απ' τον προδότη
κι ύπουλο χρόνο, γέρο και σακάτη,
σαν το 'να πόδι σου στη βάρκα επάτη,
που στ' Άχερούσια θα σε οδήγαε σκότη.

Σε φαντάζομαι τώρα όπως στη νιότη
σου, δυνατό και ξέγνοιαστο χωριάτη,
στης Μεσαριάς τους κάμπους ζευγολάτη,
κι ωραίο μέσα στη θεϊκή σου απλότη,

σκυμμένο στο χερούλια τ' αλετριού,
να μοχτάς για το μέλλο, ή στην αργία
των δειλινών, να τέρπεσαι στου λαού

την ηρωική, μυθικήν εποποιία,
και μέσα στην ιερή συγκίνησή σου,
να σφύζω εγώ, παιδί σου και ποιητής σου!

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Charalambides Kyriakos (1940)

Kyriakos Charalambides was born in Famagusta in 1940. He studied History and Archaeology in Athens. He worked at the Cyprus Broadcasting Corporation and retired as Head of Radio Programmes. He has published numerous collections of poetry, translations and essays. He has received the Cyprus State Prize for Poetry, the Prize for Poetry by the Academy of Athens, the National Prize for Poetry in Greece, and the Cavafy Prize in Egypt.

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Γεννήθηκε στη Αμμόχωστο και σπούδασε Ιστορία και Αρχαιολογία στην Αθήνα. Εργάστηκε στο Ραδιοφωνικό Ίδρυμα Κύπρου απ'όπου αφυπηρέτησε από τη θέση του Διευθυντή Προγραμμάτων Ραδιοφώνου. Δημοσίευσε ποίηση, λογοτεχνικές μεταφράσεις, δοκίμια. Τιμήθηκε με το Κρατικό Βραβείο Ποίησης στην Κύπρο και στην Ελλάδα, με το Βραβείο Ποίησης της Ακαδημίας Αθηνών και με το Βραβείο Καβάφη στην Αίγυπτο.

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Missing Person

The old man tied his leg to the chair,
intending to sleep deep down in Hades,
when suddenly he heard his son saying
“Don’t die, father, hang on, I’m coming.”
His son spoke from behind the mountain,
hedged round with iron pitchforks,
he had a curved waist, his hands were tributaries.
“Father I’m alive I tell you, I’ll well.
My strength has become a plate of broth.
I’m hungry, I’m shivering, but it’s nothing.
Or if I died, it’s only raining – it must be an illness.
In my murderer’s hand I count a thousand drops of blood.
I brush off the fly of life, weep in secret, and send you
my being to keep – no tears, father.”
The old man sat up straight in his black breeches
and filled his surroundings with a wild lament.
And he managed, for his child’s sake,
to turn his grief into white, into saffron stones,
Through the deep arch and the window he struggles
to grasp the Morning Star, his son’s leg.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Ο ΑΓΝΟΟΥΜΕΝΟΣ

Ο γέρος έδεσε το πόδι του από την καρέκλα
και σκόπευε να κοιμηθεί κατάχαμα στον Άδη,
όταν αντίκρυσε το γιο του να του λέει:
«Πατέρα, μην πεθαίνεις, στάσου κι έρχομαι».

Πίσω από το βουνό μιλούσε ο γιος του
περιφραγμένος με τα σιδερά δικράνια
και με καμπύλη μέση και με χέρια παραπόταμα.
«Πατέρα, ζω σου λέω, είναι καλά.
Η δύναμή μου γίνεται μια σούπα κρέατος.
Πεινώ και τρέμω, αλλά δεν είναι τίποτα.
Ή, αν πεθαίνω, βρέχει - αρρώστια θα ΄ναι.
Στο χέρι του φονιά μου να μετρώ χίλια αίματα.
Τη μύγα του θανάτου διώχνω, κλαίω κρυφά, σου στέλλω
την ύπαρξή μου να την σκέπεις, όχι κλάματα, πατέρα».

Ο γέρος ανακάθισε στη μαύρη βράκα του
κι έβαλεν άγριο θρήνο γύρω γύρω.
Και το κατόρθωσε, για του παιδιού του το χατήρι,
λιθάρια ο θρήνος άσπρα κροκωτά να γίνει.
Με το βαθύ αγωνίζεται παράθυρο και τόξο
να πιάσει τον αυγερινό, πόδι του γιού του.

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Michanikos Pantelis (1926 – 1979)

His first poems were published in a magazine called Kipriaka Grammata (Cyprus letters) in 1952 until 1954, He awarded first price on poetry from the above magazine. He writes in plain language.

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Πρωτοπαρουσιάστηκε στα Γράμματα μέσα από τις στήλες του περιοδικού Κυπριακά Γράμματα το 1952. Το 1954 πήρε πρώτο βραβείο στον Πανελλήνιο διαγωνισμό που προκήρυξαν τα Κυπριακά Γράμματα. Ο λόγος του είναι γνήσιος, ζεστός αλλά και απλός που μοιάζει με κουβέντα που ακούεις στον δρόμο.

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[\[Index\]](#)**LETTER.**

My dear mother
Your love,
I must inform you
Is burdening my life,
In this place there is no alternative for me.
I walk the streets
With my existence written on the soles of my shoes
Squeezed by every step I take.
At one time or another we take off
A shoe and fling it into the air
For we simply have to play.
One day I might succeed in losing it
In the noise of the crowd, together with
What has been written underneath it.
You told me not to do this sort of thing
But I am just writing to tell you that
I cannot do otherwise.
I cannot begin to thank you,
Your love drags me by the hair
And diminishes my strength at this
Critical moment when I am fighting
With my whole being to refresh
My dizzy convictions only by a handkerchief dipped in
blood.

Translated by: Lawrence Durrell**Γράμμα**

Αγαπητή μου μητέρα,
Η Αγάπη σου,
σε πληροφορώ
μου δυσκολεύει τη ζωή.
Εδώ πέρα δεν υπάρχει άλλη διέξοδος.
περπατώ στους δρόμους
με την ύπαρξή μου γραμμένη κάτω απ' τα παπούτσια μου,
που τη ζουλεί το κάθε μου πάτημα.
Καμιά φορά βγάζουμε το παπούτσι μας
και το πετάμε στον αέρα,
γιατί είναι ανάγκη να παίξουμε.
Κάποια μέρα μπορεί να το χάσω μέσα σ' αυτή την
οχλοβοή
μαζί με ό,τι έχει γραμμένο από κάτω.
Εσύ μου είπες να μην τα κάνω όλ' αυτά.
Μα ακριβώς σου γράφω για να σε πληροφορήσω πως
δεν γίνεται διαφορετικά.
Δεν μπορώ να σ' ευχαριστήσω.
Η αγάπη σου με τραβά από τα μαλλιά, όταν εγώ μάχομαι
ολάκερος,
μ' αποσπά δυνάμεις,
αυτή την κρίσιμη στιγμή,
που μόνο με μαντήλια βρεμένα στο αίμα
προσπαθούμε να δροσίσουμε το μέτωπο των ζαλισμένων
μας πεποιθήσεων.
«Παρεκκλίσεις» 1957

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Kranidiotis Nicos (1911 – 1997)

Nikos Kranidiotis was born in Kyrenia in 1911, and died in Athens in 1997. He studied in Athens and in the USA. He worked as a teacher in Secondary Education, and served as Ambassador of Cyprus to Greece. He wrote poetry, prose, literary criticism, essays, etc. He was a member of the group which produced the periodical "Cyprus Letters," for which he was awarded the Gold Medal of the Academy of Athens.

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Γεννήθηκε στην Κερύνεια το 1911 και πέθανε το 1997. Σπούδασε στην Αθήνα και Αμερική, διετέλεσε Καθηγητής Μέσης Εκπαίδευσης και Πρέσβης της Κύπρου στην Ελλάδα. Έγραψε ποιήματα, κριτικές κ.α.. Διετέλεσε μέλος του περιοδικού Κυπριακά Γράμματα για το οποίο βραβεύτηκε με το Χρυσό Μετάλλιο της Ακαδημίας Αθηνών.

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Europe in Kerkyra

**Written on the occasion of the Corfu
European Council Summit (June 24
– 25 ,1994)**

That night in June
Spianada was full of people.
Sitting at an open-air coffee shop as I was
everything passing before me like visions.

And then you came, a cool breath of wing,
holding all the stars in your apron.

I looked up: the sky was bare
You had wrapped yourself in the Zodiac's ring
and Sagittarius was sparkling in your hair.

You touched me and my body and soul bloomed
a new sprout.
Our bodies merged
and our loins shone like lightning.

I said to you:
Wear the moon in your hair no more,
the Summit is underway
and everyone is protesting
that you have taken the full moon from the Castle.

But obstinate you held it
around your naked body like a tunic.
I was on fire, not saying a word,
since the wind was stealing my breath,
turning it into an echo in the night,

**Η Ευρώπη στην Κέρκυρα
Γράφτηκε με την ευκαιρία της
Ευρωπαϊκής Συνόδου Κορυφής στην
Κέρκυρα (1994)**

Κείνο το βράδυ του Ιουνίου
η Σπιανάδα ήταν γεμάτη κόσμο.
Καθόμουν σ' ένα υπαίθριο καφενείο
κι όλα περούσανε σαν οπτασίες μπροστά μου.

Ύστερα ήρθες, δρεσερή πνοή ανέμου,
κρατώντας στην ποδιά σου όλα τ' άστρα.

Κοίταξα επάνω: Ο ουρανός ήτανε άδειος.
Είχες ζωστεί τον κύκλο των ζωδίων
κι έλαμπε ο Τοξότης στα μαλλιά σου.

Μ' άγγιξες κι άνοιξε
νέος βλαστός το σώμα κι η ψυχή μου.
Σμίξανε τα κορμιά μας
κι έλαμψε αστραπή η οσφύ μας.

Σου είπα:
Μη φοράς άλλο το φεγγάρι στα μαλλιά σου,
γιατί είναι τώρα το Συνέδριο Κορυφής
κι όλοι διαμαρτύρονται
που πήρες την πανσέληνο απ' το Κάστρο.

Όμως εσύ με πείσμα την κρατούσες
στ' ολόγυμνο κορμί σου σαν χιτώνα.
Εγώ φλεγόμουν, χωρίς ν' αθρώσω λέξη,
γιατί έπαιρνε ο αγέρας τη λαλιά μου,
την έκανε ηχώ μέσα στη νύχτα,



a psalm of the church, a cry of Cyprus.

Just as the trumpets sounded at the Castle
glorious we both entered
the palaces of Michael and Georgios.

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

ψαλμό της εκκλησίας, κραυγή της Κύπρου.

Όσο που ηχήσανε οι σάλπιγγες στο Κάστρο
και μπήκαμε κι οι δύο γεμάτοι κλέος
στ' ανάκτορα των Μιχαήλ και Γεωργίου.

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LITTLE TOWN OF CYPRUS

O little town of Cyprus under clear
Deep sapphire skies, In your pure atmosphere
Fond memory lies
Of many a youthful year.

Bold were the schemes And fresh the dreams
Voluptuous innocence; Now storm and wrack Turn my
thoughts back
Away from passions tense.

O little town, hold, hold tonight
My thoughts in tenderness. Illusion drove me in wild flight
Far from the shore that stretches bright
In pebbled loveliness.

Translated by: Andre Michalopoulos

ΠΟΛΗ ΜΙΚΡΗ ΤΗΣ ΚΥΠΡΟΥ

Πόλη μικρή της Κύπρου, με το διαυγή
από γαλάζιο σάπφειρο ουρανό!
Μες στην ατμόσφαιρά σου η ηδονή
πλανάται των νεανικών μου ετών.

Η ηδονή των τολμηρών σχεδίων,
των πρώιμων αγνών επιθυμιών...
κι η σκέψη μου ως ναυαγημένο πλοίο
γυρνάει σε σέ απ' τις τρικυμίες των παθών.

Κράτησε – κράτησε, πόλη, απόψε τρυφερά
τη μνήμη μου, κι οδήγησέ με πάλι
ταξιδευτή χιμαιροπλόκο, νοερά
εξορμητή απ' το 'ωραίο σου ακρογιάλι.
« Σπουδές»

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Ioannides Klitos (1944)

Klitos Ioannides was born in Moutoulas village, in 1944. He studied in Cyprus and France where he received his Ph.D. in Philosophy. He has worked as a teacher, lecturer and researcher. He has published poetry, essays, studies, monographs and numerous books on Oral History. He has written and published the History of Contemporary Cypriot Literature and numerous books on Orthodoxy and Philosophy. He is a regular contributor to newspapers, magazines, radio and television.

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Γεννήθηκε στο Μουτουλά, το 1944. Σπούδασε στην Κύπρο και στη Γαλλία. Είναι κάτοχος διδακτορικού στη Φιλοσοφία. Εργάστηκε σαν δάσκαλος, υφηγητής και ερευνητής. Έγραψε και δημοσίευσε ποίηση, δοκίμια, μελέτες, μονογραφίες και πληθώρα βιβλίων Προφορικής Ιστορίας. Έγραψε και δημοσίευσε την Ιστορία της Σύγχρονης Κυπριακής Λογοτεχνίας καθώς και πληθώρα βιβλίων για την Ορθοδοξία και τη Φιλοσοφία. Είναι τακτικός συνεργάτης εφημερίδων, περιοδικών, του ραδιοφώνου και της τηλεόρασης.

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NEOLITHIC AGE

In your recent song
beloved
your write consolingly
“I am you”
and the potter’s field
was replaced
by the field of love.

You were pierced by a lance, you said,
and the impenetrable hills
of time
were silenced.
Janus was overcome.

On these Alps of recognition
were heard
cries of love
indifference reigned.

See how we swallowed
the summit of grief
the Rhine of the devil.

And I come
partaker of the divine nature
man and god
to taste your forbidden
Sinai
the indifference of your endless
lust.

Thus I became familiar
with the occult life
of the gulf of your loins

ΝΕΟΛΙΘΙΚΗ ΕΠΟΧΗ

Στο πρόσφατο άσμα σου
αδελφιδή
γράφεις παρηγορητικά
το «είμαι εσύ»
κι αντικαταστάθηκε
ο αγρός του κεραμέως
με τον αγρό του έρωτα.

Λόγχη εκεντήθης, είπες
και σίγησαν
τ’ αδιαπέραστα βουνά
του χρόνου.
Νικήθηκε ο Ιανός.

Στις Άλπεις αυτές της αναγνώρισης
ακούστηκαν
αλαγμοί ερωτικοί
ήχησε η αδιαφορία.

Ιδού πώς καταπονήθηκε
η κορυφή της θλίψης
ο Ρήνος του διαβόλου.

Κι έρχομαι
κοινωνός θείας φύσεως
και θεάνθρωπος
να γευτώ το απαγορευμένο σου
Σινά
την ακηδία της ατέρμονης σου
ηδονής.

Έτσι γνώρισα



the black forest of your embrace.

Life giving spring
and idleness of zeal
you cried out,
the limits of my body
the limits of my tongue.

Translated by : Rea Frangofinou

την απόκρυφη ζωή
του μορφικού σου κόλπου
το μέλανα δρυμό της αγκαλιάς σου.
Ζωοδόχος πηγή
και ραθυμία ζήλου
ανέκραξες,
τα όρια του σώματός μου
τα όρια της γλώσσας μου.

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Ierodiakonou Andriana (1952)

Andriana Ierodikonou was born in Nicosia in 1952, and attended The English School. After graduating from Oxford University with a degree in Biochemistry, she pursued a career as a foreign correspondent. She lives in France with her family. She has been publishing poetry since 1980. Her work has appeared in a wide range of literary magazines in Cyprus and abroad, and has been included in several anthologies.

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Γεννήθηκε στη Λευκωσία το 1952. Φοίτησε στην Αγγλική σχολή και ακολούθως σπούδασε βιοχημεία στο Πανεπιστήμιο της Οξφόρδης. Ζει στη Γαλλία με την οικογένειά της. Εργάστηκε ως ξένος ανταποκριτής. Γράφει και δημοσιεύει ποίηση και πεζογραφήματα από το 1980.

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Breughel the Elder: The fall of Icarus

Know, that what the Fates have given you
They denied to others. And besides:
It is a glorious thing, but bitter.
The fair day, the horse-plough in the sun
Are not for you; your lot, to see
With clarity that Icarus is falling –
(you have the meaning of it) – in the water.

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

Breughel ο πρεσβύτερος: Η πτώση του Ίκαρου

Ξέρε, ότι αυτό που σου έδωκαν οι Μοίρες
σε άλλους το στέρησαν. Και ακόμα:
είναι δοξασμένο, μα πικρό.
Η αίθρια μέρα, το άροτρο στον ήλιο
δεν είναι για σένα· εσέ, το τυχερό σου
η ξεκάθαρη όψη του Ίκαρου που πέφτει –
(το νόημα το κατέχεις) – στο νερό.

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Joseph Josephides (1948)

Josef Josefides was born in Larnaca in 1948. He studied Economics and Mathematics in Athens, and he holds a Ph.D. in Statistical Economics from Athens University. He writes and translates poetry from English to Greek and vice versa.

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Γεννήθηκε στη Λάρνακα το 1948. Σπούδασε Οικονομικά και Μαθηματικά στην Αθήνα και είναι κάτοχος διδακτορικού Στατιστικής Οικονομικών του Πανεπιστημίου Αθηνών. Γράφει και μεταφράζει ποίηση από τα Αγγλικά στα Ελληνικά και από τα Ελληνικά στα Αγγλικά.

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THE WINDOW (Poetic Collection: WAY B')

Stretch your hand and open the window,

maybe a sunbeam drops in,
in a zig-zag way, by reflection, maybe a star promising a
change.

Open the window,
perhaps a person in rush drops a glance inside, a beauty
girl sprinkled by the rain, a shallow mother who lost her
baby.

Open the window,
maybe the ball of the children shows up their voice
perhaps climbs up a bending branch, a kitten.

Open the window,
even if a wave of dust, of hail, invades,
a shadow or its shadow, two shadows in one, or even a
shadow shading another.

Open the window,
even if the city fell asleep, even if the city passed away,
even if there is no sign which of the two.

Stretch your hand and open for us the window.

In its place there will be a painting hanged, speechless
staring at us. At least it will fill our empty wall.

Karlovari - Prague, August, 2002

ΤΟ ΠΑΡΑΘΥΡΟ (Ποιητική Συλλογή : ΔΙΑΔΡΟΜΗ Β')

Άπλωσε το χέρι κι άνοιξε το παράθυρο,

ίσως το δρασκειάσει μια αχτίδα, τεθλασμένη, από
αντανάκλαση, ένα άστρο που υπόσχεται αλλαγή.

Άνοιξε το παράθυρο,
ίσως κοιτάζει μέσα ένας βιαστικός, μια ωραία που τη
ραίνει η βροχή, μια χελιδόνα που `χασε το μικρό της.

Άνοιξε το παράθυρο,
ίσως φανεί η μπάλα των παιδιών
η φωνούλα τους ίσως σκαρφαλώσει ένα κλαρί που
λυγίζει, ένα γατί.

Άνοιξε το παράθυρο,
κι ας εισβάλει κύμα σκόνης, χαλαζιού, μια σκιά ή η σκιά
της, δύο που γίναν μία, ή έστω μια σκιά που σκιάζει μιαν
άλλη.

Άνοιξε το παράθυρο,
ακόμα κι αν η πόλη αποκοιμήθηκε, ακόμη κι αν η πόλη
αποδήμησε,
ακόμη κι αν δε φαίνεται ποιο απ' τα δυο.
Άπλωσε το χέρι κι άνοιξε μας το παράθυρο.
Στη θέση του θα υπάρχει μια ζωγραφιά κρεμασμένη, κι ας
μας κοιτάζει αμίλητη. Τουλάχιστον θα γεμίζει τον άδειο
μας τοίχο.

Καρλοβιβάρι - 17Πράγα, Αύγουστος 2002

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Kouyialis Theoclis (1936)

Theoklis Kouyialis was born in the village of Deftera in 1936. After graduating from the Morphou College of Education, he studied Paedagogics in the USA. He completed his post-graduate studies in London. He worked in Education, retiring as Director of Primary Education. He has published several collections of poetry, anthologies, monographs and studies. He has been awarded the Cyprus State Prize for Poetry.

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Γεννήθηκε στη Δευτερά, το 1936. Φοίτησε στο Διδασκαλικό Κολλέγιο Μόρφου και σπούδασε Παιδαγωγικά στις ΗΠΑ. Συμπλήρωσε τις μεταπτυχιακές σπουδές του στο Λονδίνο. Εργάστηκε στην εκπαίδευση απ' όπου αφυπηρέτησε απο τη θέση του διευθυντή Στοιχειώδους Εκπαίδευσης. Έγραψε και εξέδωσε πολλά βιβλία ποίησης, ανθολογίες, μονογραφίες και μελέτες. Τιμήθηκε με το Κρατικό Βραβείο Ποίησης.

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THE DOG WHO STOPPED BARKING

For years he barked normally
Which means he barked whenever he should have And
then he stopped.
A dog who doesn't bark is useless
And so they gave him to understand that it was time to get
out of the corner. Now that he walks alone in the field
In that field where the summer sun mercilessly beats him
He reflects on the human antics of dogs
The life he wasted among humans until he arrived at the
painful decision
to renounce all he had earned with so many sacrifices and
so much effort!
And he brings to mind all those
Dogs and others –
Who bark continuously without meaning
Who do not stop their prattling and empty barking
Who do not have self-knowledge and go and identify with
humans They acquire human habits
And finally forget that after all they belong to the honoured
family of dogs.
Such things did he think and grief seized him deeply and
his soul pined Such things and the night descended like
rain on his coat.
In my view the successful dog is not he who relaxes on a
carved armchair Nor he who has won the confidence of
humans But he who proceeds even though alone He who
feels and behaves like a dog
Who barks without self-interest
What has happened, anyway, to the honesty, purity, and
that which
our grandfathers called doglike?
Such things did he soliloquize and went his own way The
dog who stopped barking.

Translated by: David Bailey

ΤΟ ΣΚΥΛΙ ΠΟΥ ΣΤΑΜΑΤΗΣΕ ΤΟ ΓΑΒΓΙΣΜΑ

Για χρόνια γάβγιζε κανονικά
Που σημαίνει γάβγιζε όποτε έπρεπε
Κι ύστερα σταμάτησε.
Ένα σκυλί που δεν γαβγίζει είναι άχρηστο
Γι' αυτό του 'δωσαν να καταλάβει πως ήταν καιρός ν'
αδειάσει τη γωνιά.
Τώρα που περπατά ολομόναχο μέσα στον κάμπο
Σ' αυτό τον κάμπο που τον δέρνει ανελέητα ο ήλιος του
καλοκαιριού
Συλλογίζεται τ' ανθρώπινα καμώματα των σκυλιών
Τη ζωή του που χαράμισε κοντά στους ανθρώπους
ώσπου να
φτάσει στην οδυνηρή απόφαση ν' απαρνηθεί
όσα κέρδισε με
τόσες θυσίες και τόση προσπάθεια!
Και φέρνει στο νου του όλους εκείνους
-Σκύλους και μη-
Που γαβγίζουν συνέχεια χωρίς νόημα
Που δε σταματούν τη φλυαρία και τα παχιά γαβγίσματα
Που δεν έχουν το γνώθι σαυτόν και παν και ταυτίζονται με
τους ανθρώπους
Αποκτούν ανθρώπινες συνήθειες
Και τέλος ξεχνούν πως στο κάτω κάτω ανήκουν στην
τιμημένη
οικογένεια των σκυλιών.
Τέτοια συλλογίζονταν κι η θλίψη τον κυρίευε βαθιά κι η
ψυχή του μαράζωνε
Τέτοια κι η νύχτα κατέβαινε σαν βροχή πάνω στο τρίχωμα
του.
-Το κατ' εμένα επιτυχημένος σκύλος δεν είν' εκείνος που
αναπαύεται σε σκαλιστή πολυθρόνα
Ούτε εκείνος που κέρδισε την εμπιστοσύνη των



ανθρώπων

Αλλά εκείνος που προχωρεί έστω και μόνος
Εκείνος που νιώθει και συμπεριφέρεται ως σκύλος

Που γαβγίζει χωρίς ιδιοτέλεια.
Που πήγε τελοσπάντων η τιμιότητα, η αγνότητα και αυτό
που οι
παππούδες μας αποκαλούσαν σκυλισιά.

Τέτοια μονολογούσε και πήγαινε κατά τον εαυτό του
Το σκυλί που σταμάτησε το γάβγισμα.

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Krallis Manos (1914 – 1989)

Manos Krallis was born in Nicosia in 1914, and died in 1989. He studied at the Pancyprian Teachers College, and worked as teacher and Headmaster, as well as at the Educational Broadcasting Service of the Cyprus Ministry of Education. He wrote poetry and literary criticism. He was awarded the Cyprus State Prize for Poetry.

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Γεννήθηκε στην Λευκωσία, το 1914 και πέθανε το 1989. Φοίτησε στο διδασκαλικό Κολλέγιο και εργάστηκε σαν δάσκαλος, διευθυντής σχολείου και στην Υπηρεσία Εκπαιδευτικής Ραδιοφωνίας του Υπουργείου Παιδείας. Έγραψε ποίηση και λογοτεχνική κριτική. Τιμήθηκε με το Κρατικό βραβείο Ποίησης.

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[\[Index\]](#)**MY BROTHERS**

I saw your lips twitching among stars.
I stretched my hands toward your nights of martyrdom:
Your wrinkled faces refused to smile.
I brought my tears to you.
In my naked verse your race
Paraded on wounded feet,
O my wronged brothers.
(In the abandoned evening
Myriads of stars fall into your arms.)
The lands stretch from my feet,
As I set forth to meet you, my brothers,
Forgotten even by death.
I find you crouched in poor harbors,
Wandering in lost tenements.
And sit Sharing with you
A glass of zivana.

Translated by: Andones Decavalles

ΑΔΕΛΦΟΙ ΜΟΥ!

Είδα το στόμα σας κατάντικρυ στ' αστέρια,
που βογγούσεν·
άπλωσα τα χέρια μου στις γήινες, μαρτυρικές σας νύχτες
μα τα στυγνά, χαρακωμένα πρόσωπά σας
δεν χαμογέλασαν.
Σας έφερα τα δάκρυά μου
και στους γυμνούς μου στίχους εμπορεύθη
με πληγωμένα πόδια η φυλή σας,
αδικημένοι αδερφοί μου.
Κι όταν ο άγιος ίσκιος σας νυχτωθεί
εντύθηκα τη φλόγα της ψυχής σας
ως χλαμύδα

Οι πολιτείες αρχίζουνε στα πόδια μου, για να σας
συναντήσω
στα φτωχολίμανα και στις χαμένες συνοικίες,
γύρω σ' ένα ποτήρι με τζιβάνα,
λησμονημένους κι απ' το θάνατον ακόμα
αδερφοί, αδερφοί μου!...
Τα ποιήματα (1936-1984)

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Korfioti – Panayiotidou Vera (1940)

Vera Panayiotidou Korfioti was born in Morphou. She studied History, Archaeology and Journalism in Athens. She worked as a teacher of Philology and as Headmistress in Secondary Education. She has published numerous collections of poetry, studies on Cypriot literature, and books on education. Among other distinctions for her writing, she has received Honorable Mentions from the Cyprus Ministry of Education.

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Γεννήθηκε στη Μόρφου. Σπούδασε ιστορία, Αρχαιολογία και Δημοσιογραφία στη Αθήνα. Εργάστηκε ως Καθηγήτρια και ως Διευθύντρια Σχολείου στη Μέση Εκπαίδευση. Δημοσίευσε πολλές ποιητικές συλλογές, μελέτες για την Κυπριακή Λογοτεχνία και βιβλία για την εκπαίδευση. Τιμήθηκε με Εύφημο Μνεία απο το Υπουργείο Παιδείας και με άλλες διακρίσεις.

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FOR MY SON

How your love has trapped me,
my child,
controlling every breath
censoring every moment.
Your words, my boy,
swallows that perch
on my fingers
and drink my soul.
Your eyes, those eyes
heat the five continents.
My child, the tightrope I walk thinking of you
and like a leaf I tremble at your cry
in the light of your laughter I recover my sight, my joy.
From which sky have you descended, my star,
from which almond tree have you fallen, my blossom.
Rays of sunlight dance at your song,
the skies fall silent at your sleep,
and I walk the tightrope at your every breath.

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

ΓΙΑ ΤΟ ΓΙΟ ΜΟΥ

Πώς με παγίδεψε η αγάπη σου
παιδί μου,
κι ελέγχει κάθε ανάσα μου
και λογοκρίνει κάθε στιγμή μου.
Τα λόγια σου αγόρι μου
αηδόνια που κάθονται
στα δάκτυλά μου
και πίνουν την ψυχή μου.
Τα μάτια σου, τα μάτια σου
ζεσταίνουν τις πέντε ηπείρους.
Παιδί μου ακροβατώ στη σκέψη σου
και τρέμω σα φύλλο στο κλάμα σου
στο φως του γέλιου σου αναβλέπω, χαρά μου.
Από ποιο ουρανό ήρθες, αστέρι μου,
από ποια αμυγδαλιά έπεσες, ανθέ μου.
Στο τραγούδι σου χορεύουν ηλιακτίδες
στον ύπνο σου σιγάζουν οι ουρανοί
κι εγώ ακροβατώ στην αναπνοή σου.

«Ποιήματα»

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Lyssiotis Xanthos (1898 – 1987)

Lyssiotis Xanthos was born in Larnaca in 1898. He first appears in the area of Poetry around 1925, his first edition of poetry was released in 1937 (Efimera). His deep in lyrics he uses the style of Greek poets Palamas and sikelianos.

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Γεννήθηκε στη Λάρνακα το 1898. Πρωτοεμφανίστηκε στα γράμματα γύρω στα 1925, αλλά η πρώτη συλλογή του κυκλοφόρησε στα 1937 (Εφήμερα). Βαθειά λυρικός, μεγαλόπνοος και μεγαλοπρεπής στην ποίησή του, προεκτείνει την παράδοση του Παλαμά αλλά ιδιαίτερα του Σικελιανού.

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THE SHIP IS SETTING SAIL

Ah! the gentle light of the innocent gaze!
I weave sails in its gleam, white sails,
in order to traverse beyond bitter waves,
escaping the terror of death.
Poor bird ! your doleful April
what ruinations have destroyed, poor bird!
Only your glance secretly warbles to me now
the trills the lips would have scattered.
Your existence resembles a ship setting sail...
Listen ! a tempest like fierce music
vehement from the ravines of Judea
is descending, my little one, to take you...
As the angels' wings rustle woefully,
O Lord ! quench the fire of the sighs!
Beyond the shore of human grief's,
in the meadow of substanceless asphodels,
the ugliness of our barren groans
has been made beautiful in the shade of dreams.

Translated by: Amy Mims

ΤΟ ΠΛΟΙΟ ΣΑΛΠΑΡΕΙ...

Α! τ' απαλό το φως τ' αθώου βλεμμάτου!
Πλέκω πανιά στο φέγγος του, λευκά πανιά,
για να διαβώ πέρ' από κύματα πικρά,
ξεφεύγοντας τον τρόπο του θανάτου.

Φτωχό πουλί! Το θλιβερό σου Απρίλη
τι χαλασμοί ρημάξανε, φτωχό πουλί!
Μόνο η ματιά σου πια κρυφά μου κελαηδεί
τις τρίλιες που θα σκόρπιζαν τα χείλη.

Η ύπαρξη σου μοιάζει πλοίο που σαλπάρει...
Άκου! Μια τρικυμία σαν άγρια μουσική
απ' της Ιουδαίας τα φαράγγια ορμητική
κατεβαίνει, μικρό μου, να σε πάρει...

Γοερά σα θροούν φτερούγες των αγγέλων,
ω Κύριε! σβύνε τη φωτιά των στεναγμών!
Πέρ' απ' την όχθη των ανθρώπινων καημών,
στο λειμώνα των άυλων ασφοδέλων,
την ασκήμια τω βόγκων μας των στείρων
ομόρφυνε στον ίσκιο των ονείρων.

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Marangou Niki (1948)

Marangou Niki was born in Limassol and studied in West Berlin. She worked as a dramaturge at the National Theatrical Organisation of Cyprus and, since 1980, has managed a bookstore in Nicosia. She has published poetry, prose and fairytales. She has repeatedly received the Cyprus State Prize both for poetry and prose. In 1998 she received the Cavafy Prize for Poetry in Egypt.

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Γεννήθηκε στη Λεμεσό και σπούδασε στο Δυτικό Βερολίνο. Εργάστηκε ως δραματουργός στον Θεατρικό Οργανισμό Κύπρου. Από το 1980 διευθύνει ένα βιβλιοπωλίο στη Λευκωσία. Έχει δημοσιεύσει ποίηση, πεζό και παραμύθια. Έχει επανειλημμένα τιμηθεί με Κρατικά Βραβεία ποίησης και πεζογραφίας. Το 1998 τιμήθηκε με το Βραβείο Ποίησης Καβάφη στην Αλεξάνδρεια.

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[\[Index\]](#)**VOYAGE OF THE ASTROLABE**

When I had forgotten Europe
Waiting for me in Vilnius
A row of lions and eagles
In diving position on the pier
On the small wooden shelf
Over the portraits of those
Who had helped
And the seven dolls that were saved*
Their clothing cleaned and mended
Their wooden parts varnished and firmly fixed
And their soft filling new,
Saint Petersburg in the light rain
I did not manage to see,
Only among the national library's books
The librarian's worn out shoes
And the dying geranium on the windowsill,
In Warsaw a woman walking incessantly
Among the ruins
Even though the performance had been added on,
And the duck cooked to perfection.
On the stations that followed
With corinthian columns and with hammers and sickles
Women selling wild-flower bouquets
All along the railway tracks
Or berries gathered in the forest
That they would carry in plastic pails at dawn.
A summer rushing past the train's windows
Like an old movie.

And so the train arrived in Berlin
And it would have been pointless to search for what was
missing.
I gathered all I had found on the trip,

ΤΟ ΤΑΞΙΔΙ ΤΟΥ ΑΣΤΡΟΛΑΒΟΥ

Εκεί που είχα ξεχάσει την Ευρώπη
Στο Vilnius με περίμενε
Μια σειρά από λιοντάρια και αετούς
Σε θέση βουτηχτή στην αποβάθρα
Στο ξύλινο ραφάκι
Πάνω από τα πορτραίτα αυτών
Που βοήθησαν
Και οι επτά κούκλες που σώθηκαν*
Τα ρούχα τους καθαρισμένα και ραμμένα
Τα ξύλινά τους μέρη βερνικωμένα και στερεωμένα
Και η μαλακή τους γέμιση καινούρια,
Την Αγία Πετρούπολη με ψιλή βροχή
Δεν κατάφερα καθόλου να την δω,
Μόνο ανάμεσα στα βιβλία της εθνικής βιβλιοθήκης
Τα τριμμένα παπούτσια της βιβλιοθηκάρου
Και το μισοπεθαμένο γεράνι στο παράθυρο,
Στη Βαρσοβία περπατούσε συνεχώς μια γυναίκα
Ανάμεσα στα ερείπια
Παρ' όλο που η παράσταση ήταν έκτακτη,
Και η πάπια στην εντέλεια ψημένη.
Στους σταθμούς που ακολούθησαν
Με κορινθιακούς κίονες και σφυροδρέπανα
Γυναίκες πουλούσαν μπουκέτα με αγριολούλουδα
Σ' όλο το μήκος της σιδηροδρομικής γραμμής
Ή μούρα μεζεμένα από το δάσος
Που τα κουβαλούσαν χαράματα σε πλαστικούς κουβάδες.
Ένα καλοκαίρι περνούσε από τα παράθυρα του τραίνου
Όπως που βλέπεις σε παλιές ταινίες.

Έτσι έφτασε το τρένο στο Βερολίνο
Και ήταν μάταιο να ψάχνω τα χαμένα.
Μάζεψα αυτά που βρήκα στο ταξίδι,
Πρόσθεσα και αφαίρεσα



I added, I subtracted,
And stepped out to see the new city
The steel and glass of the mighty.
Es machte mir spass...**

* Dolls used in religious puppet shows: Jewish Museum
of Vilnius.

** I enjoyed it...

Και βγήκα να δω την καινούρια πόλη
Το γυαλί και το μέταλλο των κραταιών.
Es machte mir spass...**

* Κούκλες που χρησιμοποιούνταν σε θρησκευτικά
κουκλοθέατρα: Εβραϊκό Μουσείο στη Βίλνιους.

** Το διασκέδασα

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TO MY FRIENDS IN THE NORTH
for Mehmet Yiasin

Because I talk of roses,
of the diffusion of light,
of the impossibility of love, of our transitory lives
do not think, friends in the north that what happened in
1974
does not spread like a stain on my life every day.

The moon rising like a water melon slice from the sea
and my dead mother on our veranda on Famagusta beach
calling us to get out of the water I saw a painting she had
done, the other day, on a wall in a taverna in the Karpass
a taverna consisting of stolen chairs, stolen tablecloths,
stolen doors,
stolen doorhandles.

-It's my mother's, I said to the man, here is her name.
-But it's mine now said the man, who came from where the
sun rises. (this is how his wife described him). -It's mine
now he said, ganimend*, This is how they call it in Turkish.

Istanbul bookfair, Oct. 2005 *ganimend: war booty

ΓΙΑ ΤΟΥΣ ΦΙΛΟΥΣ ΣΤΟ ΒΟΡΡΑ
στον Μεχμέτ Γιασίν

Επειδή μιλώ για τριαντάφυλλα, για τη διάχυση του φωτός,
την ανημποριά της αγάπης, και την παροδική ζωή μας, μη
νομίζετε, φίλοι από τον βορρά, ότι αυτό που συνέβηκε το
74

δεν απλώνει σαν κηλίδα στη ζωή μου,
κάθε μέρα.

Το φεγγάρι ξεπροβάλλει σα μια φέτα καρπουζιού από τη
Θάλασσα
και η πεθαμένη μητέρα μου στη βεράντα του σπιτιού μας
στην παραλία της Αμμοχώστου να μας φωνάζει να βγούμε
από το νερό. Είδα έναν πίνακα που ζωγράφισε τις
προάλλες
στον τοίχο μιας ταβέρνας στο Καρπάσι.

Μιας ταβέρνας που την αποτελούσαν κλεμμένες καρέκλες,
κλεμμένα τραπέζομάνηλα,
κλεμμένες πόρτες, κλεμμένα χερούλια.

-Είναι της μάνας μου, είπα στον ταβερνάρη, εδώ είναι
γραμμένο το όνομα της. -Τώρα όμως είναι δικό μου, είπε
ο άντρας που ήρθε από το μέρος που ανατέλλει ο ήλιος,
(έτσι μου τον περιέγραψε η γυναίκα του). -Είναι δικό μου
τώρα, είπε, ganimend*,
έτσι το λένε στα τουρκικά

Έκθεση βιβλίου στην Κωνσταντινούπολη, Οκτ. 2005

ganimend: λάφυρο πολέμου

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Mavris Christos (1954)

Mavris Christos was born in the village of Limnati in 1954. He studied Journalism and Humanities. He works as a journalist, and as a journalism teacher at a college in Nicosia. He has published poetry and studies on Literature. He received the Cyprus State Prize for Young Poets in 1978, as well as the Second State Prize for Poetry.

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Γεννήθηκε στο χωριό Λιμνάτι της επαρχίας Λεμεσού το 1954. Σπούδασε Δημοσιογραφία και Ανθρωπιστικές Σπουδές. Εργάζεται ως δημοσιογράφος και διδάσκει Δημοσιογραφία σε Κολλέγιο στη Λευκωσία. Έχει εκδόσει ποίηση και λογοτεχνικές μελέτες. Τιμήθηκε με το Κρατικό Βραβείο Ποίησης για Νέους Λογοτέχνες το 1978 και με δεύτερο Κρατικό Βραβείο Ποίησης.

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Würzburg

The town a mermaid of the sea
submerged in a blue eternity
holding in her right hand a clock
and in her left a bitten apple.
at night, in the absolute silence,
you can listen, if you wish,
to the fluttering of angels that
fly low above your head.
if you wish, you can also walk
-like the Nazarene-
on the living waves of the Main
that will carry you into the heart
of the great warm dream.
The bed of this river
a thick vein it courses along
the arched brow of the town.
if you place your hand
in its icy waters
you will hear her pulse
you will feel her song.

Certainly it must have been here
that weary Jesus took refuge to rest
after His martyr's death
This is proclaimed by the bells
that endlessly ring
at her one hundred churches.
July 25 – November 1997

Βυρτσμπουργκ

Η πόλη γοργόνα θαλασσιά βρίσκεται
βουτηγμένη στη γαλάζια αιωνιότητα
έχοντας στο δεξί της χέρι ένα ρολόι
και στο άλλο ένα δαγκωμένο μήλο.
Το βράδυ, αν το θελήσεις, μπορείς
ν' ακούσεις μέσα στην απόλυτη σιγή
τα φτερουγίσματα των αγγέλων που
χαμηλοπετούν πάνω από το κεφάλι σου.
Ακόμη μπορείς να βαδίσεις
όπως ο Ναζωραίος –
πάνω στα ζωντανά κύματα του Μαιν
για να σε ταξιδέψουν στην καρδιά
του μεγάλου ξεστού ονείρου.
Η κοίτη αυτού του ποταμού
σαν φλέβα πλατιά διέρχεται δίπλα
από το καμαρόφρυδο της πόλης.
Αν αγγίξεις το χέρι σου
μέσα στα παγωμένα νερά
θα ακούσεις το σφυγμό της,
θα νοιώσεις το τραγούδι της.

Ο τλαιπωρημένος Χριστός σίγουρα
εδώ κατέφυγε για ν' αναπαυθεί
ύστερα από το μαρτυρικό θάνατο Του.
Το αναγγέλουν οι καμπάνες
που ηχολογούνε ακατάπαυστα
από τις 100 εκκλησίες της.

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Moleskis Giorgos (1946)

Was born in the village of Lysi in 1946. He studied Russian Language and Literature in Moscow, and holds a Ph.D. He worked as Senior Cultural Officer at the Cultural Services of the Cyprus Ministry of Education and Culture. He has published poetry, prose, studies and monographs. He has translated Russian Poetry into Greek. He received the Cyprus State Prize for Poetry in 1984, and many other distinctions.

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Γεννήθηκε στη Λύση το 1946. Σπούδασε Ρωσική Γλώσσα και Φιλολογία στη Μόσχα και είναι κάτοχος διδακτορικού. Εργάστηκε ως ανώτερος Πολιτιστικός Λειτουργός στις Πολιτιστικές Υπηρεσίες του Υπουργού Παιδείας και Πολιτισμού. Δημοσίευσε πολλές ποιητικές συλλογές, πρόζα, μελέτες και μονογραφίες. Έχει επίσης μεταφράσει Ρώσικη ποίηση στα ελληνικά. Τιμήθηκε με Κρατικό Βραβείο Ποίησης και με πολλές άλλες διακρίσεις.

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[\[Index\]](#)**LIFE**

I love life. I hate death and every killing.
I rejoice in this gift that was given to me
as though mad. And whether life is madness
or whether wisdom - mad, or wise –
I rejoice in this existence without bounds.
I gather my blood drop by drop
from my bloody journey
and I return it to the veins again
and I close the wounds with balm
and I heal the soul with love
and with oblivion and hope.
Fires burn me,
slanders judge me,
conspiracies persecute me,
poverty and slavery
reap me.
So that I redeem my life:
I pay for life with life
and like a madman opening the palms,
I gather my blood from the earth
and I return it, like water to the thirsty roots,
throwing it back into my veins.

Translated by: Lisa Socrates**ΖΩΗ**

Τη ζωή την αγαπώ. Το θάνατο μισώ και κάθε φόνο.
αίρομαι για το δώρο τούτο που μου δόθηκε
καθώς τρελός. Κι αν η ζωή είναι τρέλα
είτε σοφία – τρελός, είτε σοφός –
χαίρομαι με δίχως σύνορα τούτο το είναι.

Το αίμα μου στάλα στάλα το μαζεύω
από τον πολυαίμακτο μου δρόμο
και ξανά στις φλέβες το γυρίζω
και κλείνω τις πληγές με βάλαμο
και με αγάπη την ψυχή γιατρεύω
και μα λησμονιά κι ελπίδα.

Φωτιές με καίνε,
συκοφαντίες με δικάζουν,
συνωμοσίες με κατατρέχουν,
η φτώχεια με θερίζει
κι η σκλαβιά.

Ωστόσο εξαγοράζω τη ζωή μου:
Με ζωή για τη ζωή πληρώνω
και σαν τρελός ανοίγοντας τις χούφτες,
το αίμα μου μαζεύω από τη γη
και το γυρίζω σαν νερό στις διψασμένες ρίζες,
πίσω το ρίχνω μες τις φλέβες μου.

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UNFADING ROSES

Only the spirit gives birth to unfailing roses
and only art creates perfection.
With all the pluses and minuses of history and of the soul
of man the verses of Homer, the statues of Michelangelo
and the grey of Theotokopoulos continually expand.

Only things useless in the material world
can stay the same and change
according to their position and according to time,
with the agony of the soul and the projection of the mind,
accepting only addition and multiplication.

Often, all else falls into the minus
and into division, becoming stages of transition for the
orchestration of the crime.

If there is hope that, at the end, something will last, that is
the soul and the otherwise useless things that are her
bread, her water, and her honey.

ΡΟΔΑ ΑΜΑΡΑΝΤΑ

Μόνο το πνεύμα μπορεί να γεννήσει ρόδα αμάραντα και η
τέχνη να πλάσει το τελειωμένο. Με όλα τα συν και τα
πλην της ιστορίας και της ψυχής του ανθρώπου
διευρύνονται ολοένα οι στίχοι του Ομήρου, τα μάρμαρα
του Μιχαήλ Αγγέλου και το γκρίζο του Θεοτοκόπουλου.

Μόνο πράγματα ανώφελα από τη μεριά του υλικού
κόσμου μπορούν να παραμένουν τα ίδια και να αλλάζουν
ανάλογα με τη θέση που βρίσκονται και το χρόνο, την
αγωνία της ψυχής και την προέκταση του μυαλού και
μονάχα πρόσθεση και πολλαπλασιασμός επιδέχονται.

Όλα τα άλλα ξεπέφτουνε συχνά στο πλην και στη
διαίρεση, γίνονται στάδια μεταβατικά για την κατασκευή
του εγκλήματος.

Αν υπάρχει ελπίδα κάτι να σωθεί στο τέλος
είναι η ψυχή κι αυτά τα ανώφελα κατά τα άλλα πράγματα
που είναι το ψωμί της, το νερό της και το μέλι της.

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Montis Costas (1914 – 2004)



Costas Montis was born on February 18, 1914 in Famagusta, and died on March 1, 2004 in his house in Nicosia, surrounded by his family. He has received numerous honors and awards throughout his life, and his books have been translated into several languages. Costas Montis has received honorary doctorates from both the University of Cyprus and the University of Athens. He has been nominated for the Nobel Prize, and in 2000 he was declared Corresponding Member of the Academy of Athens, the highest honor conferred upon intellectual creators living outside Greece.

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Ο Κώστας Μόντης γεννήθηκε στην Αμμόχωστο το 1914 και πέθανε στη Λευκωσία το 2004. Σπούδασε νομικά και εργάστηκε ως δημοσιογράφος, δάσκαλος στη Δημοτική Εκπαίδευση και Διευθυντής Τουρισμού. Έγραψε και εξέδωσε πληθώρα ποιητικών συλλογών, πεζογραφήματα, θεατρικά κ.α. Τιμήθηκε με Κρατικό Βραβείο Ποίησης, με το Βραβείο Συνολικής Προσφοράς και με άλλες διακρίσεις. Υπήρξε αντεπιστέλλον μέλος της Ακαδημίας Αθηνών.

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THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Why must always that robust,
why always that brave fighter
depict the Unknown Soldier?
There also are the others,
the more timid ones,
the weaker ones, with wrinkled face
and a bitter thought on the eyelid,
with many hesitations behind the trigger.
Will they not do,
will they not make statues?

Translation by Amaranth Sitas

MOZART AND THE CRUEL FATE

In everything she interfered,
on everything her hand she laid, only his genius
she could not hinder,
since it had come from elsewhere, outside her jurisdiction,
and she had to let it be.

FOR "MARS" BY DIEGO VELAZQUEZ AT THE PRADO

Having cast down the shield, he rests. His mind races
back with remorse to the horrors assigned to him.

TO NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS
FOR "THE LAST TEMPTATION"

If you were looking for the "man"
there was once a child called Jesus
who used to play with marbles in His neighborhood, if you

ΑΓΝΩΣΤΟΣ ΣΤΡΑΤΙΩΤΗΣ

Γιατί πάντα αυτός ο ρωμαλέος,
Γιατί πάντα αυτός ο γενναίος πολεμιστής
ν' αντιπροσωπεύει τον Άγνωστο Στρατιώτη;
Υπάρχουν κι άλλοι πιο δειλοί, πιο αδύνατοι,
Με πιο ρυτιδωμένα μέτωπα,
Με μια πικρή σκέψη στο βλέφαρο, με πολλούς
υπολογισμούς πίσω απ' τη σκανδάλη.
Δε μας κάνουν αυτοί,
Δε γίνονται αγάλματα αυτοί;

«Ποίηση του Κώστα Μόντη» 1962

Ο MOZART Κ' Η ΚΑΚΗ ΜΟΙΡΑ

Σ' όλα επενέβηκε,
σ' όλα έβανε το χεράκι της, μονάχα στη μεγαλοφυΐα του
δεν μπόρεσε να επέμβη, απ' αλλού ήταν αυτή,
δεν ήταν της δικαιοδοσίας της, και την άφησε να περάσει.
ΓΙΑ ΤΟΝ «ΑΡΗ» ΤΟΥ DIEGO VELAZQUEZ ΣΤΟ PRADO
Πέταξε χάμω την ασπίδα και ξεκουράζεται. Η σκέψη του
τρέχει με τύψεις
σ' όλα εκείνα τα φοβερά που του ανέθεσαν.

ΠΡΟΣ ΝΙΚΟ ΚΑΖΑΝΤΖΑΚΗ
ΓΙΑ ΤΟΝ «ΤΕΛΕΥΤΑΙΟ ΠΕΙΡΑΣΜΟ»

Αν έψαχνες για τον «άνθρωπο»
υπήρχε ένας μικρός Ιησούς πούπαιζε σβώλους στη



were looking for the "man" there was once a child called
Jesus who used to tug at His Mother's dress, who used to
wipe his nose on His sleeve.

But later, I do not know how much of that "man" remained.

VERSES FROM JEAN ANOUILLE

All is a simple matter of casting, nothing more.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS

A smile never goes to waste nor do some tears.

γειτονιά Του, αν έψαχνες για τον «άνθρωπο» υπήρχε
ένας μικρός Ιησούς
που τραβούσε τη Μητέρα Του πα' το ρούχο, που σκούπιζε
τη μύτη με το μανίκι Του.

Αργότερα δεν ξέρω πόσος «άνθρωπος» απέμεινε.

ΣΤΙΧΟΙ ΑΠΟ ΤΟΝ JEAN ANOUILLE

Είν' όλα ζήτημα απλής διανομής ρόλων, τίποτ' άλλο.

ΑΠΟ ΤΟΝ CHARLES DICKENS

Όπως ένα χαμόγελο δεν πάει ποτέ χαμένο έτσι και
μερικά δάκρυα.

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Nicolaou Theodosios (1930 – 2004)

Theodosios Nicolaou was born in Paphos in 1930, and died in Larnaca in 2004. He studied Philology at the University of Athens, and Pedagogic in London. He worked in Secondary Education. He published poetry, prose, essays and studies. He received the State Prize for Poetry in 1980.

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Γεννήθηκε στην Πάφο το 1930 και πέθανε στη Λάρνακα το 2004. Σπούδασε Φιλολογία στο Πανεπιστημίο Αθηνών και παιδαγωγικά στο Λονδίνο. Εργάστηκε στη Μέση Εκπαίδευση και αφυπηρέτησε ως Διευθυντής Σχολείου. Δημοσίευσε ποίηση, πεζά, δοκίμια και μελέτες. Τιμήθηκε με το Κρατικό Βραβείο Ποίησης.

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SIGHTSEEING

"This building is not a stable, it is a church."
"We can snap a photo then?"
Memory clothed in color.
Historical events distorted
Because the guide must always be chattering
And because certainty must not abandon him
At the inn there at the corner
Richard the Lionheart is sitting
(But where is the forlorn princess of Navarra?)
Discussing with Ptolemy Lagus
The much-disputed question of the Filioque.
There I dreamt of your limbs
Of the irrepressible tide of your body.
My embraces deepening the riverbeds
And my hands collecting the constellations.
But the mountain with the trees at night
Weighs heavy like a boulder upon the chest –
Unable to take a breath.

I am neither a bird nor a kite.
I am a simple man, albeit only half
Who prefers the warmth of his lowly home in winter
And the coolness of light blue bed sheets in summer.

Our eyes do not reflect the shooting stars
Only the flicker of the light of the candle and of the lamp
We live at the edge of life in a low voice
Whispering
All but mutely.

"La Torre di Pisa, La Tour Eiffel
Toledo in an apotheosis of light, Toledo in the storm.
Here Dante Alighieri was born...

Περιηγήσεις

«Δεν είναι στάβλος αυτό το κτίσμα, είναι εκκλησία».
«'Ωστε μπορούμε να πάρουμε μια φωτογραφία;»
Η μνήμη ντυμένη με χρώμα.
Τα ιστορικά γεγονότα διαστρεβλώνονται
Γιατί ο οδηγός πρέπει πάντα να μιλά
Και η σιγουριά να μην τον εγκαταλείπει
Στο πανδοχείο εκεί στην άκρη
Κάθεται ο Ριχάρδος ο Λεοντόκαρδος
(Πού είναι η λυπημένη πριγκιποπούλα της Ναβάρρας;) και συζητά με τον Πτολεμαίο τον Λάγου
το επίμαχο θέμα του filioque.

Εκεί ονειρεύτηκα τα μέλη σου
Την ακατάσχετη παλίρροια του κορμιού σου.
Οι αγκάλες μου να βαθαίνουν τις κοίτες
Και τα χέρια μου να μαζεύουν αστέρια.
Όμως το βουνό με τα δέντρα τη νύχτα
Βαραίνει σαν πέτρα επάνω στα στήθη σου –
Δεν μπορείς ν' αναπνεύσεις.

Δεν είναι ούτε πουλί, ούτε χαρταετός.
Είμαι ένας άνθρωπος κοινός, κι αυτός μισός
Που προτιμά το χειμώνα τη θαλπωρή στην καλύβα του
Και το καλοκαίρι τη δροσιά μέσα σε γαλάζια σεντόνια.

Τα μάτια μας δεν αντικατροπρίζουν του διάπτοντες
Μονάχα η αναλαμπή από το φως του κεριού και της
λάμπας
Ζούμε στο κράσπεδο της ζωής με χαμηλή φωνή
Ψιθυριστά
Σχεδόν βουβά.

«Ο πύργος της Πίζας, ο πύργος του Άιφελ



Have you read the name of the eternal city backwards?"*

We are sailing the oceans, crossing to terra firma

We are searching only for a smoke signal.

Simple viewers in the amphitheatre

At most an insignificant role so life will roll past

At most a cheap costume so life will have some color.

And the ropes tauten around our shoulders.

* Roma - Amor

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

το Τολέδο στην αποθέωση του φωτός, το Τολέδο με
καταιγίδα.

Εδώ γεννήθηκε ο Ντάντε...

Έχετε διαβάσει το όνομα της αιώνιας πόλεως
παλινδρομικώς;»

Πλέουμε τον ωκεανό, διαπερνούμε τη στεριά.

Δεν γυρεύουμε παρά μια σπιθαμή καπνό.

Απλοί θεατές στο αμφιθέατρο

Το πιο πολύ ένας ασήμαντος ρόλος για να κυλήσει η ζωή

Το πιο πολύ μια φτηνή αμφίεση για να πάρει χρώμα η
ζωή.

Στις ωμοπλάτες μας τεντώνονται οι σπάγκοι.

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Orphanides Nikos (1949)

Born in Kythrea in 1949. He studied Greek Literature in the Athens University. He has published collections of poetry, as well as philological and critical studies. He received the Cyprus State Prize.

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Γεννήθηκε στην Κυθρέα το 1949. Σπούδασε Ελληνική Φιλολογία στην Αθήνα. Ποιητής και δοκιμιογράφος. Τιμήθηκε με το κρατικό Βραβείο Δοκιμίου και με Κρατικό Έπαινο για την Ποίηση.

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Lefkosa, Spring 1980 AD

Once more I feel you descending
Aflaming sun
In the heavy sea of night
we sit at the low stone wall
of a desolate neighborhood
carnation behind the ear
let's have a coffee
lazily the city stretches
the homes of the Green line
await their forgotten residents
who keep sending messages of their coming
but never arrive
March 16, 1980

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

Λευκωσία άνοιξη 1980μ.Χ.

Πάλι σε νιώθω που κατεβαίνεις
ήλιος πυρφόρος
στην τρικυμία της νύχτας
καθόμαστε στο πεζούλι
Της έρημης γειτονιάς
γαρύφαλλο στ'αυτί
έλα να πιούμε ένα καφεδάκι
η πόλη τεντώνεται νωχελικά
τα σπίτια της πράσινης γραμμής
περιμένουν τους ξεχασμένους ενοίκους
π'όλο μηνάν πως θα'ρθουν
κι όμως δεν έρχονται ποτέ.
Εντός των τειχών, 1983

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Pashiardis Michalis (1941)

Michalis Pashiardis was born in the village of Tseri in 1941. From 1964 and until his retirement, he worked in Cultural Programmes at the Cyprus Broadcasting Corporation. He is a regular contributor to dailies and literary magazines. He has published numerous collections of poetry, written plays and studies. He has received the Cyprus State Prize for Poetry.

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Γεννήθηκε στο Τσέρι, το 1941. Από το 1964 μέχρι την αφυπηρέτησή του εργάστηκε στα πολιτιστικά προγράμματα του Ραδιοφωνικού Ιδρύματος Κύπρου. Είναι τακτικός συνεργάτης εφημερίδων και περιοδικών. Έγραψε και εξέδωσε πολλές ποιητικές συλλογές, θεατρικά και μελέτες. Τιμήθηκε με το Κρατικό Βραβείο Ποίησης.

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FUNERAL OF A FIGHTER

Leaden sky, heavy.
Heavy the hands lifting
your coffin; you of the
lightest - like the vision —
among us.
The street for the cemetery
passes by the landscape of Springtime.
At half-mast the daisies shed their petals
and up above, the swallows
are the small crosses of our suffering.
"O my sweet spring... " Afterwards it rained hard

Translated by: John Vickers

ΚΗΔΕΙΑ ΑΓΩΝΙΣΤΗ

Μολυβένιος ουρανός, βαρύς.
Βαριά τα χέρια, που σηκώνουνε το φέρετρό σου εσέ του
πιο ελαφρού —σαν τ' όραμα—
ανάμεσό μας.
Ο δρόμος για το κοιμητήρι περνά απ' το τοπίο της Άνοιξης.
Μεσίστιες φολλοροούν οι μαργαρίτες
κι απανωθε τα χελιδόνια είναι οι μικροί σταυροί του
πάθους μας.
Ω γλυκύ μου έαρ....
Ύστερα έβρεχε δυνατά
για όσα δάκρυα δε χύσαμε.

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Papaonisiforou Myrianthy (1941)

Myrianthi Papaonisiforou was born and lives in Paphos. She studied Social Sciences in Athens, and completed her post-graduate studies in London. She has worked in the Department of Social Services. She has published several collections of poetry, and received the Cyprus State Prize for Poetry among other awards and distinctions.

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Γεννήθηκε στην Πάφο. Σπούδασε Κοινωνικές Επιστήμες στην Αθήνα και έκανε μεταπτυχιακές σπουδές στο Λονδίνο. Εργάστηκε στο τμήμα Κοινωνικών Υπηρεσιών. Έγραψε και δημοσίευσε πολλές ποιητικές συλλογές. Τιμήθηκε με το κρατικό Βραβείο ποίησης.

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[\[Index\]](#)**Malta**

I shall keep you then
an imprint of an unadorned identity
in the collection of the world
infertile land
with balconies of silence
timeless land
vanquished by the past
which imposes an orgy of art
on my enery movement
an insupportable stone

I shall keep you then
an affirmation to the call of the world arid land
of the rock and of the white stone sorceress land
how did you keep Odysseus from me
hundreds of years in a cave?

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

Μάλτα

Θα σε κρατήσω λοιπόν
ένα αποτύπωμα λιτής ταυτότητας
στη συλλογή του κόσμου
άγονη χώρα
με τα μπαλκόνια της σιωπής
άχρονη χώρα
κατακτημένη από το χτες
που επιβάλλεται όργιο τέχνης
στην κάθε μου κίνηση
ασήκωτη πέτρα

Θα σε κρατήσω λοιπόν
κατάφαση στο κάλεσμα του κόσμου
άνυδρη χώρα
του βράχου και της άσπρης πέτρας
μάγισσα χώρα
πώς μου εκράτησες τον Οδυσσέα
σε μια σπηλιά τόσους αιώνες;

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Andreas Pastellas (1932)

Andreas Pastellas was born in Kato Paphos in 1932. He studied Philology in Athens, and completed his post-graduate studies in Pedagogic and School Administration. He worked in Secondary Education as teacher, Headmaster and Supervisor of Philology Courses. He is the President of the Cyprus Linguistic Association. He has published collections of poetry, as well as philological and critical studies. He received the Cyprus State Prize for Poetry.

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Γεννήθηκε στην Κάτω Πάφο το 1932. Σπούδασε Ελληνική Φιλολογία στην Αθήνα. Έκανε μεταπτυχιακές σπουδές στα Παιδαγωγικά και στη Διεύθυνση Σχολείου. Εργάστηκε στη Μέση Εκπαίδευση, ως Καθηγητής, Διευθυντής και Επιθεωρητής των Φιλολογικών Μαθημάτων. Είναι ο Πρόεδρος του Κυπριακού Γλωσσολογικού Συνδέσμου Κύπρου. Δημοσίευσε συλλογές Ποιημάτων όπως επίσης και φιλολογικές και κριτικές μελέτες. Τιμήθηκε με το Κρατικό Βραβείο Ποίησης.

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Empty desks

I took attendance and you were missing,
practicing orthography on walls.
I took attendance and you were missing,
and you were at the roadblocks.
I took attendance
and on your small knees
in prison you scribbled
the History of mankind.
And on the attendance list I wrote: all present!
and next to each of your names the grade: excellent!

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

Άδεια θρανία

Διάβασα τον κατάλογο κι εσείς λείπατε,
γράφате την ορθογραφία σας στους τοίχους.
Διάβασα τον κατάλογο
και εσείς βρισκόσαστε στα οδοφράγματα.
Διάβασα τον κατάλογο
και σεις γράφατε στις φυλακές
στα μικρά σας γόνατα
την Ιστορία του Ανθρώπου.
Κι έγγραψα στον κατάλογο: όλοι παρόντες!
και πλάι το βαθμό του καθενός σας: άριστα!
Χώρος διασποράς, 1970

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ALL IS THE FLOW OF THE WIND OR THE PRINCE OF HANNOVER

The icy wind enfolds the horse
wafting around it like an enormous cape little lights burn at
the station tired immigrants place calls to distant
homelands. Atop his bronze horse the prince of Hannover
waves to his people beloved as he once was now
forgotten atop his horse tired upon his horse alone among
the hurried travelers that pour out, herds from the railway
station herds the workers that leave the station herds the
days that pass by his tired horse.

A stranger is History a stranger in History
a stranger among the people of the trains
a stranger among the hurrying people of the square a
stranger among their daily cares beloved as he once was
now forgotten upon his tired horse.

Love is a vapor that rises like smoke on this street,
where all is an endless gust of wind and futility of futilities
all that is of man.
Berlin, November 1984

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

ΤΑ ΠΑΝΤΑ ΡΟΗ ΑΝΕΜΟΥ 'Η Ο ΑΡΧΟΝΤΑΣ ΤΟΥ ΑΝΝΟΒΕΡΟΥ

Τυλίγει τ' άλογο ο παγωμένος αγέρας
σαν πελώριος μανδύας ανεμίζει γύρω του φωτισμένα
λαμπιόνια ανάβουν στο σταθμό κουρασμένοι μετανάστες
τηλεφωνούν στις μακρινές πατρίδες τους. Ανεβασμένος
στο μπρούντζινο του άλογο ο άρχοντας του

Αννόβερου χαιρετά το λαό του
αγαπημένος κάποτε από το λαό του ξεχασμένος πάνω στο
άλογό του κουρασμένος πάνω στο άλογό του μόνος μέσα
στους βιαστικούς ταξιδιώτες που χύνονται κοπάδια από
το σιδηροδρομικό σταθμό
κοπάδια οι εργάτες που βγαίνουν από το σταθμό κοπάδια
οι μέρες που περνούν πλάι στο κουρασμένο του άλογο.

Ξένη η Ιστορία ξένος μέσα στην Ιστορία
ξένος μέσα στους ανθρώπους των τραίνων ξένος μέσα
στους βιαστικούς της πλατείας ξένος μέσα στις φροντίδες
κάποτε αγαπημένος από το λαό του ξεχασμένος πάνω στο
κουρασμένο του άλογο.

Αχνός η αγάπη περνά σαν καπνός
σ' αυτό τον δρόμο,
όπου τα πάντα ροή ατέρμονη ανέμου
και ματαιότης ματαιοτήτων τα ανθρώπινα.
Βερολίνο, Νοέμβριος 1984

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Patapiou Nasa (1953)

Nasa Patapiou was born in Rizokarpaso. She studied Drama, Byzantine and Modern Greek Literature in Thessalonica, as well as History and Archaeology in Athens. She worked as a researcher/historian, and served as Cultural Attache of the Cyprus Embassy in Athens, and as Director of the House of Cyprus. She received the State Prize for Poetry in 1988.

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Γεννήθηκε στο Ριζοκάρπασο. Σπούδασε θέατρο, Βυζαντινή και Σύγχρονη Ελληνική Λογοτεχνία στη Θεσσαλονίκη και Ιστορία και Αρχαιολογία στην Αθήνα. Εργάστηκε ως ερευνήτρια/ιστορικός και υπηρέτησε ως Πολιτιστικός Λειτουργός της Κυπριακής Πρεσβείας στην Ελλάδα και Διευθύντρια του Σπιτιού της Κύπρου. Τιμήθηκε με το Κρατικό Βραβείο Ποίησης.

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[\[Index\]](#)**LINEAGE**

I spring
From the Peninsula
Of Carpasia's mountains
And flow out into my body
Inside me
Fountains and stagnant waters
Idols in water
Shadows in red blood
Reflections in morning
And others in evening
May the Angel come
With his sword
May he stab
My right side
May the blood gush
May it flood the water
May the frothing waves
Envelop me
May your shape
Come alight
May"-you limits be etched
As they used to be
And from my belongings
May only my voice remain
I am the thinking plant
In the precipices
Of the island of Cyprus

Translated by: Irena Ioannides**ΚΑΤΑΓΩΓΗ**

Πηγάζω
Από της Χερσονήσου
Καρπασίας τα όρη
Κι εκβάλλω στο σώμα μου
Μέσα μου οι πίδακες
Και τα λιμνάζοντα ύδατα
Είδωλα μέσα στο νερό
Σκιές στο κόκκινο αίμα
Ανταύγειες το πρωί
Κι άλλες το βράδυ
Να 'ρθει ο Άγγελος
Με τη ρομφαία
Και να χαράξει
Τη δεξιά μου την πλευρά
Να φύγει το αίμα
Να πλημμυρίσει το νερό
Αφρώδη κύματα
Να με περιτυλίζουν
Φως να φανεί
Το σχήμα σου
Τα οριά σου να χαρακτηούν
Σαν πρώτα
Κι απ' τα υπάρχοντα μου
Να μένει μόνον η φωνή
Είμαι το νοήμον φυτό
Στα απόκρημνα
Της νήσου Κύπρου
Συλλογή Το Φωνήεν σώμα

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LOVER'S CONJURE

I have a magic orchard
That is enclosed all round Many learn for it And pace
outside
But no-one dares step inside Its exotic plants Alarm them
Its heady scents Make them faint They lack imagination
And besides
They have no fantasies of love

I have a magic orchard
That is enclosed all round Or rather a school
Where you can be taught and learn If you are brave and
ready Step inside my orchard
Let me take you around and show you How history is born
Out of nothing
And from my delicate stem You will blossom, like it or not

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

Η ΘΑΥΜΑΤΟΠΟΙΟΣ ΤΟΥ 'ΕΡΩΤΑ

Έχω ένα περιβόλι μαγικό Περιφραγμένο Το ορέγονται
πολλοί Και τριγυρνούν απ'έξω Μα δεν τολμούν να μπουν
Έχει εξωτικά φυτά Και τους τρομάζουν Εκπέμπει ευωδιές,
μεθυστικές Τους προκαλεί λιποθυμία Άλλωστε στερούνται
φαντασίας Και επιπλέον
Δεν φαντασιώνονται στον έρωτα

Έχω ένα περιβόλι μαγικό Περιφραγμένο 'Η μάλλον μια
σχολή Να διδαχθείς να μάθεις Αν είσαι έτοιμος γενναίος
Έλα στο περιβόλι αυτό Για να σε ξεναγήσω Πως απ' το
τίποτα Γεννιέται η ιστορία
Και από τον λεπτεπίλεπτό μου μίσχο θέλεις δεν θες θα
ανθοφορήσεις

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Peonidou Elli (1940)

Elli Peonidou was born in Vassa Kilaniou, Limassol, and studied Home Economics in Athens. She works as a journalist and as a professional writer. She has written numerous works of poetry, prose, theatre and children's literature. She has received the State Prize for Children's Literature, and many other local and international awards and distinctions.

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Γεννήθηκε στη Βάσα Κοιλανίου και σπούδασε Οικιακή Οικονομία στην Αθήνα. Εργάζεται ως δημοσιογράφος. Έγραψε πληθώρα βιβλίων ποίησης, πεζογραφίας, θεατρικά και παιδικά. Τιμήθηκε με το Κρατικό Βραβείο για την Παιδική Λογοτεχνία.

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Breakfast on the balcony

The young couple comes to the balcony
November's end and time two minutes after eight.
Morning pours onto
Ninth Street roaring.
Dancing, she brings the tray with coffee bread,
honey and apples, and he, a rose in a flower-vase.

They sit. Leans her head to his knees
and he caresses her hair.
Drink, laugh, look at each other.
Fifteen minutes after eight they take
the cups and the rose away.
Go inside and close up.
Wet snow bedecks the window sill.

And behind the windowpane the poet
nails the moment like a butterfly.

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

ΠΡΟΓΕΥΜΑ ΣΤΟ ΜΠΑΛΚΟΝΙ

Το ζευγαράκι βγήκε στο μπαλκόνι
τέλος Νοέμβρη ώρα οκτώ και δυο λεπτά.
Το πρωινό χιμάει βουίζοντας στην Ένατη Λεωφόρο.

Χορεύοντας φέρνει το δίσκο εκείνη με καφέ
ψωμί, μέλι και μήλα
κι εκείνος ένα ρόδο στο ανθογυάλι.

Κάθονται. Γέρνει στα γόνατα του το κεφάλι
και της χαϊδεύει τα μαλλιά.
Πίνουν, γελούν, κοιτάζονται.
Οκτώ και τέταρτο σηκώνουν
φλιτζάνια και τριαντάφυλλο.
Μπαίνουν και κλείνουν. Το χιονόνερο
στολίζει το πρεβάζι.

Κι ο ποιητής πίσω απ' το τζάμι
καρφώνει τη στιγμή σαν πεταλούδα..

Νέα Υόρκη, Νοέμβρης 1992
Λεμεσός, Δεκέμβρης 1995

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THE IVY OF OUR LOVE

A leaf of ivy is our visiting card
like a cooling embrace and a refuge from the sun's
scorching eye an evergreen palm forever open.

A leaf of ivy is our laughter
multicolour tongues ringing in harmony to the music of
birdsong and the surging waves upon the shore here
where our footsteps are luminous close upon the thyme

We seek for traces of noble ancestors
who in laying out their temples
like the spreading ivy worshipped their gentle Gods and
evergreen epics an olive crown their only prize.

Dedicated to our dream for the Eco-Peace
village that alas was not realised

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

Ο ΚΙΣΣΟΣ ΤΗΣ ΑΓΑΠΗΣ ΜΑΣ

Φύλλο κισσού το επισκεπτήριο μας αγκάλιασμα δροσιάς
και καταφύγιο απο το μάτι του ήλιου.
Παλάμη πράσινη ανοιγμένη.

Φύλλο κισσού το γέλιο μας
γλώσσες πολύχρωμες, διακλαδώσεις μελωδικές, τρίλιες
και παφλασμοί
πατημασιές που φωσφορίζουνε πλάι στο Θυμάρι

Τα χνάρια ν'ανιχνεύσουμε προγόνων ευγενών που ήπιους
ελάτρεψαν Θεούς ναούς κισσούς απλώσανε χλωρίδας
έπη και στεφάνια ελιάς.

Αφιερωμένο στο όνειρο μας για το Οικολογικό χωριό
«Κισσός» που δυστυχώς δεν πραγματοποιήθηκε

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Philippou – Ladaki Niki (1937 – 2003)

Was born in Nicosia. Studied Greek and English Literature at the Athens University. She worked at the Cultural Services of the Ministry of Education. She had published several collections of poetry.

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Γεννήθηκε στη Λευκωσία και σπούδασε Ελληνική και Αγγλική Φιλολογία στην Αθήνα. Εργάστηκε στις Πολιτιστικές Υπηρεσίες του Υπουργείου Παιδείας. Δημοσίευσε πολλές Ποιητικές Συλλογές.

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I MIGRATE LIKE A BIRD

I migrate like a bird, I die out like the wind
I set like the sun

when the sea assumes your face
and in the evening makes herself beautiful
for the strolling ladies

when the jasmin smells
like the musk of your breasts
to tease the rest of the girls
and surpass them

when Sunday puts on your dresses
and copies your hairstyle
to go as a little girl to church

...I still have to learn so much about love.

Translated by: Poet

ΜΙΣΕΥΩ ΣΑ ΠΟΥΛΙ

Μισεύω σα πουλί, σβήνω σαν αγέρι γέρνω σαν ήλιος
όταν η θάλασσα παίρνει το πρόσωπο σου
και στολίζεται ώρα εσπερινή για να 'ναι όμορφη
σα βγουν οι κυράδες για σεργιάνι
όταν το γιασεμί της γειτονιάς παίρνει το μούσκο του
κόρφου σου για να πειράξει όλες τις άλλες κοπελιές και
να τις ξεπεράσει

όταν η Κυριακή φοράει τα φουστάνια σου και τη χτενισιά
σου για να πάει πρωί πρωί παιδούλα στην εκκλησιά.
...Κι ακόμη έχω τόση αμάθεια για την αγάπη!

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Phylactou Takis (1919)

Was born in Karavas in 1919. He studied Insurance in London. He published his poems in several newspapers and magazines.

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Γεννήθηκε στο χωριό Καραβάς το 1919. Αποφοίτησε από το Παγκύπριο Γυμνάσιο και στη συνέχεια σπούδασε ασφαλιστικά στο Λονδίνο. Το 1952 είχε αναλάβει την οργάνωση και διεύθυνση των «Γενικών Ασφαλειών Κύπρου». Ασχολήθηκε με την ποίηση και δημοσίευσε εργασίες του σε εφημερίδες και περιοδικά. Ποιήματα του έχουν μεταφραστεί σε ξένες γλώσσες. Το 1986 εξέδωσε την ποιητική συλλογή Παρένθεση. Ασχολήθηκε επίσης με το χρονογράφημα και τη ζωγραφική.

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[\[Index\]](#)**GEORGE**

Surrounded by the small bottles,
Serum, iodine and aspirins,
George
- Central Chemist's Store
216 Phaneromenis Street -
kept company by his golden_ dreams
and the long wait for the Unexpected,
George is spending the balance
of his years (he is not twenty six).

Prescriptions and debts the routine,
the friends who drop in to join
their boredom with his own,
the patchwork throng in the market.
At midday the meal from the restaurant over the way
Steak and kidney boiled and beans, kid ! –
and the long wait for the Unexpected.
If I had happened to be George
- Central Chemist's Store
216 Phaneromenis Street -
I would throw out all the friends who come
to join their boredom with mine,
I would empty all the little bottles,
Serum, iodine and the rest, into a huge cauldron,
and I would plunge myself in it
to cancel the balance of my years
(the margin between twenty six and nothing).

Translated by: Peter Thompson**ΓΙΩΡΓΟΣ**

Ανάμεσα στα μπουκαλάκια του,
«Venena», ιώδια κι ασπιρίνες,
ο Γιώργος,
«Φαρμακείον το Κεντρικόν»
Φανερωμένης 216, Λευκωσία.
Συντροφιά με τα χρυσά του όνειρα
και την προσμονή του Ανέλπιστου
ο Γιώργος περνά το υπόλοιπον
του βίου (είναι τώρα 26 ετών).

Καθημερινά οι συνταγές, τα βερεσέδια,
οι φίλοι που πάνε να ενώσουν
την πλήξη τους με την δική του,
το πολύχρωμο πλήθος του παζαριού.
Τα μεσημέρια φαγητό απ' το αντικρινό εστιατόριο-
«μισή ψητό και μία φασόλια, ρε μικρέ»-
κι η προσμονή του Ανέλπιστου.

Αν τύχαινε εγώ να 'μουν ο Γιώργος,
«Φαρμακείον το Κεντρικόν»
Φανερωμένης 216, Λευκωσία,
θα 'διωχνα όλους τους φίλους που έρχονται
Να ενώσουν την πλήξη τους με τη δική μου.
Θ' άδειαζα όλα μου τα μπουκαλάκια,
«Venena», ιώδια και τα λοιπά, σ' ένα τεράστιο καζάνι
και θα βυθιζόμουν σ' αυτό
για να διανύσω το υπόλοιπον του βίου μου
(διαφορά μεταξύ 26 ετών και του τίποτα).

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Savvidou – Theodoulou Mona (1951)

Born in Limassol. She studied Philology in Athens, and works in Secondary Education as a Headmistress. She has published several works of poetry, prose, theatre and criticism. She has also edited three poetry anthologies. She received the State Prize for Poetry in 1987.

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Γεννήθηκε στη Λεμεσό το 1951. Σπούδασε Φιλολογία στο Πανεπιστήμιο Αθηνών και εργάζεται ως Διευθύντρια Σχολείου στη Μέση Εκπαίδευση. Έχει δημοσιεύσει ποίηση, πεζό, θεατρικό και κριτικές μελέτες. Έχει επίσης εκδώσει τρεις Ανθολογίες Ποίησης. Τιμήθηκε με το Κρατικό Βραβείο Ποίησης.

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**The forest with the columns
Cordova**

Cross the garden with the orange trees
first
Do not neglect the footpath of the myrtle
to be enchanted
to fall in love
to purify yourself
The forest with the columns awaits you
Do bring the birds
along with the blossoms
in your bosom or in your hair
the dance of the soul awaits you
it awaitw you in the forest

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

**Το Δάσος με τους Κίονες
Κόρδοβα**

Πέρασε απ' την αυλή των πορτοκαλλιών
πρώτα
Μην ξεχάσεις το μονοπάτι της μυρτιάς
να γοητευτείς
να ερωτευτείς
να εξαγνιστείς
Σε περιμένει το δάσος με τους κίονες
Πάρε και τα πουλιά
μαζί με τους ανθούς
στον κόρφο ή τα μαλλιά σου
Σε περιμένει ο χορός της ψυχής
Σε περιμένει στο δάσος

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Stavrou – Ioannidou Roulla (1951)



Was born in Nicosia in 1951. Studied Greek and English Literature at the University of Athens. Recently she received the National Literature prize Jean Monnet.

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Γεννήθηκε στη Λευκωσία το 1951. Ποιήτρια, πεζογράφος και θεατρική συγγραφέας. Είναι επίσης εκπαιδευτικός (ΜΕ) και ερευνήτρια. Σπούδασε ελληνική και αγγλική φιλολογία στο Πανεπιστήμιο Αθηνών. Αργότερα μετεκπαιδεύτηκε στο RSA , TEFL (UK) και πήρε το δίπλωμά της με διάκριση στη διδασκαλία. Σήμερα, εργάζεται ως Επιστημονική Συνεργάτις και Υπεύθυνη Εκδόσεων στο Γραφείο του Προεδρικού Επιτρόπου της Κυπριακής Δημοκρατίας. Το βιβλίο της «Κίτρινες Κορδέλες», τιμήθηκε πρόσφατα με το Διεθνές Λογοτεχνικό Βραβείο Jean Monnet.

Έργα της μεταφράστηκαν στα Αγγλικά, Γερμανικά, Γαλλικά, Ιταλικά και Πολωνικά.

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[\[Index\]](#)**ENCLAVED**

The moonlight
circles over the houses
of the enclaved.
Tearlessly and tirelessly
their thoughts and dreams it seeks.
unfolding them
one by one, spreading its balm
from one side of the soul to the other
to soothe the wounds.
Days come and go by.
Pass through the fields
with the ripen wheat on the lips.
Hours come and go by
from the hills to the bays
from the capes to the valleys
from the plundered churches
to the deserted monasteries
with their orphaned steeples.
They come and go by.
Then meet again.
Hand in hand
They begin to dance
singing
a song of blue and white
Freedom, that they call,
Liberty and peaceful Life.

Translated by: Rhea Frangofinou - Roula
Ioannidou-Stavrou

Το φως του φεγγαριού

κάνει κύκλους πάνω απ' τα δέντρα
ψάχνει ακούραστο κι αδάκρυτο
τους αγνοούμενους σου
ξεδιπλώνοντας τους στοχασμούς του
ένα-ένα
διηθώντας τις αναμνήσεις του
μια-μια
σκορπίζοντας το χλωμό του βάλαμο
απ' τη μιαν άκρη ως την άλλη σου,
Νησί μου,
να γαληνέψει τις πληγές σου.
Πάνε κι έρχονται
τα βράδια του
απ' τις πορτοκαλιές της Μόρφου
ως τις θάλασσες της Αμμόχωστος
κι ακόμα
ως τα ερημικά μοναστήρια της Καρπασίας
με τα ορφανεμένα καμπαναριά.
Πάνε κι έρχονται,
κι ύστερα πάλι ξανασμίγουν.
Πιάνονται χέρι-χέρι
και στήνουνε χορό
γύρω απ' τον Πενταδάκτυλο
τραγουδώντας ένα τραγούδι από γαλαζόπετρα
που το βαφτίσαν Λευτεριά.

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Stylianou Theodoros (1927- 1998)

Theodoros Stylianou was born in the village of Psimolofou in 1927, and died in 1998. He wrote poetry, and was a regular contributor to literary magazines and newspapers. He was awarded the Cyprus State Prize for Poetry in 1987.

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Ο Θεόδωρος Στυλιανού γεννήθηκε στο χωριό Ψημολόφου το 1927 και πέθανε το 1998. Έγραψε ποίηση και λογοτεχνία σε περιοδικά και εφημερίδες. Του απονεμήθηκ το βραβείο Cyprus State Prize for Poetry το 1987.

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THE VOYAGE

And so this is our voyage, my Lady.
It begins with the first chapter of disillusionment. We'll
have a good time, wait and see, and with a contribution by
Eliot.
Because I know that time s always time
And place s always and only place
And what is actual s actual only for one time And only for
one place...*
A rainy English month of July
has counted our days
with the countenance of our March. This explains the rose
gardens the lush trees the rivers the epidemic of green.
No matter
our voyage was good.
Better on the way back
with the added cargo of nostalgia.

Translated by: John Vickers

ΤΟ ΤΑΞΙΔΙ

Νάτο λοιπόν το ταξίδι μας, Κυρά μου.
Αρχίζει με το πρώτο κεφάλαιο της απομυθοποίησης.
Θα περάσουμε καλά, Θα το δεις και με τη συνδρομή του
'Ελιοτ.
Γιατί ξέρω ότι ο χρόνος είναι πάντα χρόνος κι ο τόπος
πάντα και μονάχα τόπος
κι ό,τι είναι σημερινό υπάρχει μόνο μια φορά και μόνο σ'
ένα τόπο...
'Ενας βροχερός εγγλέζικος Ιούλης
μέτρησε τις μέρες μας
με το ύφος του Μάρτη του δικού μας.
'Ετσι εξηγούνται οι ροδότοποι
τα Θρασεμένα δέντρα τα ποτάμια η επιδημία του
πράσινου.
Κατά τα άλλα
ήταν καλό το ταξίδι μας. Καλύτερο στο γυρισμό
με το επιπρόσθετο φορτίο του νόστου.

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Theocharidou Ianthe (1938)

Born in 1938. Her main occupation is Literature. For her creative work she got the Prize of the Ministry of Education.

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Γεννήθηκε το 1938. Ασχολείται με τη Λογοτεχνία. Για το έργο της τιμήθηκε από το Υπουργείο Παιδείας.

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CYPRriot CHRONICLE 1

This island arose
from the depths
the sea parted at its ascent
and it was the hour of dawn.

Do not measure by the surface
or by the head
listen to the chest
inside bells ring
the ages.

What you see from your dull window
does not take into account the quality of the guts.
X-rays are. read
in their own light.

Translated by: John Vickers

ΚΥΠΡΙΑΚΟ ΧΡΟΝΙΚΟ Ι

Τούτο το νησί αναδύθηκε
από πολύ βαθιά
μέριασε η θάλασσα στ' ανέβασμα του
κι ήταν η ώρα του όρθρου,

Με την επιφάνεια μη μετράς μήτε με το κεφάλι
βάλε το ακουστικό στο στέρνο του μέσα κτυπούν
καμπάνες οι αιώνες.

Το κοίταγμα απ' το θαμπό σου τζάμι
δεν σου υπολογίζει την ποιότητα των σπλάχνων.

Οι Ακτίνες Χ διαβάζονται
με το δικό τους φως.

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Zafeiriou Lefkios (1948)

Lefkios Zaphiriou was born in Larnaca in 1948. He studied Philology and Journalism in Athens. He works in Secondary Education as Assistant Headmaster. He has published poetry and prose. He writes articles on politics, literary criticism, studies and essays. He has also edited an anthology of contemporary Cypriot poetry that was published in Athens. He has been awarded the Cyprus State Prizes for Poetry and for Prose.

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Γεννήθηκε στη Λάρνακα το 1948. Σπούδασε φιλολογία και δημοσιογραφία στην Αθήνα. Εργάζεται ως Β.Διευθυντής στη Μέση Εκπαίδευση. Έχει δημοσιεύσει ποίηση και πεζογραφία. Τιμήθηκε με Κρατικά βραβεία Ποίησης.

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**KARYOTAKIS IN PARIS AND IN THE
COFFEE SHOP "THE HEAVENLY
GARDEN"**

FIRST VARIATION

Alone

At the Hotel de la Sorbonne
He writes to his brother:
'Yesterday I was at Moulin Rouge'
the following day in Athens
the usual is decided: "You are transferred to the
Prefecture of Preveza.'
This is nothing you know
While sitting at the coffee shop
The Heavenly Garden two steps
From the sea, like that time
In Paris on the desolate street
when he was pacing
with palpable sorrow on the inverted
face – just two steps
away from his death.

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

**Ο Καρυωτάκης στο Παρίσι και στο
καφενείο «Ο ουράνιος κήπος»**

Πρώτη παραλλαγή

Μόνος

Στο Hotel de la Sorbonne
Γράφει στο αδελφό του:
«Χθες ήμουν στο Moulin Rouge».
Την άλλη μέρα στην Αθήνα
αποφασίζουν τα γνωστά: «Μετετέθηκε
εις την Νομαρχία Πρεβέζης».
«Ξέρεις πως είναι όλα αυτά»
όταν κάθεται στο καφενείο
Ο Ουράνιος Κήπος δύο βήματα
απ' τη θάλασσα, όπως τότε
στο Παρίσι στον έρημο δρόμο βηματίζει
με βέβαιη τη θλίψη στο ανεστραμμένο
πρόσωπο – μόλις δύο βήματα
από το θάνατό του.

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Chrysanthis Kypros (1915 – 1998)

Was born in Nicosia in 1915 and died in the same town in 1998. He published the magazine Pneumatiki Kypros. He published several collections of poetry, novels and plays.

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Ξεχωριστός ποιητής, πεζογράφος, θεατρικός συγγραφέας, κριτικός. Γεννήθηκε στην Λευκωσία το 1915. Από το 1960 εκδίδει το περιοδικό Πνευματική Κύπρος. Το ποιητικό του έργο κρίνεται σ' ένα μεγάλο εύρος που εκκινεί από ένα παραδοσιακό λυρισμό, παράλληλα με μια συνάντηση και αφομοίωση της δημόδους κυπριακής λογοτεχνίας και φτάνει σε ώριμους στίχους νεότερης γραφής.

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WOMAN TYING HER SHOE
By Renoir

The line on your translucent body fragrant with feeling,
a dawn of kisses.
The flame has reflected you. The hue has plunged to plum
bed sheets an embrace.

How the pose torments! It grafts the mind
a rosebush in May.
The fruit bows with feeling and the bough quivers
like a lip to kisses.
The awakening of the mind to beauty, doesn't it seduce?
It drives the Gods wild.
With a stem of jasmine it carves our flesh
with wispy yearnings.
In oceans of mauve your outline was imprinted
dew upon a rock,
the sentiment that begot your body engages the light
and the pose torments.

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

Η γυναίκα που φορεί το παπούτσι
της
Του Ρενουάρ

Μυρίζει αισθήματα η γραμμή στο διάφανό σου σώμα,
μια χαραυγή φιλιά.
Η φλόγα σε καθρέφτισε. Βυσίνισε το χρώμα
σεντόνια μια αγκαλιά.
Η στάση πόσο τυραννά! Τον στοχασμό μπολιάζει
τον Μάη τριανταφυλλιά.
Γέρνει η οπώρα μ'αίσθημα και το κλαδί σπαράζει
Σα χείλη στα φιλιά.

Της ομορφιάς το ζύπνημα του νου δεν ξελογιάζει;
Τρελλαίνει τους Θεούς.
Μ'ένα κομμάτι γιασεμί τη σάρκα μας χαράζει
με ανάλαφρους καυμούς.
Στους βύσινους ωκεανούς τυπώθηκε η γραμμή σου
βράχου κορφοσταλιά,
έπαιξε το αίσθημα σα φως και πάει με το κορμί σου
κι η στάση τυραννά.

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Neshe Yasin (1959)



Neshe Yasin is a Turkish Cypriot poet and journalist. She was born in Peristerona in 1959. Her work is well known to both communities in Cyprus. She writes in Turkish but her poetry and articles are regularly translated into Greek language. She has been a columnist for newspapers published in both sides of the island and also in Turkey. She has written the lyrics of a very popular song composed by a Greek Cypriot musician and sung by different singers in Cyprus, Turkey and Greece. The lines of this poem "My country has been divided in two/which of the two halves should I love?", very well express her feelings towards her divided country. She is involved in peace-building activities in Cyprus from a very young age and she delivers speeches all over the island to help for reconciliation in Cyprus. Nowadays she is a lecturer at Cyprus University situated in the Greek Cypriot part of the divided island.

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Η Neshe Yasin είναι Τουρκοκύπρια ποιήτρια και δημοσιογράφος. Γεννήθηκε το 1959 στην Περιστερώνα. Η δουλειά της είναι πολύ γνωστή και στις δύο κοινότητες στην Κύπρο. Γράφει στα τουρκικά αλλά τα ποιήματα και τα άρθρα της συνήθως μεταφράζονται στην ελληνική γλώσσα. Είναι αρθρογράφος στις εφημερίδες που εκδίδονται και στις δύο κοινότητες ως επίσης και στην Τουρκία. Έχει γράψει τους στίχους του πολύ γνωστού τραγουδιού «Η δική μου η πατρίδα έχει μοιραστεί στα δύο ποιο από τα δύο κομμάτια πρέπει να αγαπώ», το οποίο έχει μελοποιηθεί από κύπριο συνθέτη και έχει ερμηνευθεί από διάφορους τραγουδιστές στην Τουρκία και στην Ελλάδα. Με το τραγούδι αυτό εκφράζει τα αισθήματά της απέναντι στη μοιρασμένη της πατρίδα. Διοργανώνει διάφορες εκδηλώσεις για την οικοδόμηση της ειρήνης στη Κύπρο από πολύ μικρή και κάνει διαλέξεις σε όλο το νησί, ώστε να βοηθήσει στην επανένωση της Κύπρου. Σήμερα είναι λέκτορας στο Πανεπιστήμιο Κύπρου που βρίσκεται στην Ελληνοκυπριακή πλευρά του μοιρασμένου νησιού.

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[\[Index\]](#)**UNSENT LETTERS****VI**

n a musty cell
I am a tangled up ball of wool
This is not Berlin
don't expect me
I too expect you not to expect me
If they were to shoot us
what would remain?

If anything was to be shot love would be
craziness in itself
If only the address of the two of us was the same.

XII

History buy me a Berlin
I want to take him in my arms
to run and run
to find him amongst the crowds
with hundred degree love
to return to each other
Add me to him, him to me
History buy me a Berlin.
Poem is written in English

ΑΠΑΡΑΠΕΜΠΤΑ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΑ**VI**

Σ' ένα κελί που μυρίζει μούχλα
Κουβάρι μπερδεμένο είμαι
Εδώ δεν είναι Βερολίνο
Μη με καρτερείς
Περιμένω κι εγώ να μη με καρτερείς
Αν μας πυροβολήσουν
Τι απομένει;

Αν μας πυροβολήσουν τον έρωτα χτυπάνε
Είναι ολότερος αυτός

Να είχαμε μια μόνο διεύθυνση κι οι δύο

XII

Ένα Βερολίνο δώσε μου Ιστορία
Να τον αγκαλιάσω θέλω
Να τρέξω να τρέξω
Μες στο πλήθος να τον βρω
Να σμίξουμε
Με εκατό βαθμούς αγάπη

Εμέ μ' αυτόν, κι αυτόν σε μένα πρόσθεσε
Ένα Βερολίνο δως μου Ιστορία

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My country

My father says
Love your country
My country is
Dived in to two
Which part should
I love

Translated by: Poet

Η πατρίδα μου

Την πατρίδα να αγαπάς
Έτσι λέει ο πατέρας μου συχνά
Η δική μου η πατρίδα
Έχει μοιραστεί στα δύο
Πιο απο τα δυο κομμάτια
Πρέπει να αγαπώ

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Galazi Pitsa

Was born in Limassol. She studied Political Sciences and Sociology in Athens. She worked as a producer of cultural programmes at the Cyprus Broadcasting Corporation. She has published numerous collections of poetry, essays, studies and several monographs on Cypriot Literature. She has repeatedly received the Cyprus State Prize for Poetry. She was also awarded the Prize for Poetry of the Academy of Athens, and the Magna Grecia Prize of South Italy.

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Γεννήθηκε στην Λεμεσό και σπούδασε Πολιτικές Επιστήμες και Κοινωνιολογία στην Αθήνα. Εργάστηκε σαν παραγωγός πολιτιστικών εκπομπών στο Ραδιοφωνικό Ίδρυμα Κύπρου και σε ιδιωτικούς ραδιοφωνικούς σταθμούς. Έγραψε και δημοσίευσε ποίηση, δοκίμια, μελέτες, μονογραφίες κ.α. Τιμήθηκε επανειλημμένα με Κρατικό Βραβείο Ποίησης, με το Βραβείο Ποίησης της Ακαδημίας Αθηνών και με το βραβείο Magna Grecia της Νότιας Ιταλίας.

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[\[Index\]](#)**ALBERT CAMUS**

Still raw resonates in the skull
The sudden assault of your departure
Fracturing my youth
And not one minute of silence in time
Ta palpate the scar of the irreparable

Because you were one of our own Albert
Splashing in the waters
Of the Mediterraneans's south shore
The way they speak to our blood
Its summers searing hot
And our old dreams
On skin of terracotta,

And you playing with or myths
Pursuing Helet to Troy
And then raising the Voice
To abolish the gallows from the world*

Alone at an opposite shore we listen
Holding the words one by one
Flowers in books and inside albums
That tell of your lineage and character

Because words are handgrips for life
And the abyss waits beneath the words
Suspending us high from the presipice
Heartlessness and inhumanity that persist
And you supply the handgrips
And the footholds with choosen words
So that the world may stand ree
And that Man may be tha Alpha and Omega

More Strangers now than ever

ΑΛΜΠΕΡ ΚΑΜΥ

Ηχεί ακόμα νωπή στο κρανίο
Η ξαφνική ομοβροντία της αναχώρησης σου
Να ραγίζει τη νιότη μου
Κι ούτε ενός λεπτού σιγή μες' στον χρόνο
Ψαχουλεύοντας την ουλή του ανεπανόρθωτου

Γιατί ήσουν δικός μας Αλμπέρ
Να πιτσιλλίζεις στα νερά
Της νότιας ακτής της Μεσογείου
Όπως στο αίμα μας μιλούν
Τα καλοκαίρια της καυτά
Και τα παλιά μας όνειρα
Σε δέρμα τερρακότα,

Και συ να παίζεις με τους μύθους μας
Να κυνηγάς στην Τροία την Έλένη
Κι ύστερα να σηκώνεις τη Φωνή
Να καταργήσεις απ' τον κόσμο την αγχόνη*

Μόνοι σ' απέναντι ακτή ν' ακροαζόμαστε
Μια μια τις λέξεις να κρατάμε
Λουλούδια σε βιβλία και λευκώματα
Για την καταγωγή και για το ήθος σου να λένε

Γιατί οι λέξεις για να ζήσεις είναι κράτημα
Κι άβυσσος κάτω απ' τις λέξεις περιμένει
Μας αιωρεί από ψηλά στο βάραθρο
Η απονιά κι η απανθρωπιά που επιμένει
Κι εσύ να δίνεις τα κρατήματα
Και τα πατήματα με λέξεις διαλεγμένες
Ελεύθερος ο κόσμος να σταθεί
Κι ο Άνθρωπος το Άλφα και το Ωμέγα

Τώρα πιο Ξένοι από ποτέ



With the Plague a threat to us
Enclosed within a threat the walls they have set for us
Sisyphean our life
We leave to your voice an amulet
Sun-filled Summer
Balsam on the wounds of a tormented land
That will eternally bless your memory Albert.

Laurel leaves I set alight amidst the poems
Words to find you, signals
I remain devoted to dreams
And since you left much too soon
I refuse
To say goodnight to you

* Reference to his clemency appeal to the Queen of
England regarding the execution of freedom fighter
Michalakis Karaolis, during the Cypriot Liberation
Struggle of 1955-60.

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

Με την Πανούκλα απειλή μας
Κλεισμένη μες' στα τείχη που μας ώρισαν
Σισύφεια η ζωή μας
Κρατάμε την φωνή σου φυλακτό
Λιόχαρο Καλοκαίρι
Λαδάκι στις πληγές τόπου πολύπαθου
Που εσαεί Αλμπέρ σε μνημονεύει.

Δάφνες ανάβω μες' στα ποιήματα
Λέξεις για να σε βρουν σινιάλα
Στα όνειρα φανατική
Κι έτσι όπως έφυγες νωρίς
Την καληνύχτα να σου πω
Αρνιέμαι

* Αναφορά στην έκκληση του στη βασίλισσα της
Αγγλίας για σωτηρία του Μιχ. Καραολή

[\[Index\]](#)**CAMILLE CLAUDEL****I**

How beautiful you are Woman Strange
Glowing in the torment of the ineffable With a smile a sun
Lighting the stone to open The potable water
I have found you in your water The sparkling
That would rise dark
So the world could be reflected in its light A mystery of
transformed minerals Of a rich subsoil
Beautiful beloved of pain
Tormented missing woman
Alone because you loved so much Spendthrift you lent,
gave, gave away And no one gave back not a crumb To
the bird of your soul that croaked Terror and thirst
Your multiform soul stands in statues With the bending of
the crops In the breath of the wind Small Camille of the
fields of dreams
Small Camille in the ecstasy of Eros
Great and inexperienced in boundless love And divine
with your golden hands In anything you mold
Camille missing Woman
In denial, bitter you are hallowed
I touch your image in everything you 've made May you
blossom now and always.

II

I watched you unexpectedly take wing Over the gardens
with the pergolas And over the peculiar roofs of Paris
In dance like the movement of your statues Waving your
arms and the taffetas of your dresses rustling
Waiting for you at the gates of the heavens Young
handsome, noble
The fine writer and the rare poet Vizyinos Georgios the
Hellene

KAMIA ΚΛΩΝΤΕΛ**I**

Τι ωραία που είσαι Γυναίκα
Παράξενη
Λάμπουσα μεσ' στο μαρτύριο του άφατου Με ένα
χαμόγελο ήλιο Να φωτίζει την πέτρα ν' ανοίγει Το ύδωρ το
πότιμον
Απ' το νερό σου σε βρήκα
Το γάργαρο
Που σκοτεινό ανέβαινε
Να καθρεφτίζεται ο κόσμος στο φως του Μυστήριου
μεταπλασμένων ορυκτών Υπεδάφους πλούσιου
Ωραία αγαπημένη του πόνου Βασανισμένη γυναίκα
αγνοούμενη Μόνη επειδή πολύ αγάπησες Σπάταλη
δάνειζες, χάριζες, έδινες
Και ουδείς ουδέν ψυχίον έστω επέστρεψε Για το πουλί της
ψυχής σου που έκρωζε Τρόμο και δίψα
Η ψυχή σου πολύμορφη στέκει σ' αγάλματα Με των
σπαρτών το λύγισμα Στο φύσημα τ' ανέμου Μικρή Καμίλ
των κάμπων με τα όνειρα
Μικρή Καμίλ σε έκσταση αγάπης Μεγάλη κι αλογόριαστη
του έρωτα Και Θεϊκή με τα χρυσά σου χέρια Σ' ό,τι
πλάθεις
Καμίλ Γυναίκα αγνοούμενη
Μέσα στην άρνηση, πικρή ν' αγιάζεις Σε ό,τι έφτιαξες
αγγίζω την εικόνα σου Νυν και αεί να θάλλεις.

II

Σε έβλεπα ξαφνικά ν' ανίπτασαι
Πάνω από τους κήπους με τις πέργολες
Κι απ' τις παράξενες του Παρισιού τις στέγες Χορευτική
όπως των αγαλμάτων σου την κίνηση Να γνέφεις και των
φορεμάτων σου Να φουρφουρίζουν οι ταφτάδες
Σε καρτερεί στην πόρτα τ' ουρανού



Holding his elegant cane and straw hat Preparing to take
a bow To ask you to a first waltz In a real world Camille
Caudel

Paris, 1996

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

Νέος ωραίος, ευγενής
Ο λογοτέχνης ο εκλεκτός κι ο σπάνιος ποιητής Βυζυηνός
Γεώργιος ο Έλλην
Με το κομψό μπαστούνι και στο χέρι το ψαθάκι του
Έτοιμος να υποκλιθεί
Το πρώτο βαλς σε κόσμο αληθινό Καμίλ Κλωντέλ να σου
ζητήσει

Παρίσι, 1996

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Nora Nadjarian

Nora Nadjarian was born in Limassol. She writes poetry and short fiction, primarily in English, though her work has also been published in Greek. She has published collections of poetry, and won international awards for her writing. Two of her short stories were runners-up in the Commonwealth Short Story Completion in 2001 and 2002.

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Η Νόρα Νατζιαριάν γεννήθηκε στη Λεμεσό. Γράφει ποίηση και μικρής έκτασης πεζογραφήματα, κυρίως στην Αγγλική, αν και έχει δημοσιεύσει επίσης κείμενα της στην Ελληνική. Έχει δημοσιεύσει ποίηση και κέρδισε διεθνείς διακρίσεις για τα έργα της. Μεταξύ άλλων πεζογραφήματα της έτυχαν διακρίσεων στους Κοινοπολιτειακούς Διαγωνισμούς Διηγήματος το 2001 και 2002.

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The tears of Dora Maar
“Weeping Woman,” Pablo Picasso,
1937

He paints the salt tears
Pinning into her cheeks,
The blue sobs trapped in
The curl of her lips,
Her whole life soaking
A white handkerchief.

“this is the painting of was.
Dora, you are Spain”.

He paints her a widow;
Black, purple, a red hat,
Her hair in strips, hands
Green, heavy with horror.

Creases on a face
Have no end
In war, no beginning.
“I wanted to be a woman, Pablo.
Not a War.”

Τα δάκρυα της Dora Maar
“Γυναίκα που κλαίει»,
Pablo Picasso, 1937

Ζωγραφίζει τ' αλμυρά, τα καρφωμένα
Στα μάγουλα της δάκρυα,
Τους στεναγμούς της θλίψης
Τους παγιδευμένους στον χειλιών το γύρο,
Η ζωή της όλη να ποτίζει
Ένα λευκό μαντήλι.

«Αυτός είναι πίνακας, Dora,
Του πολέμου, είναι η Ισπανία».

Τη ζωγραφίζει χήρα·
Μαύρο, πορφυρό, κόκκινο καπέλο,
Τα μαλιά λωρίδες, χέρια
Πράσινα, βαριά απ' τον τρόμο.

Οι ρυτίδες στο πρόσωπο
Μέσα στον πόλεμο δεν έχουν τέλος
Μα ούτε αρχή.
«Γυναίκα θα 'θελα να 'μαι,
Όχι ένα πόλεμος, Pablo”.

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Kyriakos Charalambides (1940)

Kyriakos Charalambides was born in Famagusta in 1940. He studied History and Archaeology in Athens. He worked at the Cyprus Broadcasting Corporation and retired as Head of Radio Programmes. He has published numerous collections of poetry, translations and essays. He has received the Cyprus State Prize for Poetry, the Prize for Poetry by the Academy of Athens, the National Prize for Poetry in Greece, and the Cavafy Prize in Egypt.

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Κυριάκος Χαραλαμπίδης γεννήθηκε στην Αμμόχωστο το 1940. Σπούδασε Ιστορία και Αρχαιολογία στην Αθήνα. Εργάστηκε στο Ραδιοφωνικό Ίδρυμα Κύπρου απ' όπου αποπληρέτησε από τη Θέση του Διευθυντή Προγραμμάτων Ραδιοφώνου. Δημοσίευσε ποίηση, λογοτεχνικές μεταφράσεις, δοκίμια. Τιμήθηκε με το Κρατικό Βραβείο Ποίησης στην Κύπρο και στην Ελλάδα, με το Βραβείο Ποίησης της Ακαδημίας Αθηνών και με το Βραβείο Καβάφη στην Αίγυπτο.

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NONECIELO

When Nonecielo suspected
that his colors and themes were bung stolen in his studio
for fifteen days he shut himself doing nothing but standing
guard.

Every three days on a cane his neighbor
passed him through the skylight
a flask of water, a bit of bread, salt meat and almonds.

But even these he would examine carefully.
pouring a little water in his palm.
crumbling the bread, the flesh of the almond and falling to
see how much of a stranger he had become to a t .. ,vas
himself.

Nonecielo, to whom an emperor
had paid ten escuda to paint his likeness. Whom even the
Archangel Gabriel had asked retouch his wing.
He, to whom mia Madonna had leaned and smiles c.. and
instantly he saw his pitcher walk.

Oh, you, who once were the end of ugliness
so stern about everything motley and cc's Colors become
petrified uncompromising with the moisture of your former
gaze. vacant of sound words mix their shells with those of
the hollow almonds.

And for what? So you can be a household set of your own
omnipotence. You make your divine art fit to rob you;
you envy something that resembles you. you close your
paintings too soon; lower the blinds of their crystals,
smash the faces of the hegemony who have placed in
your hands their wallets.

You might call your acts "duty of resistance.
But you, who once seduced colors, now oppress them.
And from them a roar no longer emerges;
you have revoked their voices and obscured their faces

NONETΣΙΕΛΟ

Όταν ο Νονετσιέλο υποπτεύθηκε
πως του κλέβαν τα θέματα και τα χρώματα κλείστηκε
δεκαπέντε μέρες στ' αργαστήρι του και δεν έκανε τίποτα
παρά να παραφυλάγει.

Η γειτόνισσά του με καλάμι του περνούσε
το φλασκί νερό κάθε τρεις μέρες,
λίγο ψωμί, αλατισμένο κρέας και μύγδαλα μέσ' από το
φεγγίτη.

Μα και τούτα τα εξέταζε προσεκτικά'
έχυνε λίγο απ' το νερό στη χούφτα του,
μαδούσε το ψωμί, την ψίχα του μυγδαλού και δεν
καταλάβαινε το πόσο ξένος ήτανε προς καθετί δικό του.

Ο Νονετσιέλο, που ένας αυτοκράτορας
τού' δωκε δέκα σκούδα να του φτιάξει το είδωλο. Που
ακόμα κι ο Αρχάγγελος Γαβριήλ
μια μέρα του είπε να του σιάξει λίγο με πινέλο τη
πτερούγα του. Αυτός, που γέρνοντας προς τη μεριά του η
μία madonna του χαμογέλασε κι αμέσως είδε το κανάτι
του να περπατά.

Ω, συ, που κάποτε ήσουν το τέλος της ασκήμιας, τόσο
αυστηρός για κάθε παρδαλό και κρύο. Τα χρώματα
πετρώνουν ασυμβίβαστα με την υγρότητα του παλαιού
σου βλέμματος,

οι λέξεις αδειανές από ήχο σμίγουνε το τσόφλι τους με
κείνονε των κούφιων αμυγδαλών. Κι αυτά προς τι; Για να'
σαι κατοικίδιο της παντοδυναμίας του εαυτού σου. Τη
θεόμορφή σου τέχνη
την καθιστάς αρμόδια να σε ληστεύει ζηλεύεις από κάτι
που σου μοιάζει,

κλείνεις τους πίνακές σου από νωρίς, κατεβάζεις τα ρολά
των κρυστάλλων τους, Θρυμματίζεις τα μούτρα ηγεμόνων
που έβαλαν το πουγκί τους στο χέρι σου.
Θα μπορούσε την πράξη σου αυτή να την έλεγες «χρέος



with cloths and aprons, with tatters of curtains.
You could have been the Evangelist Luke,
or the Venice lion growling at death.
You could have been... What is wrong with us humans?
We want this and that, we suppose possibilities
that do not move forward in the era of our careless time.
But I catch my colors trying to fool me.
Trust no color, not even one. Once I had fallen in love with
red, then with yellow, green and mauve - imagine a wound
with these colors.
A sense of the heavy waters that will raise the indicators
of my tears above the clouds...
These were the painter's thoughts. But elsewhere the sun
rose openhearted and fragrant.
Nonecielo became frustrated; slammed the door in the
sun's face, painted the skylight - the means of his food -
black and unwittingly witnessed the e c l i p s e.
He wondered about the dim light falling on the darkness.
He had supposed that the chiaroscuro corresponded to
other things; an earthen cask, for instance, in the
countryside.
He had never imagined such a wealth of ideas. He had to
hide, suffocate them too, lest they be stolen by the same
thieves. Then his every cell would fall to idleness
and he would no longer worry. Or so he thought.
Deep in the night they struck him on the head. He jumped
up immortal, bathed in red. Yellow sat on his face,
his body was trembling mauve. And old painter,
one of the masters, dressed in green said to him:
To your feet, fool, away from here; go mix colors for us.
This will be your punishment.
You have tormented your heroes far too much, that king is
all but lame
and the one who is leaning, dropping his crown on his
dog's head - shame!
Shout out if you must that you are colorblind, say what you
wish, no one is listening. Look for a hole in which to crawl
but do not come out without new colors.

αντίστασης». Αλλά συ που τα χρώματα παλαιόθεν
ξεμυάλιζες, τα δυναστεύεις.
Και βοή από μέρους τους πια δεν υπάρχει
τη φωνή τους εσήκωσες και το πρόσωπο έκρυψες με κάτι
ρούχα και ποδιές, κομμάτια από κουρτίνες.
Θα μπορούσε να ήσουν ο Ευαγγελιστής Λουκάς
ή το λιοντάρι της Βενετίας με βρυχηθμό προς το θάνατο.
Θα μπορούσε... Τι στο διάολο πάθαμε οι άνθρωποι;
Θέλουμε το' να και τ' άλλο, υποθέτουμε δυνατότητες
που δεν προχωρούν στον καιρό του απρόσεκτου χρόνου
μας.
Αλλ' εγώ συλλαμβάνω τα χρώματά μου να σκέφτονται
πώς να με ξεγελάσουν.
Μην εμπιστεύεστε χρώμα κανένα.
Κάποτε είχα το κόκκινο αγαπήσει,
ακολουθούσε το κίτρινο, το πράσινο και το μαβί - να
φανταστείτε μια πληγή μ' αυτά τα χρώματα. Αίσθηση του
παχιού νερού που θ' ανεβάσει
τους δείχτες των δακρύων μου πάνω από τα σύννεφα...
Τέτοια ο ζωγράφος. Αλλά κάπου ο ήλιος ανοιχτόκαρδος
πρόβαλλε γεμάτος αρώματα.
Ο Νονετσιέλο αγανάχτησε του έκλεισε την πόρτα
κατάμουτρα, έβαψε το φεγγίτη - αυτόν της τροφής του - με
μαύρο και είδε την έ κ λ ε ι ψ η άθελά του.
Απόρρεσε που έπεφτε φως σκιερό επάνω στο σκοτάδι.
Το κιαροσκούρο το υπέθετε μάλλον αντίστοιχο άλλων
πραγμάτων ένα πιθάρι, για παράδειγμα, στην εξοχή.
Δε φανταζότανε να έχει τόσο πλούτο ιδεών. Έπρεπε να
τις κρύψει κι αυτές, να τις πνίξει, να μην του τις κλέψουν
οι ίδιοι πάλι ληστές. Και ν' αδρανήσει κάθε κύτταρο του
για να 'χει το κεφάλι του ήσυχο. Έτσι νόμιζε αυτός.
Νύχτα βαθιά τον χτυπήσανε με μια μαγκούρα στο κεφάλι.
Αναπετάχτηκε αθάνατος, πλέοντας στο κόκκινο. Το
κίτρινο κάθισε στο πρόσωπό του, το σώμα του μαβί τον
έτρεμε. Παλαιός ζωγράφος,
απ' τους μαστόρους, πράσινα φορώντας του είπε:
Να σηκωθείς, ανόητε, από δω'



We will know if you have told us the truth when the lie falls
and dies.

November, 1979

Translated by: Irena Ioannides

άμε να φτιάξεις χρώματα για μας. Η τιμωρία σου άλλη δε
θα είναι. Βασάνισες πολύ τους ήρωές σου, σχεδόν

κουτσάθηκε αυτός ο βασιλιάς

κι αυτός εδώ που σκύβει πέφτει του η κορόνα

επάνω στου σκυλιού του το κεφάλι - ντροπής πράματα!

Σκλήριζε συ, πως έχεις αχρωματοψία, λάλει ό,τι Θες,
κανένας δε σ' ακούει. Ψάξε να βρεις λαγούμι για να μπεις
αλλά μη βγεις χωρίς καινούργια χρώματα.

Εμείς θα ξέρουμε αν μας είπες την αλήθεια όταν το ψέμα
πέσει και πεθάνει.

Νοέμβρης, 1979

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Greek Literature

Overview

The chosen poems cover a period of 120-130 years, from the beginning of the 19th century until the end of the 1940's.

The 19th Century begins with the most important event of the recent Greek history, the revolution against Ottoman empire. In 1830 new Greek state was created and during the 19th century all the military and economic efforts focus on the development of this new state, but unfortunately Greece remains a small and poor country.

In the 20th century Greece doubles its territory and the upper class try to create a modern country. After the 1st World war a tragic historical event blasts the Greek nation: the Asia Minor Disaster. In the 2nd World war Greek people fight against Nazism but after the end of the world war a new disaster strikes the Greek society: The Greek civil war.

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Περίληψη

Τα επιλεγμένα ποιήματα καλύπτουν μια περίοδο 120-130 χρόνων από την αρχή του 19^{ου} αιώνα μέχρι το τέλος της δεκαετίας του 40.

Ο 19^{ος} αιώνας αρχίζει με τα πιο σημαντικό γεγονός της σύγχρονης ελληνικής ιστορίας, την επανάσταση εναντίον της Τουρκικής αυτοκρατορίας. Το 1830 ένα νέο Ελληνικό κράτος δημιουργείται και κατά τη διάρκεια του 19^{ου} αιώνα οι στρατιωτικές και οικονομικές προσπάθειες εστιάζουν στην ανάπτυξη του νέου κράτους, αλλά δυστυχώς η Ελλάδα παραμένει μια μικρή και φτωχή χώρα.

Τον 20^ο αιώνα η Ελλάδα διπλασιάζει την έκτασή της και η ανώτερη κλάση προσπαθεί να δημιουργήσει μια σύγχρονη χώρα. Μετά τον 1^ο Παγκόσμιο πόλεμο ένα τραγικό ιστορικό γεγονός επηρεάζει την Ελλάδα: η καταστροφή της Μικράς Ασίας. Στο 2^ο Παγκόσμιο πόλεμο ο ελληνικός λαός πολέμησε ενάντια στο ναζισμό αλλά μετά το τέλος του πολέμου μια νέα καταστροφή χτυπά την ελληνική κοινωνία: ο εμφύλιος πόλεμος.

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Athanasoulis Kriton (1916 - 1979)



Kritos Athanasoulis was born on 1916 in the town of Tripolis, Greece. His poetry began with lyrical and social features but was progressively driven to existential agony and internal dialogue. He had published twenty-one books of poetry, including a collected edition in two volumes. He won the First International Prize conducted by the Italian Magazine *Battalia Letteraria* in 1956 and the Second State Prize for 1969. His work has been translated into many languages. He died in Athens on 1979 from a heart attack.

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Ο Κρίτων Αθανασούλης γεννήθηκε στην Τρίπολη Αρκαδίας. Παρακολούθησε μαθήματα στη Νομική Σχολή του Πανεπιστημίου στην Αθήνα (διέκοψε τις σπουδές του στο τρίτο έτος). Η ποιητική πορεία του Αθανασούλη ξεκίνησε από το χώρο του λυρικού και κοινωνικού λόγου και οδηγήθηκε σταδιακά στην υπαρξιακή αγωνία και τον εσωτερικό λόγο. Εξέδωσε είκοσι ένα βιβλία ποίησης ενώ ασχολήθηκε επίσης με το κριτικό δοκίμιο και το θέατρο. Κέρδισε το πρώτο Διεθνές βραβείο σε διαγωνισμό λογοτεχνίας που διεξήχθη από το ιταλικό περιοδικό *Battalia Letteraria* το 1956 και το δεύτερο Κρατικό Βραβείο το 1969. Έργα του μεταφράστηκαν σε πολλές ξένες γλώσσες. Πέθανε από καρδιακή ανακοπή.

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Saint Thomas (1957)

I have never, never deceived anyone
so that truth turned pale
and my escape became impossible.
I saw St Thomas before me and rejoice
that I have seen him. I had gone out
to buy some cigarettes at the kiosk.
It was dusk. The clouds had descended
to the asphalt and amongst them I saw
St Thomas with none of that glitter
which adorns hallucinations: I saw him plain,
incarnate in the street's desolation.
The saint was coming right at me.
Just as one who, ceaselessly thinking
of some beloved person, turns a corner
and suddenly sees him there, thus
did I also confront the saint before me.
I recognized him as I brought to mind
at that moment the wall painting
of a Byzantine cathedral. He was very
old, sorrowful, and tormented,
almost in rags, with a beard
and eyebrows almost meeting, with sad eyes.
He did not tell me he was St Thomas,
but who could doubt it was he
since on one of his fingers there still remained
telltale clots of blood? Who could doubt it?
What a rare moment, to find myself before him!
I stared and stared, until he stopped.
Neither of us spoke for a long time, but I,
a bit hurriedly, for fear of losing him, said:
"St Thomas, today I am somewhat arrogant

Άγιος Θωμάς (1957)

Δε γέλασα ποτέ ποτέ κανένα
έτσι πού ή αλήθεια να χλωμιάσε
κι αδύνατη να γίνει ή διαφυγή μου.
Τον Άγιο Θωμά τον είδα μπρος μου
και χαίρω πού τον είδα. Βγήκα έξω,
τσιγάρα από το κιόσκι ν' αγοράσω.
Σούρουπο ήταν. Τα νέφη είχαν κατέβη
στην άσφαλο κι ανάμεσα τους είδα
τον Άγιο Θωμά δίχως μια λάμψη
πού ντύνει την παραίσθηση, έτσι ακέριο,
ενσώματο στην ερημιά του δρόμου.
Ερχόταν κατεπάνω μου ο Άγιος.
Κι όπως ένας πού σκέφτεται αδιάκοπα
αγαπημένο πρόσωπο και ξάφνου,
τη γωνιά στρίβοντας, το συντυχαίνει, έτσι
κι εγώ τον σύντυχα μπροστά μου.
Τον γνώρισα όπως την τοιχογραφία
στο νου μου έφερα την ώρα εκείνη βυζαντινής
μητρόπολης. Ήταν γέρος πολύ, θλιμμένος και
βασανισμένος, σχεδόν ρακένδυτος, με γένια και με
φρύδια, σμιχτά, μάτια θλιμμένα.
Είμαι ο Άγιος Θωμάς δε μου 'πε,
αλλά ποιος αμφιβάλλει πώς αυτός
ήταν άφου στο 'να του δάχτυλο
είχε μείνει αίμα πηχτό; Ποιος αμφιβάλλει;
Μοναδική ή στιγμή να 'μαι μπροστά του. Τον κοίταξα
πολύ και κείνος στάθη. Κι οι δυο μας δε μιλούσαμε, μα
'γώ βιάστηκα λίγο μη τον χάσω.
- Άγιε Θωμά, είμαι αγέρωχος απόψε,
γιατί νίκησα μέσα μου το θάνατο
το θάνατο πατήσας κι είμαι τώρα έξω



because within me I have conquered death
by trampling on death, and now I've come out
to find and buy some cigarettes.
St Thomas, I have risen from the dead, and here I am
He made a slight unconscious movement,
looking at his blood-stained finger, ready
to lean against me. A slight movement only,
purely out of habit, but he stopped it.
Then I saw that his disbelief, though still
hesitant, was engrained, enfleshed.
"I've been resurrected," I told him, "I've tamed
the world, I've raised my head high, I've said 'No!'
many times. Look at my wounds.
See the spit on my face, what better
token could you want? Look at my pierced
side. Here is the flushed cheek
I turned. I've shared my possessions
and truly borne the weight of murder.
St Thomas, those were difficult days."
"Nations are at war," he said. "Go ahead, die.
All nations tell lies. Cry out the truth.
If you want to be resurrected, die first."
"My brother died. They crucified him.
It's always the same, the world suffers,
a captive of its own passions, it's always the same.
There isn't time enough for the boy
to grow into manhood, for the girl to mature,
for a man to take joy in his liberty.
It's always the same. Because it's a fearful death
to look upon death. It's always the same.
St Thomas, I have died many times."
Then suddenly he disappeared. The clouds ripped apart
like a bedsheet, and he vanished among them.
After that in the night I have sought to find
wounds on my body. I have seen much blood.
Haven't I been resurrected, therefore? I dipped
my finger in my wounds. Oh yes, they exist.
But the saint had vanished. He had not deigned

να βρω τσιγάρα ν' αγοράσω.. Άγιε Θωμά,
αναστήθηκα και να 'μαι. Εκείνος έκαμε μια κίνηση
ασυναίσθητα κοιτώντας το βαμμένο δάχτυλο, σε μένα
έτοιμος ν' ακουμπήσει. Κίνηση μονάχα.
Όμως τ' απόσυρε. Ήταν μια συνήθεια.
Τότες είδα την απιστία του πάλι
δισταχτική, μα βέβαιη, σαρκωμένη.
-Αναστήθηκα, του 'πα. Μέρωσα τον κόσμο.
Σήκωσα το κεφάλι, είπα τ' όχι πολλές φορές· Κοίταξε
τις πληγές μου. Να ο εμπυσμός στο πρόσωπο μου,
δείγμα καλύτερο τι θέλεις; Να ή κεντημένη πλευρά μου.
Να το μάγουλο μου κατέρυθρο, πού έστρεψα. Το κέρδος
μοίρασα και το φθόνο σήκωσα στ' αλήθεια. Άγιε Θωμά,
σκληρές ήταν οι μέρες.
- Τα έθνη μάχονται, είπε. Σύρε να πεθάνεις. Τα έθνη
ψεύδονται. Κράξε την αλήθεια.
"Αν θες ν' αναστηθείς, πέθανε πρώτα.
- Πέθανε ο αδελφός μου, τον σταύρωσαν, το ίδιο είναι,
ο κόσμος υποφέρει αιχμάλωτος στα πάθη του, το ίδιο
είναι. Το παιδί διόλου δεν προφταίνει άντρας να γίνει,
ή κόρη να ωριμάσει κι ο άντρας να χαρεί τη
λευτεριά του. Το ίδιο είναι. Τι είναι σκληρός θάνατος,
το θάνατο να βλέπεις. Το ίδιο είναι,
Άγιε Θωμά, πολύ έχω πεθάνει... Κι έφυγε ξαφνικά.
Τα νέφη σπάσαν ωσάν σεντόνι κι έφυγε από μέσα.
Και τότε μες στη νύχτα ψάχνω να 'βρω πληγές μες στο
κορμί μου. Είδα αίμα. Δεν αναστήθηκα λοιπόν;
Το δάχτυλο μου βύθισα στις πληγές.
"Ω, αυτές υπάρχουν. Όμως ο Άγιος έφυγε.
Ούτε κατεδέχθη ν' αγγίσει τις πληγές.
Φώναξε μόνο:
- Πληγώσου κι άλλο, γιατί αυτό δε φτάνει.



to touch my wounds. He had only shouted:
"Go get more wounds. Yours are not enough."

Translated by: Kimon Friar

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Alexandrou Ares (1922 - 1978)



Ares Alexandrou (Aristotle Vasiliadhis) was born on 1922 and died in Paris on 1978. His father was a Greek from the Pontus and his mother a Russian of Esthonian origin. In youth he joined the communist student movement and took an active part in the resistance during the german Occupation until 1942, when he resigned, in disillusionment, from any political affiliation. During the Civil War, he spent about eight and a half years in various detention camps. In addition to publishing five books of poetry, he has also published a novel, a dramatic monologue, and two scenarios. His poems have been translated into English and Italian.

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Ο Άρης Αλεξάνδρου (Αριστοτέλης Βασιλειάδης το πραγματικό του όνομα) γεννήθηκε το 1922 από πατέρα Έλληνα του Πόντου και μητέρα Ρωσίδα εσθονικής καταγωγής. Στα χρόνια της νιότης του εντάχθηκε στο κομμουνιστικό φοιτητικό κίνημα και έλαβε ενεργό μέρος στην Αντίσταση κατά τη διάρκεια της Κατοχής, μέχρι το 1942 οπότε και παραιτήθηκε απογοητευμένος από κάθε πολιτικό συσχετισμό. Κατά τη διάρκεια του Εμφυλίου πέρασε οκτώμισι χρόνια σε διάφορα στρατόπεδα συγκέντρωσης. Πέθανε στο Παρίσι το 1978. Εκτός από τα πέντε βιβλία ποίησης έχει εκδόσει και μια νουβέλα, έναν δραματικό μονόλογο και δύο σενάρια. Τα ποιήματά του έχουν μεταφραστεί στα Αγγλικά και τα Ιταλικά.

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The knife (1954-58)

It takes as much time for steel to
become a sharp and useful knife as
for words to be honed into speech.
In the meantime, as long as you're
working the whetstone take
care not to be led astray or become
arrogant by the brilliant sequence
of sparks. Your goal is the knife.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

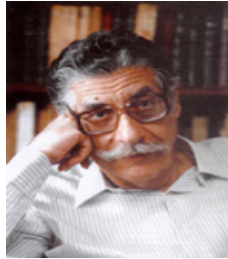
Το μαχαίρι (1954-58)

Όπως αργεί τ' ατσάλι να γίνει κοφτερό
και χρήσιμο μαχαίρι έτσι αργούν
κι οι λέξεις ν' ακονιστούν σε λόγο.
Στο μεταξύ όσο δουλεύεις στον τροχό
πρόσεχε μην παρασυρθείς μην ξιπαστείς
άπ' τη λαμπρή αλληλουχία των σπινθήρων.
Σκοπός σου εσένα το μαχαίρι.

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Anagnostakis Manolis (1925 - 2006)



Anagnostakis Manolis was born in 1925 in Thessaloniki and died in 2006. He studied medicine at the University of Thessaloniki. He took his degree in radiology at the University of Vienna. During the Greek civil war and same years after (1948-51), he was incarcerated for his left-wing activities and he has been condemned in death but the punishment never took place. His poetry has been influenced by his political ideas. The basic themes of his poems are the struggle for freedom and justice.

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Ο Μανώλης Αναγνωστάκης γεννήθηκε το 1925 στη Θεσσαλονίκη και απεβίωσε το 2006. Σπούδασε ιατρική στο Πανεπιστήμιο Θεσσαλονίκης και πήρε πτυχίο ραδιολογίας από το Πανεπιστήμιο της Βιέννης. Κατά τη διάρκεια του Εμφυλίου και τα επόμενα χρόνια διώχθηκε για τις αριστερές του πεποιθήσεις και είχε καταδικαστεί σε θάνατο, αλλά η ποινή ποτέ δεν εκτελέστηκε. Η ποίηση του είναι επηρεασμένη από τις πολιτικές του ιδέες. Η βασική θεματολογία των ποιημάτων του περιλαμβάνει τον αγώνα για ελευθερία και δικαιοσύνη.

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[\[Index\]](#)**13-12-43
(1945)**

Remember me telling you: when the boats
whistle don't be in the port. But the day that
was leaving was ours and we didn't want to ever
let it go A bitter handkerchief will greet the
tedium of return. It really was raining a lot and the
streets were deserted With a delicate, vaguely autumnal
flavor Closed windows and people so forgotten
Why did they all leave us? Why did they all leave us?
I was clasping your hands And there was
nothing strange in my cry.
. . . One day we'll leave noiselessly and we'll roam
Through roaring towns and over desolate seas
With but one desire burning on our lips
It is love that we sought and they denied it to us
You forgot about our tears, our joys and our memories
Greeting while sails rippling in the wind
And maybe there's nothing else left for us to remember.
The anguished Why heaves up in my soul
I suck in the air of loneliness and desertion
I knock on the walls of my damp prison and
I don't expect an answer No one will ever
touch the extent of my affection and sadness.
And you're waiting for a letter which doesn't come
A far-off voice revolves in your memory and fades away
While a mirror gloomily measures your face
Our lost ignorance, our lost wings.

Translated by: Philip Ramp**13-12-43
(1945)**

Θυμάσαι που σου 'λεγα: Όταν σφυρίζουν τα
Πλοία μην είσαι στο λιμάνι. Μα η μέρα που έφευγε
ήτανε δικιά μας και δε θα θέλαμε ποτέ να την αφήσουμε
Ενα μαντήλι πικρό θα χαιρετά την ανία του γυρισμού
Κι έβρεχε αλήθεια πολύ κι ήτανε έρημοι οι δρόμοι
Με μια λεπτήν ακαθόριστη χινοπωριάτικη γεύση
Κλεισμένα παράθυρα κι οι άνθρωποι τόσο
λησμονημένοι Γιατί μας άφησαν όλοι; Γιατί μας άφησαν
όλοι;
Κι έσφιγγα, τα χέρια σου Δεν είχε τίποτα
τ' αλλόκοτο η κραυγή μου.
. . . Θα φύγουμε κάποτε αθόρυβα και θα πλανηθούμε
Μες στις πολύβοες πολιτείες και στις έρημες θάλασσες
Με μιαν επιθυμία φλογισμένη στα χείλη μας Είναι η
αγάπη που γυρέψαμε και μας την αρνήθηκαν
Ξεχνούσες τα δάκρυα, τη χαρά και τη μνήμη μας
Χαιρετώντας λευκά πανιά π' ανεμίζονται.
Ισως δε μένει τίποτ' άλλο παρά αυτό να θυμόμαστε.
Μες στην ψυχή μου σκιρτά το εναγώνιο Γιατί,
Ρουφώ τον αγέρα της μοναξιάς και της εγκατάλειψης
Χτυπώ τους τοίχους της υγρής φυλακής μου και
δεν προσμένω απάντηση Κανείς δε θ' αγγίξει την
έκταση της στοργής και της θλίψης μου.
Κι εσύ περιμένεις ένα γράμμα που δεν έρχεται
Μια μακρινή φωνή γυρνά στη μνήμη σου και σβήνει Κι
ένας καθρέφτης μετρά σκυθρωπός τη μορφή σου
Τη χαμένη μας άγνοια, τα χαμένα φτερά

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Chess (1954)

Come, let's play chess. I shall give you my queen
(She was once my beloved But now I have no beloved)
I shall concede my castles (Now I no longer shoot at my
Friends They have died a long time before me)
And this King was never mine And then, what need
have I of many soldiers? (They march ahead, blind,
without even dreams) I shall give you all, even my knights
I shall keep only this crazy fool of mine Who knows
how to advance on one color only Striding from one corner to
the other Laughing at all your many panoplies Thrusting
his way suddenly into your lines Throwing your solid
battle array into confusion.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Σκάκι (1954)

Έλα να παίξουμε. Θα σου χαρίσω τη βασίλισσα μου.
(Ήταν για μένα μια φορά η αγαπημένη Τώρα δεν έχω
πια αγαπημένη) Θα σου χαρίσω τους πύργους μου
(Τώρα πια δεν πυροβολώ τους φίλους μου Έχουν
πεθάνει καιρό πριν από μένα) Κι ο βασιλιάς αυτός δεν
ήτανε ποτέ δικός μου. Κι ύστερα, τόσους στρατιώτες τι
τους θέλω; (Τραβάνε εμπρός τυφλοί χωρίς καν όνειρα)
Όλα, και τ' άλογα μου θα σ' τα δώσω Μονάχα ετούτο
τον τρελό μου θα κρατήσω που ξέρει μόνο σ' ένα χρώμα
να πηγαίνει δρασκελώντας τη μια άκρη ως την άλλη
Γελώντας μπρος στις τόσες πανοπλίες σου Μπαίνοντας
μέσα στις γραμμές σου ξαφνικά Αναστατώνοντας τις
στερεές παρατάξεις. Κι αυτή δεν έχει τέλος η παρτίδα.

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Antoniou Takis (1932 - 2006)



Antoniou Takis was born in 1932 in Agrinio, Greece where he finished highschool. He studied Theology in the University of Athens and took his postgraduate studies on Philosophy and Philology from the University of Munich. His work has been translated in many languages whereas music plays have been presented based on his creations, such as the byzantine music drama based on the poem “The Revolution of the Dead”. Antoniou Takis died in 2006.

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Ο Τάκης Αντωνίου γεννήθηκε στις 5 Μαρτίου 1932 στο Αγρίνιο όπου τελείωσε και το γυμνάσιο. Σπούδασε Θεολογία στο Πανεπιστήμιο Αθηνών και συνέχισε μεταπτυχιακά για πέντε χρόνια τις σπουδές του στη Φιλοσοφική Σχολή του Πανεπιστημίου του Μονάχου στα τμήματα της Φιλοσοφίας και βυζαντινής και νεοελληνικής Φιλολογίας. Έργα του και ποιήματά του μεταφράστηκαν και δημοσιεύτηκαν στα αγγλικά, γερμανικά, πολωνικά, σουηδικά, γαλλικά, ολλανδικά, ιταλικά, ρουμανικά και ισπανικά, ενώ για πολλά από τα έργα του έχουν γραφτεί και ανεβεί μουσικά έργα, όπως το βυζαντινό μουσικό δράμα που βασίζεται στο ποίημά του η "Επανάσταση των νεκρών". Απεβίωσε το 2006.

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The revolution of the Deads (extract)

I believe in one absurd living almighty father of
terror, maker of God and of all invisible shadows.
Light from the sun's light and darkness from the
night's gloom a true God, playing of coincidence
consubstantial to the earth from which all was
made. I long for my broken fingers to hold
a minimum branch of an olive tree in the
present of endless time.

Translated by: Byron Raizis

Επανάσταση των Νεκρών (απόσπασμα)

Εγώ πιστεύω σ' ένα παράλογο ζωντανό παντοκράτορα
πατέρα του τρόμου, ποιητή του Θεού και πάντων των
αοράτων σκιών. Φως άπ' του ήλιου το φως
και σκότος άπ' το ζόφο της νύχτας Θεό αληθινό,
παιχνίδι της σύμπτωσης ομοούσιο της γης
δι' ης τα πάντα εγένετο. "Ένα κλαρί ελάχιστο ελιάς
λαχταρώ να κρατούν τα σπασμένα μου δάκτυλα στο
παρόν του αιώνος χρόνου.

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Avyeris Markos (1884 - 1973)



Avyeris Markos was born on 1884 in Ioannina and died in Athens in 1973. He studied medicine at the University of Athens. In addition to his poetry he has written many essays and he has contributed with many literary magazines.

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Ο Μάρκος Αυγέρης γεννήθηκε το 1884 στα Ιωάννινα και πέθανε στην Αθήνα το 1973. Σπούδασε ιατρική στο Πανεπιστήμιο Αθηνών. Πέραν της ποίησης του έχει γράψει πολλά δοκίμια και κείμενα για αρκετά λογοτεχνικά περιοδικά.

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I proclaim good news

I come from the wind and march with the wind
My whole soul rejoices and goes into the violent
wind. I am the Great Catalyst, breath of Zeus,
lord of the heights. He smoothens the sharp edges
of the rocks and demolishes the dynasties of old
uplifting the great roads and scattering the clouds
in the heavenly seas. My soul rejoices in this storm
as a fountain dances in the sun. There have
I stored all my hopes and my capital. I hear the cry
from tomorrow that carries away the present,
fells the old trees and sweeps away the other
world's leaves. It will cleanse the fumes and will
recycle the marshes for the big rivers to flow free.
The time of the sun has now come and it will descend
and the prairies will bloom and the mountains will
turn green. I proclaim the wind and preach the wind,
the drunken wind from the east that brings the new
sun. It is the budding-wind that makes the forests
bloom. I hear the wind that comes from the peaks
and the valleys and the seas. I preach the universal
wind of regeneration I announce the wind that
rekindles the flames, within which the bird of fire sings.
I preach the wind of the new GENESIS.

Translated by: M. Byron Raizis

Ευαγγελίζομαι

Έρχομαι από τον άνεμο και πορεύομαι με τον άνεμο
Όλη ή ψυχή μου χαίρεται και πάει μέσα στο σφοδρόν
άνεμο. Είναι ο Μέγας Κατεβάρης, πνοή του Δία του
άρχοντα των υψωμάτων. Λειαίνει αυτός τις τραχείες
εξοχές των βράχων και γκρεμίζει τις παλιές δυναστείες
ξεσηκώνοντας τους μεγάλους δρόμους και σκορπώντας
τα σύννεφα στις ουράνιες θάλασσες.
Μέσα σ' αυτή τη θύελλα χαίρεται ή ψυχή μου όπως
χορεύει ο πίδακας στον ήλιο. Εκεί έχω αποθέσει
όλες μου τις ελπίδες και τα κεφάλαια μου. Ακούω
την κραυγή από το αύριο που συνεπαίρνει το
σήμερα, ρίχνει τα γέρικα δέντρα και σαρώνει τα
φύλλα του άλλου κόσμου. Θα καθαρίσει τις
αναθυμιάσεις και θ' ανακυκλώσει τα τέλματα για
να τρέξουν ελεύθερα τα μεγάλα ποτάμια. Είναι τώρα
του ήλιου ο καιρός που θα κατέβει και
θ' ανθίσουν οι πεδιάδες και θα πρασινίσουν
τα βουνά. Τον άνεμο ευαγγελίζομαι και κηρύχνω
τον άνεμο, το μεθυσμένο άνεμο της ανατολής
που φέρνει τον καινούργιον ήλιο. Είναι ο
φουσκοδέντρης που κάνει ν' ανθίζουν οι δρυμώνες.
Ακούω τον άνεμο που έρχεται από τις κορφές από τους
κάμπους κι από τις θάλασσες. Κηρύχνω τον καθολικόν
άνεμο της παλιγγενεσίας αναγγέλλω τον άνεμο που
ξανάβει τις πυρκαγιές, που μέσα τους τραγουδάει το
πουλί της φωτιάς. Κηρύχνω τον άνεμο της νέας
ΓΕΝΕΣΕΩΣ.

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Vakalo Eleni (1921 - 2001)



Eleni Vakalo was born on 1921 in Athens, where she completed her early education. She received her degree in archeology from the University of Athens in 1944, then studied the History of Art at the Sorbonne, and published seven books and many articles on art in various periodicals. In collaboration with her husband and a group of painters and art editors, the "Vakalo School of Decorative Arts" was founded in 1958, where she teaches the History of Art. In 1959, she went to Italy to visit its museums; in 1956 she toured the United States on the invitation of the Department of State.

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Η Ελένη Βακαλώ γεννήθηκε στην Αθήνα το 1921. Πήρε πτυχίο στην Αρχαιολογία από το Πανεπιστήμιο Αθηνών το 1944 και στη συνέχεια σπούδασε Ιστορία της Τέχνης στη Σορβόννη. Έχει εκδόσει βιβλία και γράψει άρθρα σε διάφορα περιοδικά. Σε συνεργασία με τον σύζυγό της και μια ομάδα ζωγράφων και εκδοτών τέχνης, ίδρυσε το 1958 τη «Σχολή Καλών Τεχνών Βακαλώ» όπου δίδασκε Ιστορία της Τέχνης. Απεβίωσε το 2001.

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The house (1951)

I. House Warming

When the building was finished the architect flung a wooden bridge from one wall to another like those that ships throw down when they dock or when they leave and you always fear you will fall. He hung it from the rafters with thick chains and a large link in each corner and said to us: "This is where you will live." The others stood at the edge of the wharf and

gave me each thing as it came

The clock I hung on the wall

Tick tock

The mirror I nailed on the wall

Tick tock

The icon I smashed

Tick tock

And wept

The table I spread

With a linen tablecloth

Then I closed the door and lit a fire

I tried to learn walking on the bridge without crawling on all fours, without clinging to the rails and without breaking anything so that the children would not be afraid. At night when they were asleep I would open the window and look at the harbor lights.

II. The Lake

There were some things in the house I never touched. There was a lake which I had to encircle every time I wanted to cross to the opposite side. If ever I leant over it, it would drag me down.

The angel said

Do not look at the city of Zion

Then I began to sing loudly that I might not be afraid when I

Το σπίτι (1951)

Το σπίτι I

"Όταν τελείωσε το χτίσιμο του σπιτιού ο αρχιτέκτονας έβαλε μια γέφυρα ξύλινη από τον ένα τοίχο στον άλλο σαν αυτές πού ρίχνουν τα πλοία σαν έρχονται ή σα φεύγουν και φοβάσαι πάντα μην πέσεις. Την κρέμασε άπ' τα δοκάρια του ταβανιού με αλυσίδες χοντρές και έναν κρίκο μεγάλο στην κάθε γωνιά και μας είπε «Εδώ θα ζείτε».

Οι άλλοι στέκονταν στην άκρη της αποβάθρας και μου δίνανε το κάθε πράμα με τη σειρά.

Το ρολόι το κρέμασα στον τοίχο

Τικ τακ

Τον καθρέφτη τον κάρφωσα στον τοίχο

Τικ τακ

Την εικόνα την έσπασα

Κι έκλαψα

Το τραπέζι το έστρωσα

Με τραπεζομάντιλο λινό

Ύστερα έκλεισα την πόρτα και άναψα φωτιά.

Προσπάθησα να μάθω να περπατώ πάνω στη γέφυρα χωρίς να σκύβω με τα τέσσερα χωρίς να κρατιέμαι από τα κάγκελα και χωρίς να κάνω ζημιές για να μη φοβώνται τα παιδιά. Το βράδυ όταν κοιμότανε άνοιγα το παράθυρο και κοίταζα τα φώτα του λιμανιού.

II . Το σπίτι II

Στο σπίτι μέσα είχε κάτι πράματα πού δεν τα άγγιζα ποτέ. Ήταν μια λίμνη πού έπρεπε να κάνω τον κύκλο της για να περάσω άπ' την άλλη μεριά. Σαν έσκυβα θα με τραβούσε στο βυθό.

Ό άγγελος είπε

Να μη κοιτάξετε την πόλη της Σιών.



remained alone and that the barrier might not anywhere crack. All day long I gathered the fishes that leapt out of the water, tied them in small bunches and hung them carefully on the walls because I had to guard the house from evil. When the others returned toward nightfall, I said nothing because then the waters never rose. Indeed I liked to look at them because they were quiet and knew nothing. Only my husband threw me a glance now and then.

III. The End of the House

One day my eldest son said
"I shall not return home tonight"
I put the children to bed
And then I think I looked at our house
For the first time it was old

And in winter would leak with the rains

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Τότε άρχισα να τραγουδώ δυνατά για να μη φοβάμαι
όταν
έμενα μόνη μου και να μην τύχει και ραγίσει το φράγμα
πουθενά. Όλη τη μέρα μάζευα τα ψάρια που πήδούσαν
άπ' το νερό τα έδενασε μικρές αρμαθίες, και τα
κρεμούσα στον τοίχο προσεχτικά γιατί έπρεπε να
φυλάξω το σπίτι μας άπ' το κακό. Το βράδυ όταν
γυρνούσαν οι άλλοι δεν έλεγα τίποτα γιατί τότε πια δεν
ανεβαίνουνε τα νερά. Μου άρεσε μάλιστα να τους
κοιτάω που ήταν ήσυχοι και δεν ήξεραν. Μόνο ο άντρας
μου με κοίταζε καμιά φορά.

III. Το τέλος του σπιτιού

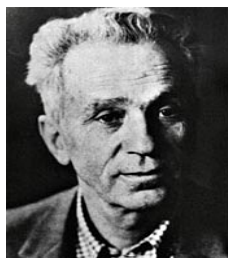
Μια μέρα ο μεγάλος μου γιος είπε ο βράδυ
"δε θα γυρίσω σπίτι νωρίς"
Έβαλα τα μικρά να κοιμηθούνε Και τότε θαρρώ πώς
κοίταξα το σπίτι μας Για πρώτη φορά

Ήταν παλιό και το χειμώνα θα έσταζε με τις βροχές

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Varnalis Kostas (1884 - 1974)



Kostas (Konstandinos) Varnalis was born on 1884 in Pirgos, Bulgaria, and died in Athens on 1974. He came to Greece in 1903, took his degree classics and literature from the University of Athens in 1908, first taught high school in Bulgaria and Greece, became a director of secondary schools in various parts of Greece. Fired because of his left-wing activities, he lived as a journalist, free-lance writer, and translator. He has written two books on Greece's national poet Dhionysios Solomos. The Balkan Wars and the Asia Minor Disaster of 1922 awaked him towards political issues and caused him to turn more and more to Marxism. From that point on, his poets were to become increasingly polemical, satirical, and propagandistic.

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Ο Κώστας Βάρναλης γεννήθηκε το 1884 στον Πύργο Βουλγαρίας και πέθανε στην Αθήνα το 1974. Ήρθε στην Ελλάδα το 1903, όπου πήρε πτυχίο κλασσικών σπουδών και λογοτεχνίας από το Πανεπιστήμιο Αθηνών το 1908. Δίδαξε σε γυμνάσια σε Βουλγαρία και Ελλάδα. Απολύθηκε εξαιτίας των αριστερών του πεποιθήσεων οπότε και άρχισε να εργάζεται ως δημοσιογράφος, ανεξάρτητος συγγραφέας και μεταφραστής. Έχει γράψει δύο βιβλία για τον Εθνικό ποιητή της Ελλάδας, Διονύσιο Σολωμό. Οι Βαλκανικοί πόλεμοι και η καταστροφή της Μικράς Ασίας το 1922 αφύπνισαν το πολιτικό του αίσθημα και τον έκαναν να στραφεί περισσότερο προς τον Μαρξισμό. Από τότε τα ποιήματά απέκτησαν σταδιακά ύφος μαχητικό, σατιρικό και προπαγανδιστικό.

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Orestes (1914)

Celery your hair, as curly and as fragrant. Unbind it,
and reveal yourself to be as indeed you are, most
handsome. Cast from your mind the onus of that fierce
oracle, since there
is nothing else you can ever do. Smile now to see how
your destined road has brought you here to the great
gates of Argos where you must soon extirpate the womb
that gave you birth. No one remembers you here. Like them,
you too must now forget just who you are, and go to the
dark crossroads of that golden city do your work, as though
you were another. No matter what you do, you'll be pursued
by your own mother's blood, or by your shame.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Ορέστης (1914)

Σέλινα τα μαλλιά σου μυρωμένα, λύσε τα να φανείς, ως
είσαι, ωραίος, και δίωξε από το νου σου πια το χρέος
του μεγάλου χρησμού, μια και κανένα τρόπο δεν
έχεις άλλονε! Και μ' ένα χαμόγελον ιδές πώς σ'
εφερ' έως στου Άργους την πύλη ο δρόμος σου ο
μοιραίος το σπλάχνο ν' αφανίσεις πού σ' εγέννα.
Κανείς δε σε θυματ' εδώ. Κι εσύ όμοια τον εαυτό σου
ξέχανέ τον, κι
Άμε στις χρυσής πολιτείας τα σταυροδρόμια και το
έργο σου σα να 'ταν άλλος κάμε. Έτσι κι
αλλιώς, θα παίρνει σε από πίσου για το αίμα
της μητρός σου για ή ντροπή σου.

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Vafopoulos Yioryos (1903 - 1996)



Yioryos Vafopoulos was born on 1903 in Gevgelija, now on the Yugoslavian side of the Greek-Yugoslavian border and died on 1996. In his early poems Vafopoulos struggled to find a unity which might bind the concepts of life and death into some coherent whole, and found this in the very nature of man himself who, through death, discovers that God dwells within him.

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Ο Γιώργος Βαφόπουλος γεννήθηκε το 1903 στην Γιουγκοσλαβική πλευρά των Ελληνο-Γιουγκοσλαβικών συνόρων και πέθανε το 1996. Στα πρώτα του ποιήματα αγωνίστηκε να βρει μια ενότητα που θα μπορούσε να δέσει τις έννοιες της ζωής και του θανάτου σε ένα ενιαίο σύνολο. Την αναζήτησή του αυτή τη βρήκε στην ίδια τη φύση του ανθρώπου ο οποίος μέσα από το θάνατο, ανακαλύπτει το Θεό.

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The floor (1951)

Black and white tiles in alternating order suffer the
touch of my footsteps. On this, my prescribed arena,
I play like a child, taking care to step on the white
surfaces only. Difficult exercise. Skillful acrobatics.

Sometimes I lose the body's balance.

Sometimes I lose the spirit's calculation.

And then the order of my steps becomes confused,
and my erring sole stumbles on the black tiles.

I must start the game once more from the beginning.

I must train my spirit to perfect balance.

But my exhausted spirit starts over and over again,
and swirls in a whirling vertigo. And now the motionless
disk of the floor spins swiftly round and round and the
alternating order of the colors becomes confused.

Confusion of the senses! Then like a child whose
game has been spoiled, then like a child whose
patience has been exhausted, I run spitefully
and trample on the ordered system of the floor.

With the soles of my feet I wipe out the lines that
Separate the black and white tiles. And then I sprawl
on the floor, with an over brimming spirit, and
drench my broken faith with tears. Ah, how much this
unrelenting exercise has fatigued me! But now at
last I see clearly what the whirling of the floor signifies.
Now I understand the meaning of the copulating colors.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Το δάπεδο (1951)

Άσπρα και μαύρα πλακάκια, σ' εναλλασσόμενη τάξη,
την επαφή των βημάτων μου δέχονται. Στο διορισμένο
μου δάπεδο τούτο παίζω σαν ένα παιδί, ροσπαθώντας
μονάχα στις λευκές να πατώ επιφάνειες.

Δύσκολη άσκηση, ακροβασία περίτεχνη. Κάποτε
χάνω του σώματος την ισορροπία. Κάποτε χάνω
του πνεύματος τον υπολογισμό. Και μπερδεύεται τότε
των βημάτων μου ή τάξη. Και πλανημένο το πέλμα μου,
παραπατάει στα μαύρα πλακάκια. Πρέπει πάλι ν'
αρχίσω απ' την αρχή το παιχνίδι. Πρέπει ν' ασκήσω το
πνεύμα μου στην τέλεια ακροβασία. Όμως, αρχίζοντας
πάλι και πάλι, το αποσταμένο μου πνεύμα περιδινείται
σε ίλιγγου στροβίλισμα. Και του δαπέδου ο ακίνητος
δίσκος περιστρέφεται μ' ένταση. Και των χρωμάτων
συγχέεται ή εναλλασσόμενη τάξη. Των αισθήσεων
σύγχυση. Κι όπως ένα παιδί, πού του χαλούν το
παιχνίδι, κι όπως ένα παιδί,

πού ή υπομονή του εξαντλείται, τρέχω με πείσμα,
τσαλαπατώντας του δαπέδου την τάξη. Με το πέλμα
σκουπίζω τις γραμμές πού χωρίζουν τα λευκά
και τα μαύρα πλακάκια. Και ξαπλώνομαι χάμου,
με βουρκωμένο το πνεύμα μου. Και ραντίζω με δάκρυα
τη συντριμμένη μου πίστη. Πόσο με κούρασε ή επίμονη
άσκηση. Όμως τώρα πια βλέπω φανερά τι σημαίνει του
δαπέδου το γύρισμα. Τώρα βλέπω το νόημα της
συνουσίας των χρωμάτων.

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Vretakos Nikiforos (1912 - 1991)



Nikiphoros Vrettakos was born on 1911 in the town of Krokeas near Sparta and died on 1991. Moving to Athens in 1929, he studied for a year at the university there, but left to earn his living as a clerk in various small businesses until 1937 as a civil servant in the Ministry of Labour, as a customs official in Piraeus. Vrettakos is a pure singing voice, writing spontaneously without much attention to form, impelled by an almost native religious devotion and deep sentiment for the ills of downtrodden humanity.

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Ο Νικηφόρος Βρεττάκος γεννήθηκε το 1911 στην Κροκέα, κοντά στη Σπάρτη και πέθανε το 1991. Μετακόμισε στην Αθήνα το 1929. Σπούδασε στο Πανεπιστήμιο για έναν χρόνο μόνο καθώς αναγκάστηκε να κερδίσει τα προς το ζην ως υπάλληλος σε διάφορες μικρές επιχειρήσεις μέχρι το 1937 οπότε και διορίστηκε ως δημόσιος υπάλληλος στο Υπουργείο Εργασίας. Το ύφος του Βρεττάκου είναι αυθόρμητο, χωρίς ιδιαίτερη προσοχή στη δομή εξαιτίας της ευλαβικής προσήλωσης και βαθιάς συμπάθειας για τις πληγές της κατατρεγμένης και καταπιεσμένης ανθρωπότητας.

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Elegy on the tomb of a young warrior (1947)

On this your ground we say our name. On this your
ground we draw the plans for our gardens and our
cities. On this your ground We Are. We have a country. I
have kept your bullet-shot within me. Within me wanders
the poisonous burst of the machine gun. When I remember
your exploding heart, certain hundred-petaled roses rise in
my brain and resemble the conversation of the infinite with
man. Thus did your heart speak to us. And we saw that the
world is greater and has become greater that it might
contain love. Your first toy: You Your first pony: You You
played fire. You played Christ. You played Saint George and
the bold Border Guard. You played the clock hands that
descend from midnight down. You played the voice of hope
when no voice existed. The Square was deserted. Our
country had gone. It was time! Your heart could no longer
endure to hear under your roof the human thunderbolts of
Europe. Under your coat you lit the first thief's lantern.
Hearts of hearts! You thought of the sun, and advanced. . .
You mounted the pavement and played Man.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Ελέγιο πάνω στον τάφο ενός μικρού αγωνιστή (1947)

Πάνω στο χώμα το δικό σου λέμε τ' ονομά μας.
Πάνω στο χώμα το δικό σου σχεδιάζουμε τους κήπους
και τις πολιτείες μας Πάνω στο χώμα σου είμαστε.
Έχουμε πατρίδα. Έχω κρατήσει μέσα μου τη ντουφεκιά
σου. Γυρίζει μέσα μου ο φαρμακερός ήχος του
πολυβόλου. Θυμάμαι την καρδιά σου που άνοιξε, κ'
έρχονται στο μυαλό μου κάτι εκατόφυλλα τριαντάφυλλα
που μοιάζουνε
σαν ομιλία του απείρου προς τον άνθρωπο -έτσι μας
μίλησε η καρδιά σου. Κ' είδαμε πως ο κόσμος είναι
μεγαλύτερος, κ' έγινε μεγαλύτερος για να χωρά η
αγάπη. Το πρώτο σου παιγνίδι: Εσύ. Το πρώτο σου
αλογάκι: Εσύ. Έπαιξες τη φωτιά. Έπαιξες το Χριστό.
Έπαιξες
τον Αη-Γιώργη και το Διγενή. Έπαιξες τους δείκτες του
ρολογιού που κατεβαίνουνε απ' τα μεσάνυχτα. Έπαιξες
τη φωνή της ελπίδας, εκεί που δεν υπήρχε φωνή. Η
πλατεία ήταν έρημη. Η πατρίδα είχε φύγει. Ήταν
καιρός! Δε βάσταξε η καρδιά σου περισσότερο
ν' ακούς κάτω απ' τη στέγη σου τ' ανθρώπινα
μπουμπουνιτά της Ευρώπης! Άναψες κάτω απ' το
σακκάκι σου το πρώτο κλεφτοφάναρο... Καρδιά των
καρδιών! Σκέφτηκες τον ήλιο, και προχώρησες...
Ανέβηκες στο πεζοδρόμιο κ' έπαιξες τον άνθρωπο!

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Gatsos Nikos (1911 - 1992)



Nikos (Nikolaos) Gatsos was born on 1911 in the village of Chania, Arcadia, but moved with his family to Athens when he was sixteen. He died on 1992 in Athens. He majored in classics, philosophy and history at the University of Athens, spent eight months in Paris and southern France, but has lived the rest of his life in Greece. He has made a great popular reputation as the writer of lyrics set to music by such popular composers as Mikis Theodorakis, Manos Hadzidhakis, and Stavros Xarhakos. He is the author primarily of only one poem Amorgos but it has had a disproportionately strong influence on the writers of his generation. Here the practice of surrealism, the rhythms of the Bible, and the traditions of Greek folk ballads are combined in a strange, arresting, and elegiac manner. Profoundly influenced by the Ionian.

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Ο Νίκος Γκάτσος γεννήθηκε το 1911 στην Αρκαδία. Στα δεκαέξι του χρόνια μετακόμισε με την οικογένειά του στην Αθήνα. Πήρε πτυχίο Κλασικών Σπουδών, Φιλοσοφίας και Ιστορίας από το Πανεπιστήμιο Αθηνών. Έμεινε οκτώ μήνες στο Παρίσι και τη νότια Γαλλία αλλά πέρασε το υπόλοιπο της ζωής του στην Ελλάδα. Είναι φημισμένος ως ο ποιητής που έχουν μελοποιήσει διάσημοι συνθέτες όπως ο Μίκης Θεοδωράκης, ο Μάνος Χατζιδάκης και ο Σταύρος Ξαρχάκος. Το ποίημά του «Αμοργός» είχε μεγάλη επιρροή στους συγγραφείς της γενιάς του, καθώς συνδυάζει το σουρεαλισμό, ύμνους από τη Βίβλο και στοιχεία παραδοσιακών ελληνικών τραγουδιών με έναν περίεργο και ελεγειακό τρόπο. Ο Γκάτσος απεβίωσε το 1992 στην Αθήνα.

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Amorgos (1941-42)

I

With their country tied to their sails and their oars hung on
the wind The shipwrecked slept tamely like dead beasts on a
bedding of sponges But the eyes of seaweed are turned
toward the sea Hoping the South Wind will bring them back
with their lateen sails newly painted For one lost elephant is
always worth much more than the two quivering breasts of a
girl Only if the roofs of deserted chapels should light up
with the caprice of the Evening Star Only if birds should
ripple amid the masts of the lemon trees With the firm white
flurry of lively footsteps Will the winds come, the bodies of
swans that remained immaculate, unmoving and tender

Amid the streamrollers of shops and the cyclones of
vegetable

gardens When the eyes of women turned to coal and the
hearts of the chestnut hawkers were broken When the
harvest was done and the hopes of crickets began.

And indeed this is why, my brave young men, with kisses,
wine, and leaves on your mouths I would want you to
stride naked along the riversides To sing of the Barbary
Coast like a woodsman hunting the mastic shrubs Like a
viper slithering through gardens of barley With the spirited
eyes of pride

Like a lightning bolt as it threshes youth. And do not laugh
and do not weep and do not rejoice And do not tighten your
shoes in vain as though you were planting plane trees Do
not become DESTINY For the imperial eagle is not a closed
drawer It is not a tear of the plum tree nor a smile of the
water lily Nor the undershirt of a dove nor a Sultan's
mandolin Nor a silken garment for the head of a whale It is a
saw of the sea that rips the seagulls apart It is a carpenter's
pillow a beggar's watch It is a fire in a blacksmith's shop

Αμοργός (1941-42)

I

Με την πατρίδα τους δεμένη στα πανιά και τα κουπιά
στον άνεμο κρεμασμένα Οι ναυαγοί κοιμήθηκαν ήμεροι
σαν αγρίμια νεκρά μέσα στην σφουγγαριών τα
σεντόνια

Αλλά τα μάτια των φυκιών είναι στραμένα στη θάλασσα
Μήπως τους ξαναφέρει ο νοτιάς με τα φρεσκοβαμένα
λατίνια Κι ένας χαμένος ελέφαντας αξίζει πάντοτε πιο
πολύ από δυο στήθια κοριτσιού που σαλεύουν Μόνο ν'
ανάψουνε στα βουνά οι στέγες των ερημοκκλησιών με
το μεράκι του αποσπερίτη Να κυματίσουνε τα πουλιά
στης λεμονιάς τα κατάρτια Με της καινούργιας
περπατησιάς το σταθερό άσπρο φύσημα Και τότε θα
'ρθουν αέρηδες σώματα κύκνων που μείνανε άσπιλοι
τρυφεροί και ακίνητοι Μες στους οδοστρωτήρες των
μαγαζιών μέσα στην λαχανόκηπων τους κυκλώνες

Όταν τα μάτια των γυναικών γίναν κάρβουνα κι
έσπασαν οι καρδιές των καστανάδων Όταν ο θερισμός
εσταμάτησε κι άρχισαν οι ελπίδες των γρύλων. Γι' αυτό
λοιπόν κι εσείς παλληκάρια μου με το κρασί τα φιλιά
και τα φύλλα στο στόμα σας Θέλω να βγείτε γυμνοί στα
ποτάμια Να τραγουδήστε τη μπαρμποριά όπως ο
ξυλουργός κυνηγάει τους σκίνους Όπως περνάει η
όχεντρα μες απ' τα περιβόλια των κριθαριών Με τα
περήφανα μάτια της οργισμένα Κι όπως οι αστραπές
αλωνίζουν τα νιάτα. Και μη γελάς και μην κλαίς και μη
χαίρεσαι

Μη σφίγγεις άδικα τα παπούτσια σου σα να φυτεύεις
πλατάνια Μη γίνεσαι ΠΕΠΡΩΜΕΝΟΝ Γιατί δεν είναι ο
σταυραητός ένα κλεισμένο συρτάρι Δεν είναι δάκρυ
κορομηλιάς ούτε χαμόγελο νούφαρου Ούτε φανέλα
περιστεριού και μαντολίνο Σουλτάνου Ούτε μεταξωτή



mocking the wives of the priests and lulling the lilies It is a
wedding procession of Turks, a festival of Australians It is a
hideaway of Hungarian Gypsies Where the hazel trees in
autumn secretly congregate They watch the sensible storks
dyeing their eggs black And then they also weep They burn
their nightgowns and dress themselves in the duck's
petticoat

They strew stars on the ground for kings to walk upon With
their silver amulets, with their crowns and their purple
Mantles They strew rosemary in garden plots That mice may
cross on their way to other cellars To enter other churches
and to eat of the Holy Altars, And the owls, my lads, The
owls are howling And dead nuns rise up to dance With
tambourines and drums and violins, with bagpipes and
lutes With bannerets and censors, with simples and magic
veils With the pantaloons of bears in the frozen valley. They
eat the mushrooms of martens They play heads or tails with
the ring of Saint John and the gold florins of the Blackamoor
They mock the witches They cut off the beard of a priest
with the yataghan of Kolokotronis They bathe themselves in
vapors of incense And afterwards, slowly chanting, enter the
earth again and fall silent As waves fall silent, as the cuckoo
bird at dawn, as the oil lamp

at evening. And thus in a deep jar the grape shrivels and in
the belfry of a fig tree the apple turns yellow And thus
flaunting a gay-colored necktie Under a grapevine bower the
summer suspires And thus naked among white cherry trees
a tender love of mine lies sleeping A girl as unwithering as
the branch of a flowering almond tree Her head resting on
her elbow and her palm on her golden treasure On its early
morning warmth while slowly and softly like a thief From the
window of spring the Morning Star comes to awake her.

II

It is told of the mountains how they tremble and of the fir
tree's fury When night gnaws at the nails of roof-tiles that
the gnomes might enter When Hell sucks in the foaming
turbulence of torrents When the hairline of the pepper tree

φορεσιά για το κεφάλι της φάλαινας. Είναι πριόνι
θαλασσινό που πετσοκόβει τους γλάρους
Είναι προσκέφαλο μαραγκού είναι ρολόι ζητιάνου
Είναι φωτιά σ' ένα γύφτικο που κοροϊδεύει τις παπαδιές
και νανουρίζει τα κρίνα Είναι των Τούρκων συμπεθεριό
των Αυστραλών πανηγύρι Είναι λημέρι των Ούγγρων
Που το χινόπωρο οι φουντουκίες πάνε κρυφά κι
ανταμώνονται Βλέπουν τους φρόνιμους πελαργούς να
βάφουν μαύρα τ' αυγά τους Και τότε κλαίνει κι αυτές
Καίνε τα νυχτικά τους και φορούν το μισοφόρι της
πάππας Στρώνουν αστέρια καταγής για να πατήσουν οι
βασιλιάδες Με τ' ασημένια τους χαϊμαλιά με την κορώνα
και την πορφύρα Σκορπάνε δεντρολίβανο στις βραγίες
Για να περάσουν οι ποντικοί να πάνε σ' άλλο κελλάρι
Να μπουέ σ' άλλες εκκλησιές να φαν τις Άγιες
Τράπεζες Κι οι κουκουβάγιες παιδιά μου Οι
κουκουβάγιες ουρλιάζουνε Κι οι πεθαμένες καλογριές
σηκώνονται να χορέψουν Με ντέφια τούμπανα και
βιολιά με πίπιζες και λαγούτα Με φλάμπουρα και με
θυμιάτα με βότανα και μαγνάδια Με της αρκούδας το
βρακί στην παγωμένη κοιλάδα Τρώνε τα μανιτάρια των
κουναβιών Παίζουν κορώνα γράμματα το δαχτυλίδι τ'
Αη Γιαννιού και τα φλουριά του Αράπη Περιγελάνε τις
μάγισσες

Κόβουν τα γένια ενός παπά με του Κολοκοτρώνη το
γιαταγάνι Λούζονται μες στην άχνη του λιβανιού Κι
ύστερα ψέλνοντας αργά μπαίνουν ξανά στη γη και
σωπαίνουν Όπως σωπαίνουν τα κύματα όπως ο
κούκος τη χαραυγή όπως ο λύχνος το βράδυ. Έτσι σ'
ένα πιθάρι βαθύ το σταφύλι ξεραίνεται και στο
καμπαναριό μιας συκιάς κιτρινίζει το μήλο Έτσι με μια
γραβάτα φανταχτερή Στην τέντα της κληματαριάς το
καλοκαίρι ανασαίνει Έτσι κοιμάται ολόγυμνη μέσα στις
άσπρες κερασιές μια τρυφερή μου αγάπη Ένα κορίτσι
αμάραντο σα μυγδαλιάς κλωνάρι Με το κεφάλι στον
αγκώνα της γερό και την παλάμη πάνω στο φλουρί της
Πάνω στην πρωινή του θαλπωρή όταν σιγά-σιγά σαν
τον κλέφτη Από το παραθύρι τής άνοιξης μπαίνει ο



becomes the North Wind's kick-about. Only the oxen of the
Achaean browse, vigorous and strong Amid the fat
meadows of Thessaly, under the eternal sun that stares
upon them
They eat green grass, celery, leaves of the poplar tree, they
drink the pure water of furrows They smell the sweat of the
earth and then fall heavily under the shade of willow trees to
sleep. Cast off the dead said Heraklitos and saw the
heavens grow pale And saw two small cyclamen kissing
each other in the mire And himself fell down on the
hospitable earth to kiss his own dead body Like the wolf that
comes down from the woods to look on the dead dog and to
weep.

What good is the raindrop to me that glitters on your
forehead? I know that on your lips the thunderbolt has
written its name I know that in your eyes an eagle has built
its nest But here on the sodden bank there is one path only
One deceiving path only, and you must pass through it You
must steep yourself in blood before time overtakes you And
cross over to find your companions again Flowers birds deer
To find another sea another tenderness To seize the horses
of Achilles by the reins Instead of sitting there silent,
scolding the river Pelting the river with stones like the
mother of Kitso. For even you will be lost and your beauty
shall wither. Among the branches of an osier I see the
innocent shirt of your
childhood drying Take it, a flag of life, to make a shroud for
death And may your heart yield not May your tears fall not
on this implacable earth As once on the icy wastes rolled
the tear of a penguin To complain is useless Life will be
everywhere the same, with a flute of serpents in a land of
phantoms With a song of thieves in a forest of fragrance
With the knife-blade of sorrow in the cheeks of hope With
the yearning of spring in the innermost heart of an owl If
only a plow may be found and a keen-edged scythe in a
joyful hand If only there blossom
A bit of grain for the holidays, a little wine for
remembrance, a little water for the dust.

αυγερινός να την ξυπνήσει!

II

Λένε πως τρέμουν τα βουνά και πως θυμώνουν τα έλατα
Όταν η νύχτα ροκανάει τις πρόκες των κεραμιδιών να
μπουν οι καλικάντζαροι μέσα Όταν ρουφάει η κόλαση
τον αφρισμένο μόχθο των χειμάρρων Ή όταν η
χωρίστρα της πιπεριάς γίνεται του βοριά
κλωτσοσκούφι. Μόνο τα βόδια των Αχαιών μες στα
παχιά λιβάδια της Θεσσαλίας Βόσκουν ακμαία και
δυνατά με τον αιώνιο ήλιο που τα κοιτάζει Τρώνε
χορτάρι πράσινο φύλλα της λεύκας σέλινα πίνουνε
καθαρό νερό μες στ' αυλάκια Μυρίζουν τον ιδρώτα της
γης κι ύστερα πέφτουνε βαριά κάτω απ' τον ίσκιο της
ιτιάς να κοιμηθούνε. Πετάτε τους νεκρούς είπ' ο
Ηράκλειτος κι είδε τον ουρανό να χλωμιάζει Κι είδε στη
λάσπη δυο μικρά κυκλάμινα να φιλιούνται Κι έπεσε να
φιλήσει κι αυτός το πεθαμένο σώμα του μες στο
φιλόξενο χώμα Όπως ο λύκος κατεβαίνει απ' τους
δρυμούς να δει το ψόφιο σκυλί και να κλάψει. Τί να μου
κάμει η σταλαγματιά που λάμπει στο μέτωπό σου; Το
ξέρω πάνω στα χείλια σου έγγραψε ο κεραυνός τ' όνομά
του Το ξέρω μέσα στα μάτια σου έχτισε ένας αητός τη
φωλιά του Μα εδώ στην όχτη την υγρή μόνο ένας
δρόμος υπάρχει Μόνο ένας δρόμος απατηλός και
πρέπει να τον περάσεις Πρέπει στο αίμα να βουτηχτείς
πριν ο καιρός σε προφτάσει Και να διαβείς αντίπερα να
ξαναβρείς τους συντρόφους σου Άνθη πουλιά ελάφια
Να βρεις μιαν άλλη θάλασσα μιαν άλλη απαλοσύνη Να
πιάσεις από τα λουριά του Αχιλλέα τ' άλογα Αντί να
κάθεται βουβή τον ποταμό να μαλώνεις Τον ποταμό να
λιθοβολείς όπως η μάνα του Κίτσου. Γιατί κι εσύ θα
'χεις χαθεί κι η ομορφιά σου θα 'χει γεράσει. Μέσα
στους κλώνους μιας λυγαριάς βλέπω το παιδικό σου
πουκάμισο να στεγνώνει Πάρ' το σημαία της ζωής να
σαβανώσεις το θάνατο Κι ας μη λυγίσει η καρδιά σου
Κι ας μην κυλήσει το δάκρυ σου πάνω στην αδυσώπητη
τούτη γη Όπως εκύλησε μια φορά στην παγωμένη



III

In courtyards of the sorrow-stricken no sun rises And only worms emerge to mock at the stars And only horses sprout amid the ant heaps And all the bats eat birds and piss their sperm. In courtyards of the sorrow-stricken no night falls

Only the foliage vomits a river of tears When the devil passes by to mount the dogs And ravens swim in a deep well of blood.

In courtyards of the sorrow-stricken the eye has dried
The brain has frozen, the heart has turned to stone
The flesh of frogs hangs down from the teeth of spiders And starving locusts scream at the feet of vampires. In courtyards of the sorrow-stricken the grass grows black On a May evening now, a breeze drifts by A footfall as light as a faint prairie tremor A kiss of the sea adorned and decked with foam. And if you thirst for water we shall wring a cloud And if you hunger for bread we shall slay a nightingale Wait but a moment only for the rue to unravel For the black sky to blaze, the mullein to flower. It was only a breeze and is gone, a lark and is lost It was only the face of May, the moon's cold whiteness A footfall as light as a faint prairie tremor A kiss of the sea adorned and decked with foam.

IV

Awake purling water from the pine tree's root to find the eyes of sparrows and to revive them, refreshing the earth with the fragrance of basil and the spluttering of lizards. I know you are a vein laid bare under the dreadful gaze of the wind, a mute spark amid the bright throng of stars. No one attends you, no one pauses to hear you breathe, but you with your sure tread amid arrogant nature will reach one day to the topmost leaves of the apricot, you will climb the slender bodies of small broom shrubs, you will glide from the eyes of the beloved like an adolescent moon. Somewhere an immortal rock exists where a human angel once passing inscribed his name and a song as yet unknown by anyone, not by the most delirious children nor

ερημιά το δάκρυ του πιγκουίνου Δεν ωφελεί το παράπονο Ίδια παντού θα 'ναι η ζωή με το σουραύλι των φιδιών στη χώρα των φαντασμάτων Με το τραγούδι των ληστών στα δάση των αρωμάτων Με το μαχαίρι ενός καημού στα μάγουλα της ελπίδας Με το μαράζι μιας άνοιξης στα φυλλοκάρδια του γκιώνη Φτάνει ένα αλέτρι να βρεθεί κι ένα δρεπάνι κοφτερό σ' ένα χαρούμενο χέρι Φτάνει ν' ανθίσει μόνο Λίγο στάρι για τις γιορτές λίγο κρασί \$για τη θύμηση λίγο νερό για τη σκόνη...

III

Στου πικραμένου την αυλή ήλιος δεν ανατέλλει Μόνο σκουλήκια βγαίνουνε να κοροϊδέψουν τ' άστρα Μόνο φυτρώνουν άλογα στις μυρμηγκοφωλιές Και νυχτερίδες τρων πουλιά και κατουράνε σπέρμα.Στου πικραμένου την αυλή δε βασιλεύει η νύχτα Μόνο ξερνάν οι φυλλωσιές ένα ποτάμι δάκρυα Όταν περνάει ο διάβολος να καβαλήσει τα σκυλιά Και τα κοράκια κολυμπάν σ' ένα πηγάδι μ' αίμα. Στου πικραμένου την αυλή το μάτι έχει στερέψει Έχει παγώσει το μυαλό κι έχει η καρδιά πετρώσει Κρέμονται σάρκες βατραχιών στα δόντια της αράχνης Σκούζουν ακρίδες νηστικές σε βρυκολάκων πόδια.Στου πικραμένου την αυλή βγαίνει χορτάρι μαύρο Μόνο ένα βράδυ του Μαγιού πέρασε ένας αγέρας Ένα περπάτημα ελαφρύ σα σκίρτημα του κάμπου Ένα φιλί της θάλασσας της αφροστολισμένης.

IV

Κι αν θα διψάσεις για νερό θα στίψουμε ένα σύννεφο Κι αν θα πεινάσεις για ψωμί θα σφάξουμε ένα αηδόνι Μόνο καρτέρι μια στιγμή ν' ανοίξει ο πικραπήγανος Ν' αστράψει ο μαύρος ουρανός να λουλουδίσει ο φλόμος. Μα είταν αγέρας κι έφυγε κορυδαλλός κι εκάθη Είταν του Μάη το πρόσωπο του φεγγαριού η ασπράδα Ένα περπάτημα ελαφρύ σα σκίρτημα του κάμπου Ένα φιλί της θάλασσας της αφροστολισμένης. Ξύπνησε γάργαρο νερό από τη ρίζα του πεύκου να βρεις τα μάτια των



the profoundest nightingales. It is locked now in a cave of
Mt. Devi in the remote valleys and the ravines of my
forefathers' land, but when this angelic song bursts out one
day and flings itself against time and corruption, the rains
will suddenly cease and the mud will dry, the snows will melt
on the mountains, the wind will sing like a bird, the swallows
will come to life, the osiers will quiver, and men with cold
eyes and pale faces, hearing the bells in the cracked
belfries ringing by themselves, will find holiday caps to wear
and gay-colored ribbons to tie on their shoes. For then no
one will ever joke again, the blood of brooks will overflow,
the animals will burst from their bridles in the mangers, the
hay will turn green in the stables, on the roof-tiles fresh
poppies and mayflowers will sprout, and suddenly on all
the crossroads at midnight red bonfires will blaze. And then
the timid girls will come slowly and quietly to cast their last
garments into the flames and to dance about them nakedly,
exactly as when we too were young and a window would
open at dawn that in their breasts might sprout a flaming
carnation. Ah lads, it may be that the memory we have of
our forefathers is a deeper consolation and a more precious
companion than a handful of rose water, that the intoxication
of beauty is no different from the sleeping rose tree of
Eurotas. Goodnight, then: I see a multitude of falling stars
rocking your dreams, but I hold in my fingers the music for a
better day. The travelers returned from the Indies have
much more to tell you than all the Byzantine chroniclers.
Man during the course of his Mysterious Existence Has
bequeathed to
his Descendants tokens, diverse and worthy, of his Immortal
Origin As indeed he has also bequeathed traces of the ruins
of early dawn snowfalls of celestial reptiles, kites,
diamonds, and the glances of hyacinths Amid sighs, tears,
hungers, lamentations, and the ashes of subterranean wells.

VI

How much I loved you only I know
I who once touched you with the eyes of the Pleiades

σπουργιτών και να τα ζωντανέψεις ποτίζοντας το χώμα
με μυρωδιά βασιλικού και με σφυρίγματα σαύρας. Το
ξέρω είσαι μια φλέβα γυμνή κάτω από το φοβερό
βλέμμα του ανέμου είσαι μια σπίθα βουβή μέσα στο
λαμπερό πλήθος των άστρων. Δε σε προσέχει κανείς
κανείς δε σταματά ν' ακούσει την ανάσα σου μα συ με
το βαρύ σου περπάτημα μες στην αγέρωχη φύση θα
φτάσεις μια μέρα στα φύλλα της βερυκοκιάς θ' ανέβεις
στα λυγερά κορμιά των μικρών σπάρτων και θα
κυλήσεις από τα μάτια μιας αγαπητικής σαν εφηβικό
φεγγάρι. Υπάρχει μια πέτρα αθάνατη που κάποτε
περαστικός ένας ανθρώπινος άγγελος έγραψε τ' όνομά
του επάνω της κι ένα τραγούδι που δεν το ξέρει ακόμα
κανείς ούτε τα πιο τρελά παιδιά ούτε τα πιο σοφά τ'
αηδόνια. Είναι κλεισμένη τώρα σε μια σπηλιά του
βουνού Ντέβι μέσα στις λαγκαδιές και στα φαράγγια της
πατρικής μου γης μα όταν ανοίξει κάποτε και τιναχτεί
ενάντια στη φθορά και στο χρόνο αυτό το αγγελικό
τραγούδι θα πάψει ξαφνικά η βροχή και θα στεγνώσουν
οι λάσπες τα χιόνια θα λιώσουν στα βουνά θα
κελαηδήσει ο άνεμος τα χελιδόνια θ' αναστηθούν οι
λυγαριές θα ριγήσουν κι οι άνθρωποι με τα κρύα μάτια
και τα χλωμά πρόσωπα όταν ακούσουν τις καμπάνες να
χτυπάν μέσα στα ραγισμένα καμπαναριά μοναχές τους
θα βρουν καπέλα γιορτινά να φορέσουν και φιόγκους
φανταχτερούς να δέσουν στα παπούτσια τους. Γιατί
τότε κανείς δε θ' αστιεύεται πια το αίμα των ρυακιών θα
ξεχειλίσει τα ζώα θα κόψουν τα χαλινάρια τους στα
παχνιά το χόρτο θα πρασινίσει στους στάβλους στα
κεραμίδια θα πεταχτούν ολόχλωρες παπαρούνες και
μάηδες και σ' όλα τα σταυροδρόμια θ' ανάψουν
κόκκινες φωτιές τα μεσάνυχτα. Τότε θα 'ρθούν σιγά-
σιγά τα φοβισμένα κορίτσια για να πετάξουν το
τελευταίο τους ρούχο στη φωτιά κι ολόγυμνα θα
χορέψουν τριγύρω της όπως την εποχή ακριβώς που
είμασταν κι εμείς νέοι κι άνοιγε ένα παράθυρο την αυγή
για να φυτρώσει στο στήθος τους ένα φλογάτο
γαρύφαλο. Παιδιά ίσως η μνήμη των προγόνων να είναι



And embraced you with the mane of the moon and danced
with you on the summery plains On the hewn stubble and
ate cut clover together O dark vast sea with so many
pebbles around your neck so many colored stones in your
hair. A vessel sails into the bay, a rusty well-wheel groaning
A tuft of blue smoke within the rose of the horizon Exactly
like the wing of a crane throbbing; Armies of swallows await
brave men to offer them welcome Arms rise up naked with
anchors engraved near the armpits The cries of children
mingle with the birdsongs of the West Wind Honeybees
buzz in and out of a cow's nostrils The kerchiefs of
Kalamata are waving And a distant bell dabbles the sky with
bluing Like the sound of a small gong traveling amid the
constellations So many centuries fled From the souls of
Goths and the domes of Baltimore And from lost St. Sophia,
the renowned cathedral. But who are those who watch with
unwavering eyes and serene faces from the top of the
highest mountains? This duststorm in the air is the echo of
what conflagration? Can it be Kalivas fighting or is it
Levendoyannis? Is it a clash perhaps between the Germans
and the people of Mani? No, it neither Kalivas fighting nor
Levendoyannis Nor is it a clash between the Germans and
the people of Mani. Towers are guarding in silence a
princess turned phantom The tops of cypress trees
companion a dead windflower Shepherds with reeds of
linden serenely sing their morning songs A foolish hunter
fires on turtle-doves And an old windmill, forgotten by all
Mends by itself its rotting sails with a needle of dolphin bone
And descends from the hillsides with a favorable northeaster
As Adonis descended the paths of Mt. Helmos to say good
evening to Golfo. Year after year have I struggled with
hammer and ink, O my tormented heart I With gold and fire
to stitch you an embroidery the hyacinth of an orange tree,
A blossoming quince to console you I who once touched you
with the eyes of the Pleiades And embraced you with the
mane of the moon and danced with you on the summery
plains On the hewn stubble and ate cut clover together O
dark vast solitude with so many pebbles around your neck

βαθύτερη παρηγοριά και πιο πολύτιμη συντροφιά από
μια χούφτα ροδόσταμο και το μεθύσι της ομορφιάς
τίποτε διαφορετικό από την κοιμισμένη τριανταφυλλιά
του Ευρώτα. Καληνύχτα λοιπόν βλέπω σωρούς
πεφτάστερα να σας λικνίζουν τα όνειρα μα εγώ κρατώ
στα δάχτυλά μου τη μουσική για μια καλύτερη μέρα. Οι
ταξιδιώτες των Ινδιών ξέρουνε περισσότερα να σας
πουν απ' τους Βυζαντινούς χρονογράφους. Ο
άνθρωπος κατά τον ρουν της μυστηριώδους ζωής του
Κατέλιπεν εις τους απογόνους του δείγματα πολλαπλά
και αντάξια της αθανάτου καταγωγής του Όπως επίσης
κατέλιπεν ίχνη των ερειπίων τού λυκαυγούς
χιονοστιβάδας ουρανίων ερπετών χαρταετούς
αδάμαντας και βλέμματα υακίνθων
Εν μέσω αναστεναγμών δακρύων πείνης οιμωγών και
τέφρας υπογείων φρεάτων.

VI

Πόσο πολύ σε αγάπησα εγώ μονάχα το ξέρω Εγώ που
κάποτε σ' άγγιξα με τα μάτια της πούλιας Και με τη
χαίτη του φεγγαριού σ' αγκάλιασα και χορέψαμε μες
στους καλοκαιριάτικους κάμπους
Πάνω στη θερισμένη καλαμιά και φάγαμε μαζί το
κομένο τριφύλλι Μαύρη μεγάλη θάλασσα με τόσα
βότσαλα τριγύρω στο λαιμό τόσα χρωματιστά πετράδια
στα μαλλιά σου. Ένα καράβι μπαίνει στο γιαλό ένα
μαγγανοπήγαδο σκουριασμένο βογγάει Μια τούφα
γαλανός καπνός μες στο τριανταφυλλί του ορίζοντα
Ίδιος με τη φτερούγα του γερανού που σπαράζει
Στρατιές χελιδονιών περιμένουνε να πουν στους
αντρειωμένους το καλωσόρισες
Μπράτσα σηκώνουνται γυμνά με χαραγμένες άγκυρες
στη μασχάλη Μπερδεύονται κραυγές παιδιών με το
ελάδημα του πουνέντε Μέλισσες μπαινοβγαίνουν μες
στα ρουθούνια των αγελάδων Μαντήλια καλαματιανά
κυματίζουνε Και μια καμπάνα μακρινή βάφει τον
ουρανό με λουλάκι Σαν τη φωνή κάποιου σήμαντρου
που ταξιδεύει μέσα στ' αστέρια Τόσους αιώνες φευγάτο



so many colored precious stones in your hair.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Από των Γότθων την ψυχή κι από τους τρούλλους της
Βαλτιμόρης Κι απ' τη χαμένη Αγιά-Σοφιά το μέγα
μοναστήρι. Μα πάνω στ' αψηλά βουνά ποιοι να 'ναι
αυτοί που κοιτάνε Με την ακύμαντη ματιά και το γαλήνιο
πρόσωπο; Ποιας πυρκαγιάς να 'ναι αντίλαλος αυτός ο
κουρνιαχτός στον αγέρα; Μήνα ο Καλύβας πολεμάει
μήνα ο Λεβεντογιάννης; Μήπως αμάχη επιάσανεν οι
Γερμανοί με τους Μανιάτες; Ουδ' ο Καλύβας πολεμάει κι
ουδ' ο Λεβεντογιάννης Ούτε κι αμάχη επιάσανεν οι
Γερμανοί με τους Μανιάτες. Πύργοι φυλάνε σιωπηλοί
μια στοιχειωμένη πριγκίπισσα Κορφές κυπαρισσιών
συντροφεύουνε μια πεθαμένη ανεμώνη Τσοπαναρέοι
ατάραχοι μ' ένα καλάμι φλαμουριάς λένε το πρωινό τους
τραγούδι Ένας ανόητος κυνηγός ρίχνει μια ντουφεκιά
στα τρυγόνια Κι ένας παλιός ανεμόμυλος λησμονημένος
απ' όλους Με μια βελόνα δελφινιού ράβει τα σάπια του
πανιά μοναχός του

Και κατεβαίνει απ' τις πλαγιές με τον καράγιαλη πρίμα
Όπως κατέβαινε ο Άδωνις στα μονοπάτια του Χελμού
να πει μια καλησπέρα της Γκόλφως. Χρόνια και χρόνια
πάλεψα με το μελάνι και το σφυρί βασανισμένη καρδιά
μου Με το χρυσάφι και τη φωτιά για να σου κάμω ένα
κέντημα Ένα ζουμπούλι πορτοκαλιάς Μιαν ανθισμένη
κυδωνιά να σε παρηγορήσω Εγώ που κάποτε σ' άγγιξα
με τα μάτια της πούλιας Και με τη χαιίτη του φεγγαριού
σ' αγκάλιασα και χορέψαμε μες στους αλοκαιριάτικους
κάμπους Πάνω στη θερισμένη καλαμιά και φάγαμε μαζί
το κομένο τριφύλλι Μαύρη μεγάλη μοναξιά με τόσα
βότσαλα τριγύρω στο λαιμό τόσα χρωματιστά πετράδια
στα μαλλιά σου.

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Dhalas Yianis (1924)



He was born in Filippiada, Ipiros, and he studied in the School of Philosophy at the University of Athens. His poetry is innovative, modernistic. He also wrote some essays about Greek literature and he contributed with many newspapers and literary magazines. He has translated many of the ancient Greek epigrammatic, satirical and lyrical poets. His books of poetry have been translated into English, French and Italia.

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Ο Γιάννης Δάλας γεννήθηκε στη Φιλιππιάδα της Ηπείρου και σπούδασε Φιλοσοφία στο Πανεπιστήμιο της Αθήνας. Η ποίησή του είναι πρωτοποριακή και μοντέρνα. Έχει γράψει πολλά δοκίμια για την ελληνική λογοτεχνία και άρθρα για εφημερίδες και λογοτεχνικά περιοδικά. Έχει μεταφράσει πολλούς αρχαίους σατυρικούς και λυρικούς ποιητές. Τα βιβλία του έχουν μεταφραστεί στα Αγγλικά, Γαλλικά και Ιταλικά.

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Ad Otium Literatum (1956)

Afternoon of flight. Memory swarms up the body of summer,
up the shriveled branches of the Coming Day. I drive my chariot to
the foreign city. My noble lord, it's been a year now since
you've received a parchment about the health of my ideas. But
the chariot you would do wrong to name it glory for it lies
amid inglorious lances like the ghost of a betrayed adolescent.

I shall speak sometimes of the most intimate things. Now, for
instance, I connect words like Roadblock-December, Spring-
Desdemona. Now let it suffice you that I am here together
with my charioteer. We light up the new pyre with our
companions,

we eat what has past, and tomorrow's birds shall eat our
entrails. The night, an alien spearman, comes and sets his
secret trapdoors. Below, people of music gather, and from
the heights the realm of stars is a naked justice that robs the
heart.

Well then, I beg of you, great scholastic brother, forgive me,
and you other shield-bearers too, if I try to become a hero
once more. It may be that a glow from the new conflagration
may even reach to your imaginary universe. And so I beg
of you, let the tower sentry this spring also keep vigilant, let
him deny his Desdemona.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Ad Otium Literatum (1956)

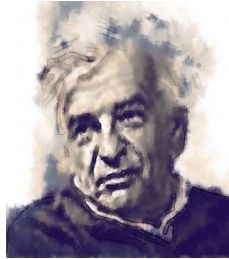
Απόγευμα φυγής. Αναρριχάται ή μνήμη στο σώμα
του καλοκαιριού στα ρικνωμένα κλαδιά της Επιούσης.

Οδηγώ το άρμα στην ξένη πολιτεία. Ευγενικό μου
κύριε είναι ένας χρόνος που δεν έλαβες διφθέρα για
την υγεία των ιδεών μου. Όμως το άρμα αν τ'
ονομάξεις δόξα άσχημα πράττεις γιατί σ' άδοξες
λόχμες κοίτεται σαν ένα φάντασμα προδομένου
εφήβου. Θα μιλήσω για τα πιο μύχια κάποτε. Πώς
γεφυρώνω τις λέξεις λόγου χάρη: οδόφραγμα-
Δεκέμβρης Άνοιξη-Δυσδαιμόνα. Τώρα αρκέσου πώς
είμαι εδώ με συντροφεύει ο ηνίοχος μου ανάβομε τη
νέα πυρά με τους συντρόφους τρώμε τα περασμένα
και μας τρων τα σπλάχνα τ' αυριανά πουλιά. Σαν
δορυφόρος ξένη έρχεται ή νύχτα απλώνει τις
καταπακτές της. Κάτω λαός της μουσικής κι από τα
ύψη γυμνή δικαιοσύνη ή συνοικία των άστρων μου
κλέβει την καρδιά. Λοιπόν παρακαλώ σε μεγάλε
ελλόγιμε αδελφέ συγχώρεσε με κι εσείς οι άλλοι
ασπιδοφόροι αν δοκιμάσω να ξαναγίνω ήρωας.
Μπορεί μια λάμψη να φτάσει ως τη φανταστική σας
οικουμένη από τη νέα πυρά. Γι' αυτό παρακαλώ σε
ας γρηγορήσει ας αρνηθεί κι αυτή την άνοιξη
τη Δυσδαιμόνα του ο βιγλάτορας του πύργου.

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Dhimakis Minas (1914 - 1980)



Dhimakis Minas was born in 1914 in Iraklion, Crete, and he killed himself (committed suicide) in Athens in 1980. He was a bank worker and during the 2^o World War he fought against the German in Crete. For his work, he has been praised many times; he won the Second State Prize in Poetry for 1960 and the Athen's Academy Award in Poetry for 1973. In addition to his poetry, he has translated in Greek many foreigner poets.

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Ο Μηνάς Δημάκης γενήθηκε το 1914 στο Ηράκλειο Κρήτης. Εργάστηκε ως υπάλληλος τράπεζας και κατά τη διάρκεια του 2^{ου} Παγκοσμίου Πολέμου αγωνίστηκε κατά των Γερμανών στην Κρήτη. Για το έργο του βραβεύτηκε πολλές φορές. Κέρδισε το Δεύτερο Κρατικό Βραβείο Ποίησης το 1960 και το Βραβείο Ποίησης της Ακαδημίας Αθηνών το 1973. Έχει μεταφράσει στα ελληνικά και πολλούς ξένους ποιητές. Αυτοκτόνησε το 1980 στην Αθήνα.

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Eleonora, the Minoan Parisienne (1953)

When The house fell into disuse
And all the rooms were
garmented in white
The large mirror the picture frames
The gaudy chandelier in the middle of the ceiling
What could we
do now with so much

Useless furniture? We thought of selling it at any price
And after retaining what was needed
Of renting out the empty
rooms
To the dead
You can thus be assured of good
company
And there's little chance of being bored
After all they
quickly begin to smell
And by throwing them out you can
pocket the rent
Then you thrust in others still fresh
They
begin to smell

You throw them out
Pocket the rent
Good company good
Business
And even the children get to know what life's like!
(I no longer remember
How many many dead we housed
By renting out our souls unceasingly)
What a nuisance to unlock
and then lock up
Broken-down reception rooms day after
day

And to dust off remembrances with a piece of cloth
But no one came
And you wanted no one ever to come
Even the children of the house
Still so very young
Put us to a
great deal of trouble: They'd sneak into the frozen rooms
And want by all means to represent
Very ancient statues and
murals
Truly!
And in particular that young girl
With the large
eyes
And the translucent face
Who would glue to the wall
Her profile as yet unformed
And wanted to remain like that
Forever
Later on when she grew older
They discovered her
from the ends of the Universe
And enthroned her in the
largest photographic periodical in the world
To represent the Parisienne of Knossos
And when because
of this occasion she was sent a message
And indeed from
the French poet Paul Claudel
Who spoke about eternal
Odysseus
Eternally returning
To the ages
Ah we understood

Ελεονώρα, η Μινωική Παριζιάννα (1953)

Όταν Ρήμαξε το σπίτι
Και όλες οι κάμαρες ντύθηκαν
άσπρα
Ό μεγάλος καθρέφτης τα κάδρα
Ή φανταχτερή
λάμπα στη μέση της οροφής
Και τι τα ήθελες πια τα
πολλά έπιπλα
Έμεναν άχρηστα
Είπαμε να πουλήσουμε
όσο-όσο
Αφού κρατήσουμε τ' απαραίτητα
Και να
νοικιάζουμε τ' αδειανά δωμάτια
Σε πεθαμένους
Έτσι
έχεις καλή συντροφιά
Δεν προφθάνεις και να βαρεθείς
Στο κάτω-κάτω αυτοί γρήγορα βρωμίζουν
Τους πετάς
έξω κερδίζεις το νοίκι
Μπάζεις άλλους πιο φρέσκους
Βρωμίζουν
Τους πετάς έξω
Κερδίζεις το νοίκι
Καλή
συντροφιά καλή επιχείρηση
Και συνηθίζουν και τα
παιδιά στη ζωή!
(Δεν το θυμάμαι πια πόσους και
πόσους πεθαμένους σπιτώσαμε
Νοικιάζοντας
αδιάκοπα την ψυχή μας)

Και τι κόπος να κλειδώνεις και να ξεκλειδώνεις
Ρημαγμένες κάμαρες υποδοχής κάθε μέρα
Και να
ξεσκονίζεις τις αναμνήσεις μ' ένα κομμάτι πανί
Και
κανείς δεν έρχεται
Και κανείς δε θέλεις να 'ρθει πια
Αλλά και τα παιδιά του σπιτιού
Τόσο μικρούτσικα
ακόμη
Μας έβαναν σε σκοτούρες:
Χώνονταν στα
παγωμένα δωμάτια
Και ήθελαν ναι και καλά να
παριστάνουν
Πανάρχαια αγάλματα και τοιχογραφίες
Μάλιστα!

Και περισσότερο εκείνη ή κοπελίτσα
Με τα μεγάλα
μάτια
Το διάφανο πρόσωπο
Κολνούσε στον τοίχο ένα
προφίλ
Ασχημάτιστο ακόμη
Και ήθελε έτσι να μείνει
Παντοτινά

Αργότερα σα μεγάλωσε
Την ανακάλυψαν από τα
πέρατα της οικουμένης
Και τη θρόνισαν στο
μεγαλύτερο εικονογραφημένο περιοδικό του κόσμου
Να
παριστάνει την Παριζιάννα της Κνωσού
Μα σαν πήρε
ένα μήνυμα από τούτη την αφορμή
Και μάλιστα από τον



then That the matter was cut and dried And extremely
suspicious: They wanted to propagandize her And convert
her to the Catholic Church Now What's the difference
whether
you kiss the Pope's or the Patriarch's hand! When you come
right down to it Are the murals of the Sistine Chapel better
Than the frescoes of Knossos? I don't believe it But here's a
suspicion: Perhaps a proclamation of sainthood awaited her!
And here's another uneasy thought: Perhaps she should
have taken a trip to the Vatican! Then the girl began to
protest For having traveled throughout so many centuries
She no longer wanted to budge from her island But then
alas Finding nothing better to do She became a lady like all
the others Nothing more Playing cards Smoking cigarettes
ighting the void around her... Indeed now she's become
quite fat

Translated by: Kimon Friar

ποιητή της Γαλλίας Τον Paul Claudel Πού μιλούσε για
τον αιώνιο Οδυσσέα Πού αιώνια ξαναγύριζε Στους
αιώνες Α! τότε καταλάβαμε Το
πράγμα ήταν και πολύ φανερό Και πολύ ύποπτο
"Ηθελαν να της κάνουν προπαγάνδα Και να την
προσηλυτίσουν στον Καθολικισμό Τώρα Τι να φιλάς το
χέρι του Πάπα ή του Πατριάρχη! Αλλ' επιτέλους είναι
καλύτερες Οι τοιχογραφίες της Cappella Sistina Από τα
φρέσκα της Κνωσού; Δεν το πιστεύω Αλλά και μια
υποψία: Μήπως την περίμενε ανακήρυξη αγιότητας!
Άλλα και άλλη ανησυχία: Μήπως έπρεπε να ταξιδέψει
ως το Βατικανό! Και το κορίτσι άρχισε να διαμαρτύρεται
Ταξιδεμένο σε τόσους αιώνες Δεν ήθελε πια να το
κουνήσει από το νησί του Και τότε αλίμονο Μη
βρίσκοντας και το καλύτερο Έγινε μια κυρία σαν όλες
Τίποτ' άλλο Χαρτοπαίζοντας Καπνίζοντας τσιγάρα
Παλεύοντας με το άδειο γύρω... Άρχισε μάλιστα λίγο να
παχαίνει .

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Dhimoulas Athos (1921 - 1985)



Dhimoulas Athos was born on 1921 in Athens and died there on 1985. He studied civil engineering at the National Polytechnical School there, studied higher mathematical and theoretical engineering at the Imperial College in London and in 1962 was invited to Paris for further research by the Agence pour la Cooperation Technique, Industrielle et Economique. He has published eleven books of poetry, won the Second State Prize for 1966, and has been translated into English, French, German and Polish.

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Ο Άθως Δημουλάς γεννήθηκε το 1921 στην Αθήνα. Σπούδασε πολιτικός μηχανικός στο Εθνικό Μετσόβιο Πολυτεχνείο και Ανώτερα Μαθηματικά και Θεωρητικά Ανάλυση στο κολέγιο Imperial στο Λονδίνο. Το 1962 προσκλήθηκε στο Παρίσι από την Υπηρεσία για την Τεχνική, Βιομηχανική και Οικονομική Συνεργασία. Έξέδωσε έντεκα βιβλία ποίησης, κέρδισε το Δεύτερο Κρατικό Βραβείο Ποίησης το 1966 και τα έργα του έχουν μεταφραστεί στα αγγλικά, Γαλλικά, Γερμανικά και Πολωνικά. Πέθανε στην Αθήνα το 1985.

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Sic Transit (1957)

This mansion, faced in marble, with a majestic entrance,
with its beautiful rhythm of ancient times, the noblest in our
city, now dilapidated, is being torn down. Together with it
will vanish the emotions it arouses, and perhaps in time we
shall cease to remember it. Even its interior decoration was
rich,

created with great art. In particular
the walls of the great reception hall.

From the hand of genuine painters,
scenes from history and life skillfully wrought.
Now that they are tearing it down, the portrayal on the
wall next to the window comes persistently to mind:
it depicted an ancient palace in ruins.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

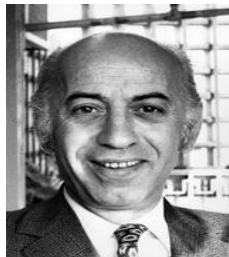
Sic Transit (1957)

Το μέγαρο αυτό, με μάρμαρο ντυμένο, με είσοδο
μεγαλοπρεπή, με τον ωραίο παλαικό ρυθμό του, το
πιο αρχοντικό στην πόλη μας, τώρα, ετοιμόρροπο,
κατεδαφίζεται. Μαζί του θα σβήση κι η συγκίνηση της
θέας του· με τον καιρό ίσως κι η ανάμνηση του. Κι ο
εσωτερικός διάκοσμος του πλούσιος και με τέχνη
καμωμένος. Ιδιαίτερα οι τοίχοι στις υποδοχές τη
μεγάλη αίθουσα. Από χέρι ζωγράφων γνήσιων
φιλοτεχνημένες σκηνές της ιστορίας και της ζωής. Τώρα
πού το κατεδαφίζουν επίμονα φέρνω στο νου μου την
παράσταση του τοίχου δίπλα στα παράθυρα: έδειχνε
σε ερείπια ένα παλάτι αρχαίο.

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Dhikteos Ares (1917 - 1983)



He was born in Iraklio, Crete in 1917 and he died in 1983 in Athens. He studied law at the University of Athens for three years, then served as army translator during the war with Italy and Germany. He published books of poetry, including collected editions, and won the State Prize of Poetry for 1976, a joint award with Yannis Ritsos. He also did an excellent work in translations. He translated a great number of very important foreigner writers.

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Ο Άρης Δικταίος γεννήθηκε στο Ηράκλειο Κρήτης το 1917. Σπούδασε Νομικά στο Πανεπιστήμιο Αθηνών για τρία χρόνια και υπηρέτησε ως μεταφραστής του στρατού κατά τη διάρκεια του πολέμου με την Ιταλία και τη Γερμανία. Εξέδωσε βιβλία ποίησης και μοιράστηκε το Κρατικό Βραβείο Ποίησης το 1976, με τον Γιάννη Ρίτσο. Έκανε επίσης πολλές μεταφράσεις πολύ σημαντικών ξένων συγγραφέων. Πέθανε στην Αθήνα το 1983.

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Beauty (1935-53)

Star that, when risen within us, never sets:
hovering in our innermost firmament like a sword
of justice against impositions coming from outside.

But if it loses its way upon our flesh,
it passes like a caress exposing us to strangers' eyes,
causes us pain, kills our sleep and, finally throws us
out, useless bones, to its faithful dog, death, who is
awaiting.

Translated by: University of Oklahoma

Ομορφιά (1935-53)

Άστρο πού αν ανατείλη μέσα μας, δε βασιλεύει: στο
εσώτερο μας στερέωμα αιωρείται ως σπάθη δικαιοσύνης
ενάντια στις επιβουλές πού άρχονται άπ' έξω. Μ' αν το
δρόμο της χάση στη σάρκα μας πάνω, περνά σαν
χάδι πού στα ξένα μάτια μας εκθέτει και μας πονεί και
σκοτώνει τον ύπνο μας και μας πετά, τέλος, άχρηστο
κόκκαλο, στο πιστό της σκυλί, τον θάνατο, πού
περιμένει.

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Dhoukaris Dhimitris (1925 - 1982)



Dhoukaris Dhimitris was born in Athens on 1925 and died there on 1982. He became a member of the left-wing National Liberation Front (EAM) in 1944, and took part in the resistance movement. Because of his political activities he spent about three and a half years in various detention camps and prisons. He resigned in disillusionment when Russia invaded Hungary in the summer of 1957, and since then ceased to involve himself in political activities. In June 1958 he left for Africa where he worked as plantation supervisor and newspaper reporter. He has published nineteen books of poetry.

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Ο Δημήτρης Δούκαρης γεννήθηκε στην Αθήνα το 1925. Έγινε μέλος της αριστερής πτέρυγας του Εθνικού Απελευθερωτικού Μετώπου (ΕΑΜ) το 1944 και έλαβε μέρος στην Αντίσταση. Εξαιτίας των πολιτικών του δραστηριοτήτων τριάνμισι χρόνια σε διάφορα στρατόπεδα κράτησης και φυλακές. Παραιτήθηκε από κάθε πολιτική δραστηριότητα απογοητευμένος, όταν η Ρωσία εισέβαλε στην Ουγγαρία το καλοκαίρι του 1957. Τον Ιούνιο του 1958 έφυγε για την Αφρική όπου δούλεψε ως επιβλέπων σε φυτεία και ρεπόρτερ σε εφημερίδες. Εξέδωσε δεκαεννιά βιβλία ποίησης. Απεβίωσε στην Αθήνα το 1982.

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The body of Ideas (1980)

If ideas have no real body, if theories
have no real life then they are only
phantoms under false skin, they are
visions of the deceived, delusions of those
who ran into adversity and irrevocably missed
the live voices of life-giving night; where Rousing
awakes unexpectedly, and never rests
in delusion; Rousing of the real body of ideas.

Translated by: M. Byron Raizis

Το σώμα των Ιδεών (1980)

Αν δεν έχουν αληθινό σώμα οι ιδέες, οι θεωρίες
αν δεν έχουν πραγματική ζωή, τότε είναι φαντάσματα με
ψεύτικο δέρμα, είναι οράματα απατημένων, αυταπάτες
εκείνων που ατύχησαν κι έχασαν ανεπίστρεπτα τις
ζωντανές φωνές της ζωοδότρας νύχτας εκεί που
αφυπνίζεται αιφνιδιαστικά Εξέγερση, και δεν
επαναπαύεται ποτέ στην αυταπάτη η Εξέγερση του
αληθινού σώματος των ιδεών.

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Dhrakontaedes Philippos (1940)



Dhrakontaedes Philippos was born in 1940. In addition to his poems he has written novels, essays and he has translated into Greek many great writers. He has received many literary honors.

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Ο Φίλιππος Δρακονταεΐδης γεννήθηκε το 1940. Πέρα από την ποίηση έχει γράψει νουβέλες, δοκίμια και μετέφρασε στα ελληνικά πολλούς ξένους μεγάλους συγγραφείς. Έχει λάβει πολλές λογοτεχνικές διακρίσεις.

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Herakles

Three nights have passed And midnight has yet to come.
Time was shot on contact "Deceased while in service." At
home dishes, books, soiled clothes Will be waiting for me As
well as quite a few neatness-machines; And finally the smell of
my activities In the bed satiation. When of course midnight
comes I guess I'll bid the house farewell. Sounds of bells,
matins, Dreams condensed into dreams: somewhere
Day must be breaking now, twilight. With a strong push I'll rid
myself of the tables And will strangle an infant though I am
The snakes that coil around my arms.

Translated by: M. Byron Raizis

Ηρακλής

Τρεις νύχτες περασμένες και τα μεσάνυχτα δεν
φάνηκαν. Ο χρόνος πυροβολήθηκε εξ επαφής
«απεβίωσε διατελών εν υπηρεσία». Στο σπίτι θα με
προσμένουν πιάτα, βιβλία, ρούχα άπλυτα κι αρκετές
μηχανές ευπρεπισμού και τέλος ή μυρουδιά των
ενεργειών μου
στο κρεβάτι κορεσμός. Όταν βέβαια φανούν τα
μεσάνυχτα νομίζω ότι θ' αποχαιρετήσω το σπίτι.
Φωνές καμπάνας, όρθροι, όνειρα συμπυκνωμένα σ'
όνειρα: κάπου θα ξημερώνει τώρα, λυκαυγές.
Μ' ένα γερό σπρώξιμο θ' απαλλαγώ από τα τραπέζια
και θα πνίξω σ' αυτή τη νηπιακή ηλικία τα φίδια που
μου τυλίγουνε τα χέρια.

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Dhrosinis Yioryos (1859-1951)



Drosinis Yioryos was born in Plaka, Athens on 1859, however, his family hailed from Mesolonghi. His grandfather was killed during the siege of that famous city in the Greek War of Independence (1821 - 1829). He was one of several poets (Kostis Palamas, Ioannis Polemis) who transformed Greek poetry, during the 1880s, from the overly-romantic, oratorical-written verses to a more down-to-Earth, every-day-life blend, in the language of the common people.

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Ο Γιώργος Δροσίνης γεννήθηκε στην Πλάκα, στην Αθήνα το 1859, αλλά η καταγωγή της οικογένειάς του ήταν το Μεσολόγγι. Ο παππούς του είχε σκοτωθεί κατά την πολιορκία του Μεσολογγίου στη διάρκεια της Επανάστασης του 1821. Υπήρξε ένας από τους ποιητές που αναμόρφωσαν την ελληνική ποίηση, κατά τη δεκαετία του 1880, μεταβαίνοντας από τον Ρομαντισμό και την καθαρεύουσα σε μια πιο προσγειωμένη καθημερινή γλώσσα των απλών ανθρώπων.

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The death of the Swan

Where the black coot and the wild duck find a wintering place
upon the sunny land, White Swan of the north, what did you
seek to pluck by the lagoon's decaying water edge and
sand?

The world-seducing Swan, by a lagoon Mermaid had been
seduced Freedom she was called; For her palace on earth the
battery had made, bedecked not like a bride but in a
panoply bold. The White Swan then tried an eagle's form to
take, eagle-like wings and talons stretching for her sake; but
his foolhardy attempt proved to be fatal . . . And when, in
mid spring, the waterfowl flew forth returning to the far
distant shore of the north, an escort they became to the
Swan's funeral . . .

Translated by: M. Byron Raizis

Ο θάνατος του Κύκνου

Εκεί που ή μαύρη φαλαρίδα κι ή άγρια πάπια χειμαδιό
βρίσκουν στην προσηλιακή στεριά, στις
λιμνοθάλασσας τ' ακρόνερα τα σάπια τι ήρθες
ζητώντας, λευκέ Κύκνε, του βοριά; Τον Κύκνο
κοσμοπλάνευτη πλάνεψε κάποια της λιμνοθάλασσας
νεράιδα, ή Λευτεριά· Παλάτι στεριανό του κάστρου είχε
την τάπια, κι αντί στολίδια νύφης, άρματα βαριά.
Αητός ο λευκός κύκνος θέλησε να γίνει, κι αητού
φτερά και νύχια τάνυσε για κείνη· μα ήταν θανάσιμη ή
παράτολμη του ορμή . . . Και τα μαγιάπριλα όταν
γύριζαν και πάλι τα νεροπούλια προς το βοριανό
ακρογιάλι, συνοδιά γίνηκαν στου Κύκνου το κορμί . . .

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Engonopoulos Nikos (1910-1985)



Engonopoulos Nikos was born on 1910 in Athens and died there on 1985. Ranks as the foremost surrealist painter of Greece, represented by 74 canvases in the Biennale Exhibition of Modern and Fantastic Art in Venice in 1954. He became Professor of Art in the School of Architecture of the Technical Institute of Athens, has had many exhibits of his paintings in Greece and abroad, and has designed costumes and sets for many theater productions in Greece. In 1957 and again in 1978 he won the First State Prize in Poetry, and was twice decorated by the Greek Government. His effort is toward self-expression, no matter what that may involve. If he finds himself without colors, he will turn to word, to action. He believes that the more personal a work of art, the more universal its significance; that the fundamental thing is the responsible presences of a man in a work of art, which he defines as the expression of loneliness. He therefore believes in revolution in the name of tradition.

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Ο Νίκος Εγγονόπουλος γεννήθηκε στην Αθήνα το 1910. Θεωρείται ένας από τους πιο σουρεαλιστές ζωγράφους της Ελλάδας και υπήρξε καθηγητής Τέχνης στην Αρχιτεκτονική σχολή του Πολυτεχνίου Αθηνών. Έκανε πολλές εκθέσεις των πινάκων του στην Ελλάδα και το εξωτερικό και είχε σχεδιάσει κοστούμια για πολλές θεατρικές παραγωγές στην Ελλάδα. Το 1957 και το 1978 κέρδισε το Πρώτο Κρατικό Βραβείο Ποίησης. Κύριο μέλημα του, μέσα από το έργο του, υπήρξε η αυτο-έκφραση και όταν τα χρώματα δεν του αρκούσαν στρεφόταν στο λόγο και την ποίηση. Πίστευε ότι όσο πιο προσωπικό είναι ένα έργο τέχνης τόσο πιο καθολική η σημασία του, πως το πιο θεμελιώδες είναι η υπεύθυνη παρουσία του ανθρώπου σ' ένα έργο τέχνης, κάτι που ονομάζει ως έκφραση μοναξιάς. Πέθανε στην Αθήνα το 1985.

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Bolivar (1944)

For the great, the free, the brave, the strong,
The fitting words are great and free and brave and strong,
For them, the total subjection of every element, silence, for
them tears, for them beacons, and olive branches, and the
lanterns That bob up and down with the swaying of the ships
and scrawl on the harbours' dark horizons, For them are the
empty barrels piled up in the narrowest lane, again of the
harbor, For them the coils of white rope, the chains, the
anchors, the other manometers, Amidst the irritating smell of
petroleum, That they might fit out a ship, put to sea and
depart, Like a tram setting off, empty and ablaze with light,
in the nocturnal serenity of the gardens, With one purpose
behind the voyage: ad astra. For them I'll speak fine words,
dictated to me by Inspiration's Muse, As she nestled deep
in my mind full of emotion For the figures, austere and
magnificent, of Odysseus Androutsos and Simon Bolivar.
But for now I'll sing only of Simon, leaving the other for an
appropriate time, Leaving him that I might dedicate, then the
time comes, perhaps the finest song that I've ever sung,
Perhaps the finest song that's ever been sung in the whole
world. And this not for what they both were for their
countries, their nations, their people, and other such like
that fail to
inspire, But because they remained throughout the ages,
both of them, alone always, and free, great, brave and
strong. And shall I now despair that to this very day no one
has understood, has wanted, has been able to understand
what I say? Shall the fate then be the same for what I say
now of Bolivar, that I'll say tomorrow of Androutsos?
Besides, it's no easy thing for figures of the importance of
Androutsos and Bolivar to be so quickly understood,
Symbols of a like. But let's move on quickly: for Heaven's
sake, no emotion, exaggeration or despair. Of no concern,
my voice was destined for the ages alone. (In the future, the

Μπολιβάρ (1944)

Για τους μεγάλους, για τους ελεύθερους, για τους
γενναίους, τους δυνατούς, Αρμόζουν τα λόγια τα
μεγάλα, τα ελεύθερα, τα γενναία, τα δυνατά, Γι' αυτούς
η απόλυτη υποταγή κάθε στοιχείου, η σιγή, γι' αυτούς
τα δάκρυα, γι' αυτούς οι φάρoi, κι' οι κλάδοι ελιάς, και
τα φανάρια
Όπου χοροπηδούν με το λίκνισμα των караβιών και
γράφουνε στους σκοτεινούς ορίζοντες των λιμανιών, Γι'
αυτούς είναι τ' άδεια βαρέλια που σωριαστήκανε στο
πιο στενό, πάλι του λιμανιού, σοκάκι, Γι' αυτούς οι
κουλούρες τ' άσπρα σκοινιά, κι' οι αλυσίδες, οι άγκυρες,
τ' άλλα μανόμετρα, Μέσα στην εκνευριστική οσμή
του πετρελαίου, Για ν' αρματώσουνε καράβι, ν'
ανοιχτούν, να φύγουνε, Όμοιοι με τραμ που ξεκινάει,
άδειο κι' ολόφωτο μέσ' στη νυχτερινή γαλήνη των
μπαχτσέδων, Μ' ένα σκοπό του ταξιδιού: προς τ'
άστρα. Γι' αυτούς θα πω τα λόγια τα ωραία, που μου τα
υπαγόρευσε η Έμπνευσις, Καθώς εφώλιασε μέσα στα
βάθια του μυαλού μου όλο συγκίνηση Για τις μορφές,
τις αυστηρές και τις υπέροχες, του Οδυσσέα
Ανδρούτσου και του Σίμωνος Μπολιβάρ. Όμως για
τώρα θα ψάλω μοναχά τον Σίμωνα, αφήνοντας τον άλλο
για κατάλληλο καιρό, Αφήνοντάς τον για να ν'
αφιερώσω, σαν έρθ' η ώρα, ίσως το πιο ωραίο
τραγούδι που έψαλα ποτέ, Ίσως τ' ωραιότερο τραγούδι
που ποτέ εψάλανε σ' όλο τον κόσμο. Κι' αυτά όχι για
τα ότi κι' οι δυο τους υπήρξαν για τις πατρίδες, και τα
έθνη, και τα σύνολα, κι' άλλα παρόμοια, που δεν
εμπνέουν,
Παρά γιατί σταθήκανε μέσ' στους αιώνες, κι' οι δυο
τους,
μονάχοι πάντα, κι' ελεύθεροι, μεγάλοι, γενναίοι και
δυνατοί. Και τώρα ν' απελπίζομαι που ίσαμε σήμερα
δεν με κατάλαβε, δεν θέλησε, δε μπόρεσε να καταλάβη



near, the distant, in years to come, a few, many, perhaps
from the day after tomorrow or the day
after that, Until the time that, empty and useless and dead,
the Earth begins to drift in the firmament, The young, with
mathematical precision, will awake in their beds on wild
nights, Moistening their pillows with tears, wondering at who
I was,

Reflecting That once I existed, what words I said, what
songs I sang. And the gigantic waves that every evening
break on Hydra's seven shores, And the savage rocks, and
the high mountain that brings down the blizzards, Will
eternally and untiringly thunder my name.) But let's get back
to Simon Bolivar. Bolivar! A name of metal and wood, you
were a flower in the gardens of South America. You had all
the gentleness of flowers in your heart, in your hair, in your
gaze. Your hand was huge like your heart, and scattered
both good and evil. You swept through the mountains and
the stars trembled, you came down to the plains, with your
gold finery, your

epaulets, all the insignia of your rank, With a rifle hanging
on your shoulder, with chest bared, with your body covered
in wounds, And stark naked you sat on a low rock, at the
sea's edge, And they came and painted you in the ways of
Indian braves, With wash, half white, half blue, so you'd
appear like a lonely chapel on one of Attica's shores, Like a
church in the districts of Tatavla, like a palace in a deserted
Macedonian town. Bolivar! You were reality, and you are,
even now, you are no dream. When the wild hunters nail the
wild eagles, and the other wild birds and animals, Over their
wooden doors in the wild forests, You live again, and shout,
and grieve,

And you are yourself the hammer, nail and eagle. If on the
isles of coral, winds blow and the empty fishing boats
overturn, And the parrots are a riot of voices when the day
ends and the gardens grow quiet drowned in humidity, And
in the tall trees the crows perch, Consider, beside the
waves, the iron tables of the cafeneion, How the damp eats
at them in the gloom, and far off the light that flashes on, off,

τι λέω, κανείς; Βέβαια την ίδια τύχη να χουνε κι αυτά
που λέω τώρα για τον Μπολιβάρ, που θα πω αύριο για
τον Ανδρούτσο; Δεν είναι κι' εύκολο, άλλωστε, να
γίνουν τόσο γρήγορα αντιληπτές μορφές της σημασίας
τ' Ανδρούτσου και του Μπολιβάρ, Παρόμοια σύμβολα.

Αλλ' ας περνούμε γρήγορα: προς Θεού, όχι
συγκινήσεις, κι' υπερβολές, κι' απελπισίες. Αδιάφορο, η
φωνή μου είτανε προωρισμένη μόνο για τους αιώνες.
(Στο μέλλον, το κοντινό, το μακρινό, σε χρόνια, λίγα,
πολλά, ίσως από μεθαύριο, κι' ντιμεθαύριο, Ίσαμε την
ώρα που θε ν' αρχινήση η Γης να κυλάη άδεια, κι'
άχρηστη, και νεκρή, στο στερέωμα,
Νέοι θα ξυπνάνε, με μαθηματική ακρίβεια, τις άγριες
νύχτες, πάνω στην κλίνη τους, Να βρέχουνε με δάκρυα
το προσκέφαλό τους, αναλογιζόμενοι ποιος είμουν,
κεφτόμενοι Πως υπήρξα κάποτε, τι λόγια είπα, τι
ύμνους έψαλα. Και τα θεόρατα κύματα, όπου ξεσπούνε
κάθε βράδυ στα εφτά της Ύδρας ακρογιαλία, Κι' οι
άγριοι βράχοι, και το ψηλό βουνό που κατεβάζει τα
δρολιάπια,

Αέναι, ακούραστα, θε να βροντοφωνούνε τ' όνομά μου.)

Ας επανέλθουμε όμως στον Σίμωνα Μπολιβάρ.
Μπολιβάρ ! Όνομα από μέταλλο και ξύλο, είσουναι Ένα
λουλούδι μέσ' στους μπαχτσέδες της Νότιας Αμερικής.

Είχες όλη την ευγένεια των λουλουδιών μέσ' στην
καρδιά σου, μέσ' στα μαλλιά σου, μέσα στο βλέμμα
σου. Η χέρα σου είτανε μεγάλη σαν την καρδιά σου, και
σκορπούσε το καλό και το κακό. Ροβόλαγες τα βουνά
κι' ετρέμαν τ' άστρα, κατέβαινες στους κάμπους, με τα
χρυσά, τις επωμίδες,

όλα τα διακριτικά του βαθμού σου, Με το ντουφέκι στον
ώμο αναρτημένο, με τα στήθια ξέσκεπα, με τις
λαβωματιές γιομάτο το κορμί σου, Κι' εκαθόσουν
ολόγυμνος σε πέτρα χαμηλή, στ' ακροθαλάσσι, Κι'
έρχονταν και σ' έβαφαν με τις συνήθειες των
πολεμιστών Ινδιάνων, Μ' ασβέστη, μισόνη άσπρο, μισό
γαλάζιο, για να φαντάζης σα ρημοκλήσι σε περιγιάλι
της Αττικής, Σαν εκκλησιά στις γειτονιές των



on again, turning back and forth. And day breaks – what
frightful anguish – after a night without sleep, And the water
reveals nothing of its secrets. Such is life. And the sun
comes, and the houses on the wharf, with their island-style
arches, Painted pink, and green, with white sills (Naxos,
Chios), How they live! How they shine like translucent
fairies! Such is

Bolivar! Bolivar! I cry out your name, reclining on the eak of
Mount Ere, The highest peak on the isle of Hydra. From
here the view, enchanting, extends as far as the Saronic
isles, Thebes, Beyond Monemvasia, far below, to august
Egypt, And as far as Panama, Guatemala, Nicaragua,
Honduras, Haiti, San Domingo, Bolivia, Colombia, Peru,
Venezuela, Chile, Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay,
Ecuador, as far even as Mexico. With hard stone I carve
your name in rock, that afterwards men may come in
pilgrimage.

As I carve sparks fly – such, they say, was Bolivar – and I
watch my hand as it writes, gleaming in the sun.
You saw the light for the first time in Caracas. Your light,
Bolivar, for before you came the whole of South America
was plunged in bitter darkness. Now your name is a blazing
torch, lighting America, North and South, and all the world!
The Amazon and Orinoco rivers spring from your eyes.

The high mountains are rooted in your breast,
The Andes range is your backbone. On the crown of your
head, brave palikar, run unbroken stallions and wild cattle,
The wealth of Argentina. On your belly sprawl vast coffee
plantations. When you speak, terrible earthquakes spread
devastation, From Patagonia's formidable deserts as far as
the colourful islands, Volcanoes erupt in Peru and vomit
their wrath in the heavens, Everywhere the earth trembles
and the icons creak in Kastoria, The silent town beside the
lake.

Bolivar, you have the beauty of a Greek.
I first encountered you, as a child, in one of Phanar's steep
cobble streets, A lighted lamp in Mouchlio illumined your
noble face. Are you, I wonder, one of the myriad forms

Ταταούλων, ωσάν ανάχτορο σε πόλη της Μακεδονίας
ερημική. Μπολιβάρ! Είσουνα πραγματικότητα, και είσαι,
και τώρα, δεν είσαι όνειρο. Όταν οι άγριοι κυνηγοί
καρφώνουνε τους άγριους αετούς, και τ' άλλα άγρια
πουλιά και ζώα, Πάν' απ' τις ξύλινες τις πόρτες στ'
άγρια δάση, Ξαναζής, και φωνάζεις, και δέρνεσαι, Κι'
είσαι ο ίδιος εσύ το σφυρί, το καρφί, κι' ο αητός. Αν στα
νησιά των κοραλλιών φυσούνε ανέμοι, κι'
αναποδογυρίζουνε τα έρημα καϊκια, Κι' οι παπαγάλοι
οργιάζουνε με τις φωνές σαν πέφτει η μέρα, κι' οι κήποι
ειρηνεύουνε πνιγμένοι σ' υγρασία, Και στα ψηλά δέντρα
κουρνιάζουν τα κοράκια, Σκεφτήτε, κοντά στο κύμα, του
καφενείου τα σιδερένια τα τραπέζια, Μέσ' στη μαυρίλα
πώς τα τρώει τ' αγιάζι, και μακριά το φως π' ανάβει,
σβήνει, ξανανάβει, και γυρνάει πέρα δώθε, Και
ξημερώνει --- τι φριχτή αγωνία --- ύστερα από μια νύχτα
δίχως ύπνο,

Και το νερό δεν λέει τίποτε από τα μυστικά του.
Έτσι η ζωή. Κι' έρχετ' ο ήλιος, και της προκυμαίας τα
σπίτια, με τις νησιώτικες καμάρες, Βαμμένα ροζ, και
πράσινα, μ' άσπρα περβάζια (η Νάξο, η Χίος), Πώς
ζουν! Πώς λάμπουνε σα διάφανες νεράιδες ! Αυτός ο
Μπολιβάρ! Μπολιβάρ ! Κράζω τ' όνομά σου
ξαπλωμένος στην κορφή του βουνού Έρε, την πιο ψηλή
κορφή της νήσου Έδρας. Από δω η θέα εκτείνεται
μαγευτική μέχρι των νήσων του Σαρωνικού, τη Θήβα,
Μέχρι και κάτω, πέρα απ' τη Μονεβασιά, το τρανό
Μισίρι, Αλλά και μέχρι του Παναμά, της Γκουατεμάλα,
της Νικαράγκουα, του Οντουράς, της Αϊτής, του Σαν
Ντομίγκο, της Βολιβίας, της Κολομβίας, του Περού, της
Βενεζουέλας, της Χιλής, της Αργεντινής, της Βραζιλίας,
Ουρουγουάη, Παραγουάη, του Ισημερινού, Ακόμη και
του Μεξικού. Μ' ένα σκληρό λιθάρι χαράζω τ' όνομά σου
πάνω στην πέτρα, νάρχουνται αργότερα οι άνθρωποι
να προσκυνούν. Τινάζονται σπίθες καθώς χαράζω ---
έτσι είτανε, λεν, ο Μπολιβάρ --- και παρακολουθώ Το
χέρι μου καθώς γράφει, λαμπρό μέσα στον ήλιο. Είδες
για πρώτη φορά το φως στο Καρακάς. Το φως το δικό

assumed, and successively discarded by Constantine Palaeologus? Boyaca, Ayacucho. Ideas both illustrious and eternal. I was there. We'd already left the old frontiers far behind: Back in the distance, fires were burning in Leskovik. And in the night, the army moved up towards the battle, its familiar sounds could already be heard. Opposite, a grim Convoy of endless trucks returned with the wounded. Don't anyone be alarmed. Down there, see, the lake. This is the way they'll come, beyond the rushes. The roads have been mined: the work and repute of that Hormovo man, renowned, unrivalled in such matters. Everyone to their stations. The histle's sounding! Come on, come on. Get the cannons uncoupled and set up, clean the barrels with the swabs, fuses lit and held ready, Cannon-balls to the right. Vrrass! Vrrass, Albanian for fire: Bolivar! Every pineapple that was hurled and exploded, Was a rose to the glory of the great general, As he stood, stern and unshaken, amid the dust and tumult, Gazing on high, his forehead in the clouds, And the sight of him caused dread: fount of awe, path of justice, gate of salvation. Yet, how many conspired against you, Bolivar, How many traps did they not set for you to fall into and vanish, One man, above all, a rogue, a snake, a native of Philippoupolis. But what was that to you, like a tower you stood firm, upright, before Acongagua's terror, Holding a mighty cudgel and wielding it above your head. The bald-headed condors, unafraid of the carnage and smoke of battle, took fright and flew up in terrified flocks, And the llamas hurled themselves down the mountain slopes, dragging, as they fell, a cloud of earth and rocks. And into the dark of Tartarus your enemies disappeared, lay low. (When the marble arrives, the best from Alabanda, I'll sprinkle my brow with Blachernae's holy water, I'll use all my craft to hew your stance, to erect the statue of a new Kouros in Sikynos' mountains, Not forgetting, of course, to engrave on its base that famous "Hail, passer-by".) And here it should above all be stressed that Bolivar was never afraid, never, as they say, "lost his nerve", Not even at the most murderous hour of battle, nor in the bitter gloom of

σου, Μπολιβάρ, γιατί ως νάρθης η Νότια Αμερική ολόκληρη είτανε βυθισμένη στα πικρά σκοτάδια. Τ' όνομά σου τώρα είναι δαυλός αναμμένος, που φωτίζει την Αμερική, και τη Βόρεια και τη Νότια, και την οικουμένη! Οι ποταμοί Αμαζόνιος και Ορινόκος πηγάζουν από τα μάτια σου. Τα ψηλά βουνά έχουν τις ρίζες στο στέρνο σου, Η οροσειρά των Άνδεων είναι η αχοκοκκαλιά σου. Στην κορφή της κεφαλής σου, παλληκαρά, τρέχουν τ' ανήμερα άτια και τ' άγρια βόδια, Ο πλούτος της Αργεντινής. Πάνω στην κοιλιά σου εκτείνονται οι απέραντες φυτείες του καφέ. Σαν μιλάς, φοβεροί σεισμοί ρημάζουνε το παν, Από τις επιβλητικές ερημίες της Παταγονίας μέχρι τα πολύχρωμα νησιά, Ηφαίστεια ξεπετιούνται στο Περού και ξερνάνε στα ουράνια την οργή τους, Σειούνται τα χώματα παντού και τρίζουν τα εικονίσματα στην Καστοριά, Τη σιωπηλή πόλη κοντά στη λίμνη. Μπολιβάρ, είσαι ωραίος σαν Έλληνας. Σε πρωτοσυνάντησα, σαν είμουνα παιδί, σ' ένα ανηφορικό καλντιρίμι του Φαναριού, Μια καντήλα στο Μουχλιό φώτιζε το ευγενικό πρόσωπό σου. Μήπως νάσαι, άραγες, μια από τις μύριες μορφές που πήρε, κι' άφησε, διαδοχικά, ο Κωνσταντίνος Παλαιολόγος; Μπογιάκα, Αγιακούτσο. Έννοιες υπέρλαμπρες κι' αιώνιες. Είμουν εκεί. Είχαμε από πολλού περάσει, ήδη, την παλιά μεθόριο: πίσω, μακριά, στο Λεσκοβίκι, είχαν ανάψει φωτιές. Κι' ο στρατός ανέβαινε μέσα στη νύχτα προς τη μάχη, π' ακούγονταν κιόλα οι γνώριμοί της ήχοι. Πλάι κατέρχονταν, σκοτεινή Συνοδεία, ατέλειωτα λεωφορεία με τους πληγωμένους. Μην ταραχθή κανείς. Κάτω εκεί, να, η λίμνη. Από δω θα περάσουν, πέρ' απ' τις καλαμιές. Υπομονευτήκαν οι δρόμοι : έργο και δόξα του Χορμοβίτη, του ξακουστού, του άφταστου στα τέτοια. Στις θέσεις σας όλοι. Η σφυρίχτρα ηχεί! Ελάτες, ελάτε, ξεζέψτε. Ας στηθούν τα κανόνια, καθαρίστε με τα μάκτρα τα κοίλα, τα φυτίλια αναμμένα στα χέρια, Τα τόπια δεξιά. Βρας ! Βρας, αλβανιστί φωτιά : Μπολιβάρ! Κάθε κουμπάρας, π'

unavoidable treachery.

They say he knew beforehand, with unimaginable precision, the day, the hour, even the second: the moment, Of the Great Battle that was for him alone, In which he himself would be army and enemy, both vanquished and victor, triumphant hero and sacrificial victim. (And the lofty spirit of such as Cyril Loukaris reared within him, How he calmly eluded the despicable plots of the Jesuits and that wretched man from Philippoupolis!) And if he was lost, if ever lost is such a one as Bolivar! who like Apollonius vanished into the heavens, Resplendent like the sun he disappeared, in unimaginable glory, behind the gentle mountains of Attica and the Morea. Invocation Bolivar! You are a son of Rigas Ferraios, Of Antonios Economou – so unjustly slain – and brother to Pasvantzoglou, The dream of the great Maximilien de Robespierre lives again on your brow, You are the liberator of South America. I don't know how you were related, if one of your descendants was that other great American, the one from Montivideo, One thing alone is sure, that I am your son. If the night, slow in passing, Sends moons of old to console us, If in the wide plain phantom shades Burden flowing-haired maidens with chains, The hour of victory, of triumph has come. On hollow skeletons of field marshal generals Cocked hats soaked in blood will be placed, And the red that was theirs before the sacrifice Will cover with rays the flag's lustre. the ploughs at the palms' roots and the sun that rises resplendent amid trophies and birds and spears will announce as far as a tear rolls carried by the breeze to the sea's depths the most terrible oath the more terrible darkness the terrible tale: Libertad Away with you curses, come near us no more, corazón, From the cradle to the stars, from the womb to the eyes, corazón, Where precipitous rocks, where volcanoes and seals, corazón, Where swarthy faces, thick lips and gleaming white teeth, corazón, Let the phallus be raised, the revels begin, with human sacrifice, dance, corazón, In a carnival of flesh, to our ancestors' glory, corazón, That the seed of the new

εξεσφενδονιζόταν κι' άναφτε, Είταν κι' ένα τριαντάφυλλο για τη δόξα του μεγάλου στρατηγού, Σκληρός ατάραχος ως στέκονταν μέσα στον κορνιαχτό και την αντάρα, Με το βλέμμ' απενίζοντας προς τ' απηλιά, το μέτωπο στα νέφη, Κι' είταν η θέα του φριχτή: πηγή του δέους, του δίκιου δρόμος, λυτρώσεως πύλη. Όμως, πόσοι και πόσοι δε σ' επιβουλευτήκαν, Μπολιβάρ, Πόσα "ντολάπια" και δε σου 'στησαν να πέσης, να χαθής, Ένας προ πάντων, ένας παλιάνθρωπος, ένα σκουλήκι, ένας Φιλιππουπολίτης. Αλλά συ τίποτα, ατράνταχτος σαν πύργος στέκουσαν, όρθιος, στου Ακογκάγκουα μπρος τον τρόπο, Μια φοβερή ξυλάρα εκράταγες, και την εκράδαινες πάνω απ' την κεφαλή σου. Οι φαλακροί κόνδωρες σκιάζονταν, που δεν τους τρόμαξε της μάχης το κακό και το ντουμάνι, και σε κοπάδια αγριεμένα πέταγαν, Κι' οι ροβατογκαμήλες γκρεμισοσκιζούντανε στις πλαγιές, σέρνοντας, καθώς πέφταν, σύννεφο το χώμα και λιθάρια. Κι' οι εχθροί σου μέσα στα μαύρα Τάρταρα εχάνοντο, λουφάζαν. (Σαν θάρθη μάρμαρο, το πιο καλό, από τ' Αλάβανδα, μ' αγίασμα των Βλαχερνών θα βρέξω την κορφή μου, Θαβάλω όλη την τέχνη μου αυτή τη στάση σου να πελεκήσω, να στήσω ενού νέου Κούρου τ' άγαλμα της Σικίνου τα βουνά, Μη λησμονώντας, βέβαια, στο βάθρο να χαράξω το περίφημο εκείνο "Χαίρεπαροδίτα".) Κι' εδώ πρέπει ιδιαίτέρως να εξαρθή ότι ο Μπολιβάρδεν εφοβήθηκε, δε "σκιάχτηκε" που λεν, ποτέ, Ούτε στων μαχών την ώρα την πιο φονικιά, ούτε στις προδοσίες, της αναπόφευκτης, τις πικρέσμαυρίλες. Λένε πως γνώριζε από πριν, με μιαν ακρίβεια αφάνταστη, τη μέρα, την ώρα, το δευτερόλεπτο ακόμη: τη στιγμή, Της Μάχης της μεγάλης που είτανε γι' αυτόνα μόνο, Κι' όπου θε νάτανε αυτός ο ίδιος στρατός κι' εχθρός, ηττημένος και νικητής μαζί, ήρωας τροπαιούχος κι' εξιλαστήριο θύμα. (Και ως του Κύριλλου Λουκάρεως το πνεύμα το υπέροχομέσα του στέκονταν, Πώς τις ξεγέλαγε, γαλήνιος, των Ιησουιτώνε και του ελεεινού Φιλιππουπολίτη τις απαίσιες



generation be sown, corazon.

Translated by: David Connolly

πλεχτάνες!) Κι' αν χάθηκε, αν ποτές χάνετ' ένας
Μπολιβάρ ! που σαν τον Απολλώνιο στα ουράνια
ανελήφθη, Λαμπρός σαν ήλιος έδυσε, μέσα σε δόξα
αφάνταστη, πίσω από βουνά ευγενικά της Αττικής και
του Μορέως. Μπολιβάρ ! Είσαι του Ρήγα Φερραίου
παιδί, Του Αντωνίου Οικονόμου --- που τόσο άδικα τον
σφάζαν --- και του Πασβαντζόγλου αδελφός,
Τ' όνειρο του μεγάλου Μαξιμιλιανού ντε Ρομπεσπιέρ
ξαναζεί στο μέτωπό σου. Είσαι ο ελευθερωτής της
Νότιας Αμερικής. Δεν ξέρω ποια συγγένεια σε συνέδεε,
αν είτανε απόγονός σου ο άλλος μεγάλος Αμερικανός,
από το Μοντεβίντεο αυτός, Ένα μονάχα είναι γνωστό,
πως είμαι ο γυιος σου. Αν η νύχτα, αργή να περάση,
Παρηγόρια μάς στέλνει τις παλιές τις σελήνες, Αν στου
κάμπου τα πλάτη φαντασμάτων σκοτάδια Λυσικόμους
παρθένες μ' αλυσίδες φορτώνουν, Έρθ' η ώρα της
νίκης, ήρθε ώρα θριάμβου. Εις τα σκέλεθρα τ' άδεια
στρατηγών πολεμάρχων Τρικαντά θα φορέσουν που
ποτίστηκαν μ' αίμα, Και το κόκκινο χρώμα πούχαν πριν
τη θυσία Θα σκεπάση μ' αχτίδες της σημαίας το
θάμπος. αντιστροφή τ' άροτρα στων φοινικιών τις ρίζες
κι' ο ήλιος που λαμπρός ανατέλλει σε τρόπαι' ανάμεσα
και πουλιάκαι κοντάρια θ' αναγγείλη ως εκεί που κυλάει
το δάκρυ και το παίρνει ο αέρας στης θαλάσσης τα
βάθη τον φριχτότατον όρκοτο φρικτότερο σκότος το
φριχτό παραμύθι : Φύγετε μακριά μας αρές, μη
ζυγώσετε πια, corazon, Απ' τα λίκνα στ' αστέρια, απ' τις
μήτρες στα μάτια, corazon, Όπου απόγκρημνοι βράχοι
και ηφαίστεια και φώκιες, corazon, Όπου πρόσωπο
σκούρο, και χείλια πλατειά, κι ολόλευκα δόντια,
corazon, Ας στηθεί ο φαλλός και γιορτή ας αρχίση, με
θυσίες ανθρώπων, με χορούς, corazon,
Μέσ' σε σάρκας ξεφάντωμα, στων προγόνων τη δόξα,
corazon, Για να σπείρουν το σπόρο της καινούργιας
γενιάς, corazon.

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Elytis Odiysseus (1911-1996)



Elytis Odysseus (Odhiseas Alepoudhelis) was born on 1911 in Iraklion, Crete, but has lived in Athens since 1914 where he died on 1996. Spending his summers in the Aegean islands and travelling extensively in Europe, the Soviet union, and the United States. During 1948-51 he studied literature at the Sorbonne, associating closely with the poets and painters of the Parisian School, and wrote art criticism for Greek and French magazines, delving himself in watercolor, gouache, and primarily in collage. For 1959 he was given the First State Prize, in 1975 an Honorary Degree by the University of Thessaloniki, and, in 1980 by the University of London, in 1979 the Nobel Prize in Poetry. His early work marked the joyous return to nature, to summer and the sea, to the blaze of the noonday sun over the Aegean (his second book was entitled Sun the First), to the praise of adolescence and its sentiments. Although his poetry is highly rhythmical and subtly orchestrated and, of late, highly, organized, he is mostly interested in the plastic use of language and imagery. His experience on the Albanian front as a second lieutenant during the war with Italy brought greater depth and sobriety to his poetry, enlarged his horizons to a national consciousness, that comes to terms with evil and tragedy in the world, yet still affirms, with stoic courage. This later phase is embodied in his epico-lyrical poem Axion Esti (Worthy it Is), in which he concludes that although we pay dearly for life it is worth the price. His subsequent poetry shows him confirmed in the magical nature of poetry.

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Ο Οδυσσεύς Ελύτης (Οδυσσεύς Αλεπουδέλης) γεννήθηκε το 1911 στο Ηράκλειο Κρήτης αλλά έζησε την Αθήνα από το 1914 όπου και απεβίωσε το 1996. Περνούσε τα καλοκαίρια του στα νησιά του Αιγαίου και ταξίδευε πολύ στην Ευρώπη, τη Σοβιετική Ένωση και τις ΗΠΑ. Το διάστημα 1948-51 σπούδασε λογοτεχνία στη Σορβόνη και συνδέθηκε στενά με ποιητές και ζωγράφους της Παρισινής Σχολής γράφοντας κριτική για ελληνικά και γαλλικά λογοτεχνικά περιοδικά.. Το 1959 του απενεμήθει το Πρώτο Κρατικό Βραβείο Λογοτεχνίας, το 1975 τιμητικός τίτλος από το Πανεπιστήμιο της Θεσσαλονίκης και το 1980 από το Πανεπιστήμιο του Λονδίνου. Το 1979 κέρδισε το Νόμπελ Λογοτεχνίας. Το έργο του υμνεί την επιστροφή στη φύση, το καλοκαίρι και τη θάλασσα, τον ήλιο του Αιγαίου. Παρόλο



που η ποίησή του είναι έντονα ρυθμική και εκλεπτυσμένα ορχηστρική, και στο τέλος πολύ οργανωμένη, παρουσιάζει έντονο το ενδιαφέρον του ποιητή για μια πλαστική χρήση της γλώσσας με πολλά διανθίσματα. Η εμπειρία του στο Αλβανικό Μέτωπο στον πόλεμο με την Ιταλία, έδωσε μεγαλύτερο βάθος και νηφαλιότητα στην ποίηση του, διευρύνοντας τους ορίζοντές του προς μια εθνική συνείδηση που επιμένει στωϊκά ενάντια στο κακό και την παγκόσμια τραγωδία. Αυτή η τελευταία φάση του αποτυπώνεται έντονα στι επικο-λυρικό ποίημα του, Άξιον Εστί στο οποίο καταλήγει ότι το κόστος της ζωής αξίζει το τίμημα. Τέλος, στην κατοπινή του ποίηση ο ποιητής φαίνεται να επιβεβαιώνεται από τη μαγική φύση της ποίησης.

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The sleep of the Brave (1953)

They will smell of incense, and their faces are burnt by their crossing through the Great Dark Places. There where they were suddenly flung by the Immovable Face-down, on ground whose smallest anemone would suffice to turn the air of Hades bitter (One arm outstretched, as though straining to be grasped by the future, the other arm under the desolate head, turned on its side, As though to see for the last time, in the eyes of a disembowelled horse, the heap of smoking ruins) There time released them. One wing, the redder of the two, covered the world, while the other, delicate, already moved through space, No wrinkle or pang of conscience, but at a great depth The old immemorial blood that began painfully to etch, in the sky's blackness, A new sun, not yet ripe,

That couldn't manage to dislodge the hoarfrost of lambs from live clover, but, before even casting a ray, could divine the oracles of Erebus... And from the beginning, Valleys, Mountains, Trees, Rivers, A creation made of vindicated feelings now shone, identical and reversed, there for them to cross now, with the Executioner inside them put to death, Villagers of the limitless blue: Neither twelve o'clock striking in the depths nor the voice of the pole falling from the heights retracted their footsteps. They read the world greedily with eyes now open forever, there where they were suddenly flung by the Immovable, Face-down, and where the vultures fell upon them violently to enjoy the clay of their guts and their blood.

Translated by: Edmund Keeley & Philip Sherrard

Ο ύπνος των Γεναίων (1953)

Μυρίζουν ακόμη λιβάνια, κι έχουν την όψη καμένη από το πέρασμά τους στα Σκοτεινά Μεγάλα Μέρη. Κει που μεμιάς τους έριξε το Ασάλευτο Μπρούμυτα, σ' ένα χώμα που κι η πιο μικρή ανεμώνα του θα 'φτάνε να πικράνει τον αεράτου Αδη (Το 'ναχερι μπρος, έλεγες πολεμούσε ν' 'αρπαχτεί απ' το μέλλον, τ' άλλο κάτω απ' την έρμη κεφαλή, στραμμέ-νη με το πλάι, Σα να θωρεί στερνή φορά., μέσα στα μάτια ενός ξεκοιλιασμένου αλόγου, σωρό τα χαλάσματα καπνίζοντας) Κει τους απάλλαξε ο Καιρός. Η φτερούγα η μια, η πιο κόκκινη, κάλυψε τον κόσμο, την ώρα που η άλλη, α-βρή, σάλευε κιόλας μες στο διάστημα. Και καμιά ρυτίδα η τύψη, αλλά σε βάθος μέγα Το παλιό αμνημόνευτο αίμα που αρχινούσε με κόπο να χαράζεται, μέσα στη μελανάδα τ' ουρανού 'Ηλιος νέος, αγίνωτος ακόμη, Που δεν έσωνε να καταλύσει την πάχνη των αρνιών από το ζωντανό τριφύλλι, όμως πριν καν πετάξει αγκάθι αποχρησιμοδοτούσε το έρεβος.... Κι απαρχής Κοιλάδες, Όρη, Δέντρα, Ποταμοί, Πλάση από γδικιωμένα αισθήματα έλαμπε, απaráλλαχτη και αναστραμμένη, να τη διαβαίνουν οι ίδιοι τώρα, με θανατωμένο μεσάτους το Δήμιο, Χωρικοί του απέραντου γαλάζιου! Μήτε η ώρα δώδεκα χτυπώντας μες στα έγκατα, μήτε η φωνή του Πόλου κατακόρυφα πέφτοντας, αναιρουσα-νέ τα βήματα του ζ. Διάβαζαν άπληστα τον κόσμο με τά μάτια, τ' ανοιχτά για πάντα, κει που με μιας τους έριξε το Ασάλευτο Μπρούμυτα, κι όπου με βία κατέβαιναν οι γύπες να ευφρανθούν τον πηλό των σπλάχνων τους και το αίμα.

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Burnished day (1943)

Burnished day, conch of the voice that fashioned me
Naked, to step through my perpetual Sundays
Between the shores' cries of welcome,
Let your wind, known for the first
time, blow freely
Unfold a lawn of tenderness
Where the sun can roll his head
Can enflame the poppies
with his kiss
Poppies nourished by men so fine
That the sole
mark on their bare chests
Is the blood of defiance that annuls sorrow
And attains the remembrance of liberty.
I spoke of love, of the rose's health, of the ray
That by itself goes straight to the heart,
Of Greece that steps so surely on the sea
Greece that carries me always
Among naked
snow-crowned mountains. I give my hand to justice
Diaphanous fountain, sublimest spring, My sky is deep and
changeless
All I love is incessantly reborn
All I love is always at its beginning.

Translated by: Edmund Keeley & Philip Sherrard

Μέρα στιλπνή (1943)

Μέρα στιλπνή αχιβάδα της φωνής που μ' έπλασες
Γυμνόν να περπατώ στις καθημερινές μου Κυριακές
Ανάμεσ' από των γιαλών τα καλωσόρισες
Φύσα τον πρωτογνώριστο άνεμο
Απλωσε μια πρασιά στοργής
Για να κυλήσει ο ήλιος το κεφάλι του
Ν' ανάψει με τα χείλια
του τις παπαρούνες
Τις παπαρούνες που θα δρέψουν
οι περήφανοι άνθρωποι
Για να μην είναι άλλο σημάδι
στο γυμνό τους στήθος
Από το αίμα της αψηφισιάς που
ξέγραψε τη θλίψη
Φτάνοντας ως τη μνήμη της
ελευθερίας. Είπα τον ερωτά την υγεία του ρόδου την
αχτίδα
Που μονάχη ολόδια βρίσκει την καρδιά
Την Ελλάδα που με σιγουριά πατάει στη θάλασσα
Την Ελλάδα που με ταξιδεύει πάντοτε
Σε γυμνά χιονόδοξα βουνά. Δίνω το χέρι στη
δικαιοσύνη
Διάφανη κρήνη κορυφαία πηγή
Ο ουρανός μου είναι βαθύς
κι ανάλλαχτος
'Οτι αγαπώ γεννιέται
αδιάκοπα
'Οτι αγαπώ βρίσκεται στην αρχή του πάντα.

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Here then am I (1956-58)

Here then am I created for the young Korai and
the Aegean islands, lover of the deer's leaping,
initiate in the Mystery of olive leaves,
sun-drinker and locust-killer. Here am I, face to face
with the black shirts of the ruthless and of the years' empty
belly that aborted its own children, in heat!
Wind releases the elements and thunder assaults the
mountains. Fate of the innocent, alone again, here you
are in the Straits! In the Straits I opened my hands.
In the Straits I emptied my hands and saw no other riches,
heard no other riches but cool fountains running.
Pomegranates or Zephyr or Kisses. Each to his own
weapons. I said: In the Straits I'll open my pomegranates. In
the Straits I'll post Zephyrs as sentries. I'll unleash the old
kisses canonized by my longing! Wind releases the
elements and thunder assaults the mountains. Fate of the
innocent, you are my own Fate

Translated by: Edmund Keeley & George Savvidis

Ιδού εγώ λοιπόν (1956-58)

Ιδού εγώ λοιπόν, ο πλασμένος για τις μικρές Κόρες και τα
νησιά του Αιγαίου ο εραστής του σκιρτήματος των
ζαρκαδιών και μύστης των φύλλων της ελιάς· ο ηλιοπότης
και ακριδοκτόνος. Ιδού εγώ καταντικρύ του μελανού
φορέματος των αποφασισμένων και της άδειας των ετών,
που τα τέκνα της άμβλωσε, γαστέρας, το άγκρισμα! Λύνει
αέρας τα στοιχεία και βροντή προσβάλλει τα βουνά.
Μοίρα των αθώων, πάλι μόνη, να σε, στα Στενά! Στα Στενά
τα χέρια μου άνοιξα Στα Στενά τα χέρια μου άδειασα κι
άλλα πλούτη δεν είδα, κι άλλα πλούτη δεν άκουσα παρά
βρύσες κρύες να τρέχουν Ρόδια ή Ζέφυρο ή Φιλιά. Ο
καθής και τα άπλα του, είπα: Στα Στενά τα ρόδια μου θ'
ανοίξω Στα Στενά φρουρούς τους ζέφυρους θα στήσω τα
φιλιά τα παλιά θ' απολύσω που η λαχτάρα μου άγιασε!
Λύνει αέρας τα στοιχεία και βροντή προσβάλλει τα
βουνά. Μοίρα των αθώων, είσαι η δική μου η Μοίρα!

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They came (1956-58)

Dressed up as “friends,” came countless times, my enemies,
trampling the primeval soil. And the soil never blended with
their heel. They brought The Wise One, the Founder, and
the Geometer, Bibles of letters and numbers, every kind of
Submission and Power, to sway over the primeval light.

And the light never blended with their roof.

Not even a bee was fooled into beginning the golden game,
not even a Zephyr into swelling the white aprons. On the
peaks, in the valleys, in the ports they raised and founded
mighty towers and villas, floating timbers and other vessels;
and the Laws decreeing the pursuit of profit they applied to
the primeval measure. And the measure never blended with
their thinking. Not even a footprint of a god left a man on
their soul, not even a fairy’s glance tried to rob them of their
speech. They came dressed up as “friends,”
came countless times, my enemies, bearing the primeval
gifts. And their gifts were nothing else but iron and fire only.
To the open expecting fingers only weapons and iron and
fire.

Only weapons and iron and fire.

Translated by: Edmund Keeley & George Savvidis

Ἦρθαν (1956-58)

Ντυμένοι «φίλοι» ἀμέτρητες φορές οἱ ἐχθροί μου το
παμπάλαιο χώμα πατώντας. Καὶ τὸ χώμα δὲν ἔδεσε
ποτέ με τὴ φτέρνα τους. Ἐφεραν τὸ Σοφὸ, τὸν Οἰκιστὴ
καὶ τὸ Γεωμέτρη, Βίβλους γραμμάτων καὶ ἀριθμῶν, τὴν
πάσα Ὑποταγὴ καὶ Δύναμη, τὸ παμπάλαιο φῶς
ἐξουσιάζοντας. Καὶ τὸ φῶς δὲν ἔδεσε ποτέ με τὴ σκεπὴ
τους. Οὔτε μέλισσα καν δὲν γελάστηκε τὸ χρυσὸ ν’
ἀρχινίσει παιχνίδι οὔτε ζέφυρος καν, τὶς λευκὲς να
φουσκῶσει ποδιές. Ἔστησαν καὶ θεμελίωσαν
στὶς κορφές, στὶς κοιλάδες, στὰ πόρτα πύργους
κραταιοὺς καὶ ἐπαύλεις ξύλα καὶ ἄλλα πλεούμενα, τοὺς
Νόμους, τοὺς θεσπίζοντας τὰ καλὰ καὶ συμφέροντα, στὸ
παμπάλαιο μέτρο ἐφαρμόζοντας. Καὶ τὸ μέτρο δὲν ἔδεσε
ποτέ με τὴ σκέψη τους. Οὔτε καν ἓνα χνάρι θεοῦ στὴν
ψυχὴ τους σημάδι δὲν ἀφήσε· οὔτε καν ἓνα βλέμμα
ξωθιάς τὴ μιλιὰ τους δὲν εἶπε νὰ πάρει. Ἐφτασαν
ντυμένοι «φίλοι» ἀμέτρητες φορές οἱ ἐχθροί μου, τὰ
παμπάλαια δῶρα προσφέροντας. Καὶ τὰ δῶρα τοὺς
ἄλλα δὲν ἦτανε παρά μόνο σίδηρο καὶ φωτιά.
Στὰ ανοιχτά που καρτέραγαν δάχτυλα Μόνον ὅπλα καὶ
σίδηρο καὶ φωτιά. Μόνον ὅπλα καὶ σίδηρο καὶ φωτιά.

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Embericos Andreas (1901 - 1975)



Embericos Andreas was born on 1901 in Braila, Rumania, and died in Athens on August 5, 1975. Brought to Athens in infancy, he eventually worked in the London offices of his father's shipping firm, 1921-25, then gave up his shipping career and lived in France, 1925-31, where he studied psychoanalysis and became a member of the surrealist group headed by Andre Breton. Returning to Greece in 1932 became the first Greek surrealist poet. His poems are often inspired by a frenetic, orgiastic, Dionysian ecstasy in an ultimate triumph of life, love, and a lust so cleansed of guilt and ethical distortions that it flows as from the pure springs of creation.

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Ο Ανδρέας Εμπεϊτικός γεννήθηκε το 1901 στην Μπράιλα της Ρουμανίας και σε βρεφική ηλικία ήρθε στην Αθήνα. Δούλεψε στο Λονδίνο, στα γραφεία της ναυτιλιακής εταιρείας του πατέρα του από το 1921 έως το 1925 οπότε και εγκατέλειψε τα ναυτιλιακά για να μείνει στη Γαλλία μέχρι το 1931. Εκεί σπούδασε ψυχανάλυση και έγινε μέλος μιας σουρεαλιστικής ομάδας της οποίας ηγείτο ο Andre Breton. Με τον ερχομό του το 1932 στην Ελλάδα αποτέλεσε τον πρώτο σουρεαλιστή Έλληνα ποιητή. Πέθανε στην Αθήνα το 1975. Τα ποιήματά του συχνά είναι εμπνευσμένα από μια φρενήρη, αργιώδη, διονυσιακή έκσταση από τον απόλυτο θρίαμβο της ζωής, της αγάπης και ενός πόθου τόσο απαλλαγμένου από ενοχές και ηθικές αναστολές που αναβλύζει από τις αγνές πηγές της δημιουργίας

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Whale Light (1932)

The initial form woman took was the braided throats of two dinosaurs. Later, time changed and woman changed too. She became smaller, more lithe, more in keeping with the two-masted (in some countries three-masted) ships that float on the misfortune of making a living. She herself floats on the scales of a cylinder-bearing dove of immense weight. Epochs change and the woman of our epoch resembles the gap in a filament.

Translated by: Karen van Dyck

Φως επί Φάλαινας (1932)

Η αρχική μορφή της γυναίκας ήτο το πλέξιμο των λαιμών δυο δεινόσαυρων. Έκτοτε άλλαξαν οι καιροί και άλλαξε σχήμα η γυναίκα. Έγινε πιο μικρή πιο ρευστή πιο εναρμονισμένη με τα δικάταρτα (σε μερικές χώρες τρικάταρτα) καράβια που πλέουν επάνω από τη συμφορά της βιοπάλης Η ίδια πλέει επάνω στα λέπια ενός κυλινδροφόρου περιστεριού μακράς ολκής Οι εποχές αλλάζουν και η γυναίκα της εποχής μας μοιάζει με χάσμα θρυαλλίδος.

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Evangelou Anestis (1937 - 1994)



Evangelou Anestis was born on 1937 in Thessaloniki and died there on 1994. There he completed his early education, including the American high school Anatolia. For a year he studied law at the University of Thessaloniki. In 1982 he attended the Poetry Festival in Strouga, Yugoslavia. The author of three books of prose sketches and essays, he has written seven books of poetry, and has been translated into English, Italian, Polish and Rumanian.

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Ο Ανέστης Ευαγγέλου γεννήθηκε το 1937 στη Θεσσαλονίκη. Τελείωσε το σχολείο στην Θεσσαλονίκη ενώ σπούδασε και έναν χρόνο στην Νομική του Πανεπιστημίου της πόλης. Το 1982 συμμετείχε στο Φεστιβάλ Ποίησης στη Στρούγγα της Γιουγκοσλαβίας. Έχει γράψει τρία βιβλία για θεατρικά σκετς και δοκίμια καθώς και επτά βιβλία ποίησης. Έργα του έχουν μεταφραστεί στα αγγλικά, Ιταλικά, Πολωνικά και Ρουμανικά.

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The First steps

My friend, to get in here you've got to be distinguished to have great imagination, to be an artist. It's a delicate, scientific and difficult job, take it from me with my whitened hair. In the beginning, of course, it's a bit hard: screams pierce the eardrums and blood, warm and red, hurts your eyes. Well then: this is the crucial, the important moment: most people give up then and leave. Few stay. You yourself look good to me, you'll go places —your eyes are gleaming. When, with the passing of time, you mature and become an expert in devices, when you refine your art and cleanse it of the stain of your latest hesitation and art remains for art's sake— remember me: it hides great delights. And now, come for me to show you one by one the tools of our trade and their uses. This pair of pincers is meant for fingernails. You see, quite blunt at its jaws so it won't clip them; made to order. You get hold of the fingernail, you press it hard and pull it. Wonderful tool, most handy.

Translated by: M. Byron Raizis

Τα πρώτα βήματα

Φίλε μου, εδώ για να 'μπεις πρέπει να 'σαι εκλεκτός, να 'χεις μεγάλη φαντασία, να 'σαι καλλιτέχνης. Είναι λεπτή, επιστημονική και δύσκολη δουλειά, στο λέω εγώ που άσπρισαν τα μαλλιά μου. Στην αρχή, βέβαια, είναι λιγάκι δύσκολο: τρυπούν τα τύμπανα οι κραυγές και το αίμα, ζεστό και κόκκινο, τα μάτια σου πληγώνει. Λοιπόν, εδώ είν' ή κρίσιμη στιγμή, ή μεγάλη: οι πιο πολλοί τα παρατούν και φεύγουν. Μένουνε λίγοι. Ελόγου σου μου φαίνεσαι καλός, θα προοδέψεις —λάμπουν τα μάτια σου. Όταν, με του καιρού το πέρασμα, ωριμάσεις και γίνεις άσος στις επινοήσεις, όταν την τέχνη σου εκλεπτύνεις και την καθαρίσεις απ' τη βρωμιά του τελευταίου σου δισταγμού και μένει ή τέχνη για την τέχνη— θυμήσου με: κρύβει μεγάλες ηδονές. Και τώρα, έλα να σου δείξω ένα ένα τα εργαλεία της δουλειάς μας και τη χρήση τους. Αυτή ή τανάλια είναι για τα νύχια. Βλέπεις, διόλου κοφτερή στις άκρες ώστε να μην τα κόβει· ειδική παραγγελία. Πιάνεις γερά το νύχι, το σφίγγεις δυνατά και το τραβάς. Θαυμάσιο εργαλείο, πρακτικό.

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Thasites Panos (1923)



Panos Thasites was born in Molyvos of Mitilini island, Greece on 1923. He studied and practiced law in Thessaloniki. His first appearance as a poet had been the poem “Without Ark” in 1952 with very promising lyrics. With his collections “Pragmata” (Things) and “Pragmata II” he describes clearly the social adventure as seen by the poet himself. In 1971 the poem "Ekatonisos" erotic memories engage with a traumatic today, whereas in the second part of the collection, “Eleinon Theatron...” (“Miserable Theater...”), the reader encounters a bitter, sarcastic and many times self-sarcastic poetry.

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Ο Πάνος Θασίτης γεννήθηκε στο Μόλυβο της Μυτιλήνης το 1923, σπούδασε Νομικά στο Πανεπιστήμιο Θεσσαλονίκης και άσκησε δικηγορία στη Θεσσαλονίκη. Εμφανίστηκε ποιητικά με τη συλλογή "Δίχως Κιβωτό" και στίχους που δίνουν μόνον υποσχέσεις. Μόνον με τα "Πράγματα" και κυρίως με τα "Πράγματα 2 - Αριθμοί" θα μιλήσει πιο ξεκάθαρα για την κοινωνική μας περιπέτεια, όπως βιώθηκε στον ποιητή. Το 1971 στην "Εκατόνησο" ερωτικές μνήμες συμπλέκονται με ένα τραυματικό παρόν, ενώ στο δεύτερο μέρος της συλλογής, (το "Ελεεινόν θέατρον...") έχουμε πια πικρή, σαρκαστική ποίηση που πολλές φορές φτάνει στον αυτοσαρκασμό.

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They should've given in a little

They Should've Given In A Little What do these people want
now, and get us angry? What's this nonsense they mouth
again about, supposedly, hazy deals And unlawful gains?

They are rude and envious, third-generation paupers,
Starving and rightly so, considering who they are They don't even
know what life means -They take it easy, begging for a living
-And now they pretend to be righteous, They act like a bunch
of Robespierres! After all, they too should've been
enterprising, Should've given in a little, should've been flexible
a bit, Should've seized opportunities, should've pushed and
stepped
on others when needed After all, nobody has ever forbidden
these things. All of us manage to live with them and make
do.

Are they posing to us as wise guys, now?

Translated by: M. Byron Raizis

Ας υποχωρούσαν λίγο

Τι θέλουν τώρα αυτοί και μας θυμώνουν;
Τι κουταμάρες λένε πάλι για δήθεν υπόπτους
συνδυασμούς γι ' ανόμως κερδισμένα; Είναι
ζηλιάρηδες, ανάγωγοι, ξυπόλητοι πάππου προς
πάππον, πεινασμένοι και δικαίως τέτοιοι πού ' ναι δεν ξέρουν
τι θα πει ζωή την πήρανε στα εύκολα ψωμοζητώντας και
τώρα κάνουν τους ενάρετους,
παίζουν τους Ροβεσπιέρους! Στο κάτω - κάτω, αν ήταν
ικανοί κι αυτοί, ας υποχωρούσαν λίγο, ας ελίσσονταν
λιγάκι, ας άρπαζαν τις ευκαιρίες, ας σπρώχναν κι ας
πατούσαν στην ανάγκη αφού κανείς δεν τ ' απαγόρευε
αυτά όλοι με κάτι τέτοια ζούμε και περνούμε
Τους έξυπνους μας κάνουν τώρα;

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Themelis Yioryos (1900 - 1976)



Themelis Yioryos was born on 1900 on the island of Samos and died on 1976 in Thessaloniki. He received his degree, in literature from the University of Tessaaloniki in 1925 and began teaching Greek language and literature in various high schools. In addition to his poetry he has translated ancient Greek plays. Themelis's early poetry revealed a complexity of metaphysical thought and had for themes loneliness, the search for self-knowledge and integrity, the invocation of a lost innocence and paradise, a lost "face," and an inquiry into the meaning of death. What is impressive about this mature poetry is the distillation of his thought in statements of simplicity with few of the decorative aids of metaphor or trope, relying for poetic worth solely on the strength and clarity of his perceptions.

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Ο Γιώργος Θέμελης γεννήθηκε το 1900 στη Σάμο. Πήρε πτυχίο Λογοτεχνίας από το Πανεπιστήμιο Θεσσαλονίκης το 1925 και δίδαξε ελληνική Φιλολογία και Λογοτεχνία σε διάφορα σχολεία. Πέρα από την ποίηση έκανε μεταφράσεις σε πολλά αρχαία έργα. Τα πρώτα δείγματα της ποίησης του αποκαλύπτουν ένα συνοθύλλευμα μεταφυσικών σκέψεων και θεματολογία τη μοναξιά, την αναζήτηση της αυτογνωσίας και της ακεραιότητας, την επίκληση μιας χαμένης αθωότητας και ενός χαμένου παραδείσου και μια αναζήτηση για το νόημα του θανάτου. Το εντυπωσιακό στην πιο ώριμη φάση της ποίησής του, είναι η απόσταξη της σκέψης του σε απλές προτάσεις με ορισμένα διακοσμητικά στοιχεία μεταφοράς, βασίζοντας την αξία της ποίησής του μόνο στη δύναμη και τη διαύγεια των αντιλήψεων του.

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Desolation (1953)

Outside of us things die. No matter where you walk at night
you hear Something like a whisper coming out
Of streets you have never walked on Of houses you have
never visited Of windows you have never opened
Of rivers over which you have never stooped to drink
Of ships on which you have never sailed. Outside of us die
trees we have never known. The wind passes through
vanished forests, Animals die from anonymity and birds
from silence. Bodies die slowly, slowly, by being
abandoned, Together with our old clothes laid away in
coffers. Hands we have never touched die out of loneliness.
Dreams we have never seen, from lack of light.
Outside of us begins death's desolation.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Ερημιά (1953)

Έξω από μας πεθαίνουν τα πράγματα Απ' όπου
περάσεις νύχτα, ακούς σαν ένα ψίθυρο Να βγαίνει από
τους δρόμους πού δεν πάτησες, Από τα σπίτια πού
δεν επισκέφθηκες, Απ' τα παράθυρα πού δεν άνοιξες,
Απ' τα ποτάμια πού δεν έσκυψες να πιεις νερό, Από
τα πλοία πού δεν ταξίδεψες.
Έξω από μας πεθαίνουν τα δέντρα πού δε γνωρίσαμε.
Ο άνεμος περνά από δάση αφανισμένα. Πεθαίνουν
τα ζώα από ανωνυμία και τα πουλιά από σιωπή. Τα
σώματα πεθαίνουν σιγά-σιγά από εγκατάλειψη Μαζί
με τα παλιά μας φορέματα μες στα σεντούκια.
Πεθαίνουν τα χέρια, πού δεν αγγίσαμε, από μοναξιά.
Τα όνειρα, πού δεν είδαμε, από στέρηση φωτός. Έξω
από μας αρχίζει ή ερημία του θανάτου. Το μίσος
όμως έβγαλε και κείνο τη φωνή του;
«Ψαρού, τ' αγκίστρι, π' αφίσες, άλλου να ρίξης άμε».

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Kavadhias Nikos (1910 - 1975)



Nikos Kavvadias was born in 1910 in a small town in Manchuria near Harbin, by Greek parents from Cefallonia. When he was very young, his family returned to Greece. He wrote his first poems as a pupil at the elementary school. In 1929, he started working as a clerk in a shipping office and a few months later he went on board a freighter as a sailor. Over the next few years he continued to travel on the freighters, returning home wretched and penniless, only to take off again shortly after. At World War II started, he became a soldier and fought in Albania, and, throughout the German Occupation he lived in Athens, landed. He embarked again in 1944 and travelled continuously, as a wireless operator, all over the world, until November 1974 -- three months before the fatal stroke he suffered on February 10, 1975.

"Vardia", his only novel, was published for the first time in 1954. His collection of poems "Marabou" was published in 1933, "Pousi" in 1947, and "Traverso" in 1975. His short stories "Li" and "Of the War/On my Horse" were published in 1987. "Li" was produced as a film in 1995 with the title "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea".

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Ο Νίκος Καββαδίας γεννήθηκε το 1910 σε μιά μικρή πόλη της Μαντζουρίας κοντά στο Χαρμπίν, από γονείς Έλληνες (Κεφαλλονίτες). Όταν ήταν πολύ μικρός, η οικογένεια γύρισε στην Ελλάδα. Μαθητής του Δημοτικού, έγραψε τα πρώτα του ποιήματα. Το 1929, πήγε υπάλληλος σε ναυτικό γραφείο και λίγους μήνες αργότερα μπαρκάρησε ναύτης σε φορτηγό. Για μερικά χρόνια, συνέχισε να φεύγει με τα φορτηγά, να γυρίζει πίσω ταλαιπωρημένος και αδέκαρος, για να ξαναφύγει σε λίγο. Στον Β' Παγκόσμιο Πόλεμο, πήγε στρατιώτης στην Αλβανία κι έμεινε ξέμπαρκος στην Αθήνα, τα χρόνια της Γερμανικής Κατοχής. Ξαναμπαρκάρησε το 1944 και ταξίδεψε αδιάκοπα, ως ασυρματιστής, σε όλο τον κόσμο, ως τον Νοέμβρη του 1974 -- τρείς μήνες πριν απ' το εγκεφαλικό επεισόδιο, στις 10 του Φλεβάρη, 1975.

Η "Βάρδια", το μοναδικό του μυθιστόρημα, κυκλοφόρησε για πρώτη φορά το 1954. Η ποιητική συλλογή "Μαραμπού" κυκλοφόρησε το 1933, το "Πούσι" το 1947, και το "Τραβέρσο" το 1975. Τα μικρά πεζά "Λι", και "Του πολέμου/Στο άλογό μου" κυκλοφόρησαν το 1987. Το "Λι" γυρίστηκε σε κινηματογραφική ταινία το 1995 με τίτλο "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea".

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Marabou (1933)

Sailors I have bunked with say of me
that I'm a thick-skinned roughneck, and depraved.
that I despise all women treacherously,
that never once have I shacked up with them.
They even say I take hashish, cocaine.
that some vile, loathsome passion grips my soul,
that my whole body is deeply stigmatized
with lewd tattoos, disgusting and perverse,
They also speak of still more dreadful crimes
that are crude myths and fabricated lies;
but that which cost me my deepest lethal wound
not one man knows: I've told no living soul!
For when at twilight tropic nights have fallen
and flocks of marabou fly toward the West,
something persistent goads me to write down
what has become my endless, secret wound.
I was midshipman once on postal ships
that sailed the Egyptian line to southern France,
and knew her then a pure white Alpine flower
until close filial ties bound us together.
The aristocratic, frail and melancholy
child of a rich Egyptian who had killed
himself, she sailed her sorrow to far lands,
hoping to drown her deep grief somewhere there. She
almost always read Bashkirtsev's *Journal*
and madly adored the Saint of Avila.
she'd often read to me French mournful verses
and gaze for hours on the sea's expanse.
And I, who'd only known the flesh of whores
and had a spineless and sea-battered soul,
found by her side my long-lost childhood joys
and listened as to a sibyl, ecstatically.

Μαραμπού (1933)

Λένε για μένα οι ναυτικοί πού έζησαμε μαζί
πώς είμαι κακοτράχαλο τομάρι διεστραμμένο,
πώς τις γυναίκες μ' ένα τρόπον ύπουλο μισώ
κι ότι μ' αυτές να κοιμηθώ ποτέ μου δεν πηγαίνω.
Ακόμα, λένε πώς τραβώ χασίσι και κοκό,
πώς κάποιο πάθος με κρατεί φριχτό και σιχαμένο,
κι ολόκληρο έχω το κορμί με ζωγραφιές αισχρές,
σιχαμερά παράξενες, βαθιά στιγματισμένο.
Ακόμα, λένε πράματα φριχτά πάρα πολύ,
πού είν' όμως ψέματα χοντρά και κατασκευασμένα,
κι αυτό πού έστοίχισε σε με πληγές θανατερές
κανείς δεν το 'μαθέ, γιατί δεν το 'πα σε κανένα.
Μ' απόψε, τώρα πού έπεσεν ή τροπική βραδιά,
και φεύγουν προς τα δυτικά των Μαραμπού τα σμήνη
κάτι με σπρώχνει επίμονα, να γράψω στο χαρτί, εκείνο,
πού παντοτινή κρυφή πληγή μου εγίνη. Ήμουνα τότε
δόκιμος σ' ένα λαμπρό ποστάλ
και ταξιδεύαμε Αίγυπτο γραμμή Νότιο Γαλλία.
Τότε τη γνώρισα —σαν άνθος έμοιαζε αλπικό—
και μια στενή μας έδεσεν αδελφική φιλία.
Αριστοκρατική, λεπτή και μελαγχολική,
κόρη ενός πλούσιου Αιγύπτιου οπού 'χε αυτοκτονήσει,
ταξίδευε τη λύπη της σε χώρες μακρινές, μήπως εκεί
γινότανε να τηνε λησμονήσει. Πάντα σχεδόν της
Μπασκιρτσέφ κρατούσε το Ζουρνάλ, και την Αγία της
Άβιλας παράφορα αγαπούσε, συχνά στίχους απάγγελλε
θλιμμένους γαλλικούς, κι ώρες πολλές προς τη γαλάζιαν
έκταση εκοιτούσε. Κι εγώ, πού μόνον εταίρων εγνώριζα
κορμιά, κι είχα μιάν άβουλη ψυχή δαρμένη άπ' τα
πελάη, μπροστά της εξανάβρισκα την παιδική χαρά
και, σαν προφήτη, εκστατικός την άκουα να μιλάει. Ένα
μικρό της πέρασα σταυρόν άπ' το λαιμό κι εκείνη ένα



Around her throat I hung a small gold cross
and she in turn gave me a handsome wallet;
on earth there was no sadder man than I
that day we reached her port of debarkation.

Sailing the freighters, I called constantly
to mind my patroness, my guardian angel,
until her photograph by the prow became
a green oasis in the desert's heart.

I think that I should stop my story here,
for my hand trembles, the torrid wind inflames me.

Here gorgeous riverine tropic flowers stink,
a stupid marabou shrills in the distance.

But I'll write on, . . . One night in a strange port

I soon got drunk on whiskey, gin, and beer,
until toward midnight, staggering heavily,

I took the road toward houses lewd and lost.

There where coarse women lure their sailor friends,
some whore in laughter suddenly snatched my hat

(an old French habit of street prostitutes)

and I tagged after, almost against my will.

Her room was small and filthy, like all the rest,

plaster hung down in shreds along the walls,

and she but human rags with a hoarse voice,

yet with strange, brooding, demon-driven eyes. She dowsed

the lights, and we flopped down together,

My fingers could quite clearly count her bones.

She stank of absinthe. I woke, as the poets say,

"as soon as dawn had strewn her rose-red petals."

When in the pallid morning light I saw

her plain, she seemed so sad and cursed a creature

that with an awe most odd, as though with fear,

I hurriedly took my wallet out to pay her.

Twelve sad French francs... But she screamed frantically
and stared with frightened eyes once on my purse, once on
my face, with horror. Then I, too, froze, for round her

throat I saw a small gold cross.

I rushed out like a madman, without my hat,

like one insane who lolls and staggers on,

μου χάρισε μεγάλο πορτοφόλι

κι ήμουν ο πιο δυστυχισμένος άνθρωπος της γης,
όταν έφθάσαμε σ' αυτήν πού θα 'φεύγε, την πόλη.

Την έσκεφτόμουν πολλές φορές στα φορτηγά,
ως ένα παραστάτη μου κι άγγελο φύλακα μου,

και μια φωτογραφία της στην πλώρη ήταν για με
όαση, πού ένας συναντά μες στην καρδιά της

Νομίζω πώς θέ να 'πρεπε να σταματήσω εδώ
Τρέμει το χέρι μου, ό θερμός αγέρας με φλογίζει.

Κάτι άνθη εξαίσια τροπικά του πόταμου βρωμούν,
κι ένα βλακώδες Μαραμπού παράμερα γρυλίζει.

Θα προχωρήσω!.. Μια βραδιά σε πόρτο ξενικό
είχα μεθύσει τρομερά με ουίσκυ, τζιν και μπύρα,

και κατά τα μεσάνυχτα, τρικλίζοντας βαριά,

το δρόμο προς τα βρωμερά, χαμένα σπίτια επήρα.

Αισχρές γυναίκες τράβαγαν εκεί τους ναυτικούς,

κάποια μ' άρπαξ' απότομα, γελώντας, το καπέλο
(παλιά συνήθεια γαλλική του δρόμου των πόρνων)

κι εγώ την ακολούθησα σχεδόν χωρίς να θέλω.

Μια κάμαρα στενή, μικρή, σαν όλες βρωμερή,
οι ασβέστες απ' τους τοίχους της επέφτανε κομμάτια, πι

αύτη ράκος ανθρώπινο πού εμίλαγε βραχνά, με
σκοτεινά, παράξενα, δαιμονισμένα μάτια. Της είπα κι

έσβησε το φως.. Επέσαμε μαζί.

Τα δάχτυλα μου καθαρά μέτρααν τα κόκαλα της.

Βρωμούσε απέντι. Εξύπνησα, ως λένε οι ποιητές,

« μόλις εσκόρπιζεν ή αυγή τα ροδοπέταλά της ».

Όταν την είδα και στο φως τ' αχνό το πρωινό,

μου φάνηκε λυπητερή, μα κολασμένη τόσο,

πού μ' ένα δέος αλλόκοτο, σα να 'χα φοβηθεί,

το πορτοφόλι μου έβγαλα γοργά να την πληρώσω.

Δώδεκα φράγκα γαλλικά . . . Μα έβγαλε μια φωνή,

κι είδα μια έμενα να κοιτά με μάτι αγριεμένο,

και μια το πορτοφόλι μου . . . Μ' απόμεινε κι εγώ

ένα σταυρόν απάνω της σαν είδα κρεμασμένο.

Ξεχνώντας το καπέλο μου βγήκα σαν τον τρελό,

σαν τον τρελό πού αδιάκοπα τρικλίζει και χαζεύει,

φέρνοντας μέσα στο αίμα μου μια αρρώστια τρομερή,



but bearing in my blood a dread disease
that in great torment racks my body still.
All sailors I have bunked with say of me
that it's been years since I've shackled up with girls,
that I'm a roughneck, that I take cocaine.
If the poor wretches only knew, they'd all forgive me . . .
My hand shakes... fever... I've lost count and stare
at a still marabou by the riverbank
that stubbornly stares at me. We're both alike,
I think, in loneliness and stupidity.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

πού ακόμα βασανιστικά το σώμα μου παιδεύει. Λένε
για μένα οι ναυτικοί πού εκάμαμε μαζί πώς χρόνια τώρα
με γυναίκα εγώ δεν έχω πέσει, πώς είμαι παλιοτόμαρο
καί πώς τραβάω κοκό. Μ' αν ήξεραν οι δύστυχοι, θα μ'
είχαν συχωρέσει...

Το χέρι τρέμει . . . Ο πυρετός . . . Ξεχάστηκα πολύ,
ασάλευτο ένα Μαραμπού στην όχθη να κοιτάζω, Κι έτσι
καθώς επίμονα κι εκείνο με κοιτά,
νομίζω πώς στή μοναξιά και στη βλακεία του μοιάζω.

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Kavafis Konstandinos (1863 - 1933)



Kavafis Konstandinos was born on 1863 in Alexandria, Egypt, and died in Athens on 1933. On his father's death the family emigrated to Liverpool and London but returned to Alexandria where he remained for the rest of his life working in the Department of Irrigation of the ministry of Public Works, reaching the rank of assistant to the Bureau Chief. His poems, written on a demotic base, but with a mixture strangely his own from Ancient Byzantine, and Medieval Greek are brief, neither motional nor lyrical, but dramatic, narrative, objective, realistic, a recounting of facts and episodes in a tone of voice which is dry, precise deliberately prosaic and, above all, ironic. His is the undisputed founder of modern Greek poetry.

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Ο Κωνσταντίνος Καβάφης γεννήθηκε το 1863 στην Αλεξάνδρεια της Αιγύπτου και πέθανε στην Αθήνα το 1933. Μετά το θάνατο του πατέρα του η οικογένεια μετανάστευσε στο Λίβερπουλ και στο Λονδίνο αλλά επέστρεψε στην Αλεξάνδρεια όπου παρέμειναν για το υπόλοιπο της ζωής τους. Εργάστηκε στο τμήμα άρδευσης του Υπουργείου Δημόσιων Έργων, κατακτώντας το βαθμό του βοηθού Διευθυντή. Τα ποιήματά του γράφτηκαν με βάση τη δημοτική αλλά με ένα προσωπικό μίγμα από αρχαίο-Βυζαντινά και μεσαιωνικά ελληνικά χωρίς να είναι λυρικός αλλά δραματικός, αφηγηματικός, αντικειμενικός, ρεαλιστικός, μια εξιστόρηση των γεγονότων και των επεισοδίων με έναν ξερό τόνο φωνής, πεζογραφικό και, προ πάντων ειρωνικό. Είναι αδιαφιλονίκητα ο ιδρυτής της ελληνικής μοντέρνας ποίησης.

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The city (1894)

You said, "I will go to another land. I will go to another sea. Another city shall be found better than this. Each one of my endeavors is condemned by fate: my heart lies buried like a corpse. How long in this disintegration can the mind remain. Wherever I turn my eyes, wherever I gaze, see here only the black ruins of my life where I have spent so many years, and ruined and wrecked myself." New places you shall never find, you'll not find other seas. The city still shall follow you. You'll wander still in the same streets, you'll roam in the same neighborhoods, in these same houses you'll turn gray. You'll always arrive at this same city. Don't hope for somewhere else; no ship for you exists, no road exists. Just as you've ruined your life here, in this small corner of earth, you've wrecked it now the whole world through.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Η πόλις (1894)

Είπες: «Θα πάγω σ' άλλη γη, θα πάγω σ' άλλη θάλασσα. Μια πόλις άλλη θα βρεθεί καλύτερη από αυτή. Κάθε προσπάθεια μου μια καταδίκη είναι γραφή κι είν' ή καρδιά μου - σαν νεκρός - θαμμένη. Ό νους μου ως πότε μες στον μαρασμόν αυτόν θα μένει; Όπου το μάτι μου γυρίσω, όπου κι αν δω ερείπια μαύρα της ζωής μου βλέπω) εδώ, πού τόσα χρόνια πέρασα καί ρήμαξα και χάλασα.» Καινούργιους τόπους δεν θα βρεις, δεν θα 'βρεις άλλες θάλασσες. Η πόλις θα σε ακολουθεί. Στούς δρόμους θα γυρνάς τους ίδιους. Και στές γειτονιές τέσ ίδιες θα γερνάς και μες στα ίδια σπίτια αυτά θ' ασπρίζεις. Πάντα στην πόλη αυτή θα φθάνεις. Για τα αλλού - μη ελπίζεις δεν έχει πλοίο για σε, δεν έχει οδό. Έτσι πού τη ζωή σου ρήμαξες εδώ στην κόχη τούτη την μικρή, σ' όλην την γη την χάλασες.

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Thermopylae (1901)

All honor to those who in their lives
have set themselves to guard Thermopylae.

Not swerving from their line of duty,
upright and just in all their actions,
yet filled with pity and compassion;
generous when they're rich, and when
they're poor, generous in little things;
still helping others all they can;
telling the truth always, and yet
holding no hatred against liars.

And greater honor still is due them
when they foresee (and many do foresee)
that Ephialtes finally will appear,
and that the Medes, at last, will get through.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Θερμοπύλες (1901)

Τιμή σ' εκείνους όπου στην ζωή των
όρισαν και φυλάγουν Θερμοπύλες.

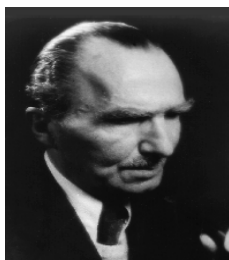
Ποτέ από το χρέος μη κινούντες
δίκαιοι κι ίσιοι σ' όλες των τέσ πράξεις,
αλλά με λύπη κιόλας κι ευσπλαχνία ·
γενναίοι οσάκις είναι πλούσιοι, κι όταν
είναι πτωχοί, πάλ' εις μικρόν γενναίοι,
πάλι συντρέχοντες όσο μπορούνε ·
πάντοτε την αλήθεια ομιλούντες,
πλην χωρίς μίσος για τους ψευδόμενους.

Καί περισσότερη τιμή τους πρέπει
όταν προβλέπουν (και πολλοί προβλέπουν)
πώς ο Εφιάλτης θα φανεί στο τέλος,
κι οι Μήδοι επιτέλους θα διαβούνε.

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Kazantzakis Nikos (1883 - 1957)



Kazantzakis Nikos was born on 1883 in Iraklion, Crete, and died on 1957 in a hospital clinic in Freiburg, Germany. He took his degree in law at the University of Athens in 1906, continued his studies at the Sorbonne where he also attended lectures by Henri Bergson, and began his many peregrinations writing travel books on England, Spain, Japan. He translated into modern Greek about fifty books. Wrote his own epic poem, *The Odyssey*; a book of poems about the men and women who influenced him most in life, about 12 novels, 22 plays, 9 films scenarios, an autobiography, a history of Russian literature, many books for grade school use, three philosophical studies, and hundreds of articles for newspapers, periodicals, and encyclopedias. For brief periods he served as General Director of the Ministry of Public Welfare, 1919; as minister without portfolio, 1945; and as Advisor for Literature for UNESCO, 1947. For 1956 he was given the State Prize for Drama, in 1957 the International Peace Prize, and was several times nominated for the Nobel Prize. His novel *Zorba the Greek* was made into an American film and Broadway musical; his novel *The Greek Passion* into a French Film and into an opera by the Czech composer Ohyslav Martinu; and his play *The Master Craftsman* into a Greek opera by Manolis Kalomiris.

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Ο Νίκος Καζαντακης γεννήθηκε το 1883 στο Ηράκλειο της Κρήτης και πέθανε το 1957 σε μια νοσοκομειακή κλινική στο Freiburg της Γερμανίας. Αποφοίτησε από τη νομική του Πανεπιστημίου Αθηνών το 1906 και συνέχισε τις σπουδές του στη Sorbonne όπου παρακολούθησε τις διαλέξεις του Henri Bergson και άρχισε τις περιπλανήσεις του γράφοντας τα ταξιδιωτικά βιβλία για την Αγγλία, Ισπανία και Ιαπωνία. Μετέφρασε στα νέα ελληνικά περίπου πενήντα βιβλία. Έγραψε το επικό ποίημά του, την Οδύσσεια, ένα βιβλίο ποιημάτων για τους άνδρες και τις γυναίκες που τον επηρέασαν πίο πολύ στη ζωή του, περίπου 12 μυθιστορήματα, 22 θεατρικά έργα, 9 σενάρια ταινιών, την αθτοβιογραφία του, την ιστορία της ρωσικής λογοτεχνίας, πολλά σχολικά βιβλία, τρεις φιλοσοφικές μελέτες, και εκατοντάδες άρθρα για εφημερίδες, περιοδικά και εγκυκλοπαίδειες. Υπηρέτησε το 1919 ως γενικός γραμματέας του Υπουργείου Δημόσιας Ευημερίας, ως Υπουργός ανευ χαρτοφυλακίου το



1945 και ως σύμβουλος λογοτεχνίας για την ΟΥΝΕΣΚΟ το 1947. Το 1956 του απονεμήθηκε το κρατικό βραβείο θεάτρου, το 1957 το διεθνές βραβείο ειρήνης, και αρκετές φορές προτάθηκε για το βραβείο Νόμπελ. Το έργο του Ζορμπάς έγινε αμερικάνικη ταινία και μιουσικαλ στο Broadway, το μυθιστόρημά του Το Ελληνικό Πάθος γυρίστηκε γαλλική ταινία και όπερα από τον τσέχο συνθέτη Ohyslav Martinu και το θεατρικό του έργο Ο Πρωτομάστορας σε ελληνική όπερα από τον Μανώλη καλομοίρη.

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Hymn from verse drama Christ (1928)

Virgin Mother, on whose untouched body the seed has
fallen
like spirit and the Logos has become flesh feeding
on your ever virginal womb, like an infant!
My Lady Submission, you too accept the pain,
like the Cross, and bow your head
with patience, toward the earth, smiling,
my Lady, so that the world won't drown in your tears!
You are the Ark that shines on the abyss
like an egg and sails on God's dark seas,
guarding inside you the seeds of all!
You tread on the green crescent and,
holding all our hopes in your hands,
ascend to the untamed sky loaded and
faintly smiling, stand by your son.
You are the blooming branch on the abyss
of its strength; you are the meek thought
in the flaming furnace of its wrath.
You have planted the soft, tender tree of Goodness
in between the tree of Life and that of Knowledge
in God's garden. And it grows tall, watered by your tears,
sprouts branches, surpasses the other trees, blooms, bears
fruit like the good olive tree and shines.
And the Omnipotent rests in its shade.
And when the Second, the horrible, Coming arrives,
and the Archangels will ruthlessly separate
the goats from the sheep, you will stoop
to your son imploringly to intercede, Merciful Lady!
And at once his untamed mind will soften
and the columns will disperse, and the righteous
will embrace the sinners and be embraced, and pure virgins
will do so with women who had loved much on earth.

Από το δράμα Χριστός (1928)

Παρθένα Μάνα, , που σαν πνέμα επιάστη ο σπόρος
στο αφίλητο κορμί, κι ο Λόγος εσαρκώθη
το αμόλευτο τρυγώντας σπλάχνο σου σα βρέφος!
"Ω Δέσποινα μου Υποταγή, τον πόνο δέξου τον
και συ, σαν το σταυρό, και γείρε το κεφάλι
με υπομονή, κατά τη γης χαμογελώντας—
να μην πνίγει, Κυρά, στα κλάματα σου ο κόσμος!
Εσύ 'σαι ή κιβωτός, πού σαν αυγό στην άβυσσο
λάμπεις και στου Θεού τη σκοτεινιά αρμενίζεις,
βαθιά τα σπέρματα όλα μέσα σου φρουρώντας.
Το πράσινο δρεπανωτό πατάς φεγγάρι,
κι όλες στα χέρια σου κρατώντας τις ελπίδες μας
στον άγιον ουρανό κατάφορτη ανεβαίνεις*
κι αχνογελώντας στέκεσαι δεξιά στο γιο σου.
Εσύ 'σαι το ανθισμένο το κλαρί στην άβυσσο
της δύναμης του εσύ 'σαι ο στοχασμός ο πράος
μες στο φλεγόμενο καμίνι της οργής του.
Αναμεσός της Ζωής το δένδρο και της Γνώσης,
στον κήπο του Θεού συ φύτεψες, Κυρά μου,
το αφράτο, τρυφερό της Καλοσύνης δένδρο·
κι ως πότιζες το με το κλάμα, επήρε μπόι,
πετάει κλαριά, σκεπάζει τ' άλλα δέντρα, ανθίζει,
ρίχνει καρπό, σαν την καλήν ελιά, καί φέγγει
κι ο Παντοδύναμος στον ίσκιο του αναπαύεται.
Κι ή Δεύτερη φριχτή σαν έρθει Παρουσία
κι οι αρχάγγελοι άσπλαχνα τα ρίφια θα χωρίζουν
από τ' αρνιά, θα σκύψεις τότε εσύ στο γιο σου,
παρακλητά, να μεσιτέψεις, Ελεούσα!
Τ' αδάμαστα μεμιάς θα του μερώσουν φρένα
κι οι τάξεις θα χαλάσουν οι διπλές, καί δίκαιοι
θ' αγκαλιαστούν με αμαρτωλούς, κι αγνές παρθένες με
τις γυναίκες πού πολύ στη γης αγάπησαν. Νικάς τη



You defeat justice, You, with love!
And all of us together will start to dance, and you Lady will
stand at the end of the line dancing in the unsetting sun of
God joyful and very humble, like the heart of man.

Translated by: M. Bayron Raizis

Δικαιοσύνη Εσύ με την αγάπη
κι όλοι μαζί θα σύρουμε χορό, και θα 'σαι στον κάβο
του χορού, Κυρά και θα χορεύεις
στον αβασίλευτο ήλιο του Θεού χαρούμενη
και ταπεινή πολύ, σαν την καρδιά του ανθρώπου!

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Karelli Zoe (1901 - 1998)



Karelli Zoe was Born on 1901 in Thessaloniki and died there on 1998. She received the education of a girl of good family according to her class and period by being tutored in English, German, French and Italian. She shared the Second State Prize in Poetry in 1955, was awarded the Palmes Academique by France's Ministry of Education in 1959, won the First State Prize in Poetry in 1974 and the Ouranis Award by the Athens Academy in 1978. Karelli has been remarkably consistent in her existentialist attitude. Whatever, she has written has been a quest for a way out of man's modern impasse, for redemption from the feeling that the soul has been ravaged and devastated, that a promise for justice has been broken.

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Η Ζωή Καρέλλη γεννήθηκε το 1901 στη Θεσσαλονίκη και πέθανε το 1998. Έλαβε την εκπαίδευση ενός κοριτσιού καλής οικογένειας σύμφωνα με την καταγωγή της και διδάχτηκε στα αγγλικά, γερμανικά, γαλλικά και ιταλικά. Μοιράστηκε το δεύτερο κρατικό βραβείο ποίησης το 1955, και της απονεμήθηκε το Palmes Academique από το Γαλλικό Υπουργείο Παιδείας το 1959, έλαβε επίσης το πρώτο κρατικό βραβείο ποίησης το 1974 και το βραβείο Ουράνη από την Ακαδημία Αθηνών το 1978. Η Καρέλλη ήταν συνεπής στην υπαρξιακή της συμπεριφορά. Οτιδήποτε έχει γράψει περιέχει την αναζήτηση διεξόδου από το αδιέξοδο του σύγχρονου ανθρώπου, την εξαγορά από το συναίσθημα ότι η ψυχή έχει ερημωθεί και έχει καταστραφεί και ότι η υπόσχεση για δικαιοσύνη έχει αθετηθεί.

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Worker in the workshops of time (1948)

As he wrought the shape, a worker, a blower of glass,
felt his love profoundly for the material
into which he blew his breath. At times crystal or like pearl,
mother-of-pearl, precious ivory or opal with misty colors
drifting toward azure. All these were materials that become
shapes, erotic shapes for whatever exists within time. The
shape, receptacle of time, enclosed it erotically, an offering
to time,
expectation and acceptance both, that form which is an
embrace of time, the singular shape he wrought
out of his own essence, his own imagination.
But as his material hand caressed the final shape afterward,
he understood the materiality of time as his own hand
together with the shape and the precious, erotic material
were transformed into the diaphanous meaning of time. All
together, but particularly he.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Εργάτης στα εργαστήρια του χρόνου (1948)

Καθώς εργαζόταν το σχήμα εργάτης σε υαλουργείο
κατάλαβε πολύ καλά τον έρωτα για την ύλη,
αφού φυσούσε την πνοή του. Κάποτε κρύσταλλο,
κάποιο μαργαριτάρι, φίλντισι, πολύτιμο
ελαφαντοκόκκαλο ή οπάλι με χρώματα ομίχλης προς το
κυανό. Όλ' αυτά ύλη, που γινόταν σχήμα, σχήμα
ερωτικό, για ό,τι υπάρχει μεσ' στο χρόνο. Το σχήμα,
δοχείο του χρόνου,
ερωτικό τον περιέβαλε, προσφορά στο χρόνο
προσδοκία και δέξιμο μαζί αγκάλιασμα στου χρόνου τη
μορφή, το σχήμα που σχημάτιζε ειδικό,
δικής του σημασίας, δική του φαντασία.
Όμως καθώς το σχήμα έψαυε τελειωμένο, ύστερα το
υλικό του χέρι, κατάλαβε του χρόνου την υλικότητα
καθώς το χέρι το δικό του και το σχήμα μαζί, και το
πολύτιμο ερωτικό υλικό γινόταν διάφανη έννοια του
χρόνου. Όλα μαζί Ιδίως ο εαυτός του.

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Karyiotakis Kostas (1896 - 1928)



Kariotakis Kostas was born on 1896 in Tripolis, the Peloponnesos, and committed suicide by shooting himself on 1928 in Preveza, Epiros. He received his degree in law from the University of Athens in 1919 and became a government clerk in the ministry of the Interior, sent unwillingly to posts in various parts of Greece. In 1928 was sent to Preveza. He is the best representative of the generation of the twenties, of the Damned who wrote of an unbearable ennui of suffocation, of futility, exhausted in emotion and language both. Better than all the others, he best expressed the anguish of the poets between two world wars, and kept an even balance between sarcastic lamentation and mournful satire. He committed suicide not so much in protest against the tragedy of life as against its insignificance, its farce, its musical-comedy strut.

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Ο Κώστας Καρυωτάκης γεννήθηκε το 1896 στην Τρίπολη της Πελοποννήσου και αυτοπυροβολήθηκε το 1928 στην Πρέβεζα. Αποφοίτησε από τη νομική Αθηνών το 1919 και έγινε δημόσιος υπάλληλος στο Υπουργείο Εσωτερικών και μετατέθηκε σε διάφορα μέρη της Ελλάδας. Το 1928 μετατέθηκε στην Πρέβεζα. Είναι ο καλύτερος εκφραστής της γενιάς του '20. Εξέφρασε καλύτερα από όλους το άγχος των ποιητών που βρέθηκαν μεταξύ δύο παγκόσμιων πολέμων και κράτησε μια ισορροπία μεταξύ του σαρκαστικού θρήνου και της λυπημένης σάτυρας. Αυτοκτόνησε όχι τόσο για να διαμαρτυρηθεί ενάντια στην τραγωδία της ζωής αλλά ενάντια στην ασημαντότητά της, τη φάρσα της, στην κορδωμένη μουσικο-κωμωδία της.

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**Byron
(1927)**

He became aware That verse was to him
Sad fate's whim And vanity's fair.
Splendour so great Up the city's walls
And brave youth falls By lagoon and gate!
Old age grows Bold; valiant men
Will storm out strong. And Byron knows
To live and pen The divine song.

Translated by: M. Byron Raizis

**Μπάυρον
(1927)**

Ένοιωσεν ότι του ήσαν οι στίχοι
άχαρη τύχη και ματαιότη.
Μα ποια λαμπρότη εκεί στα τείχη
και ποια στα ρήχη ένδοξη νιότη!
Γίνονται οι γέροι γαύροι θα ορμήσει
ανδρών λουλούδι, κι ο Μπάϋρον ξέρει
πώς να το ζήσει το θειο τραγούδι.

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Preveza (1928)

Death is the buzzards that bicker and squawk
against black walls, on red roof tiles,
death is the women who make love
as easily as they peel onions.
Death is the filthy, commonplace streets
with all their great, splendiferous names,
the olive groves, the surrounding sea,
even the sun, death within deaths.
Death is the inspector who wraps up
a morsel to see if it's short-weighted,
death is the hyacinths placed on the porch,
the school teacher reading the day's news.
Army Base, Garrison, Troops at Preveza.
On Sundays we'll flock to hear the band.
I've opened now a bank account,
my first deposit: just one dollar.
As you stroll on the pier slowly, you say:
"Do I exist?" Then: "You don't exist!"
The steamship docks. Its flag hoisted high.
Perhaps the Prefect has just arrived.
If only among these men, at least
one, only one, but died of disgust,
with decorous manner, silent and sad,
we'd have high fun at his funeral

Translated by: Kimon Friar

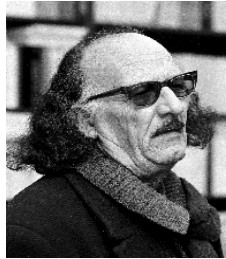
Πρέβεζα (1928)

Θάνατος είναι κάργιες πού χτυπιούνται
στους μαύρους τοίχους και στα κεραμίδια,
θάνατος οι γυναίκες πού αγαπιούνται
καθώς να καθαρίζουνε κρεμμύδια.
Θάνατος οι λεροί, ασήμαντοι δρόμοι
με τα λαμπρά, μεγάλα ονόματα τους,
ό ελαιώνας, γύρω ή θάλασσα, κι ακόμη
ο ήλιος, θάνατος μέσα στους θανάτους.
Θάνατος ό αστυνόμος πού διπλώνει,
για να ζυγίσει, μια «ελλιπή» μερίδα,
θάνατος τα ζουμπούλια στο μπαλκόνι
κι ό δάσκαλος με την εφημερίδα.
Βάσις, Φρουρά, Έξηκονταρχία Πρεβέζης.
Την Κυριακή θ' ακούσουμε τη μπάντα.
Επήρα ένα βιβλιάριο Τραπέζης,
πρώτη κατάθεσις δραχμαϊ τριάντα.
Περπατώντας αργά στην προκουμιά,
«υπάρχω;» λες, κι υστέρα: «δεν υπάρχεις!»
Φτάνει το πλοίο. Υψωμένη σημαία.
Ίσως έρχεται ό κύριος Νομάρχης.
"Αν τουλάχιστον, μέσα στους, ανθρώπους
αυτούς, ένας επέβαινε από αηδία...
Σιωπηλοί, θλιμμένοι, με σεμνούς τρόπους,
θα διασκεδάσαμε όλοι στην κηδεία.

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Katsaros Mihales (1919 - 1998)



He was born in Kiparissia in 1919 but lived in Athens where he died on 1998. He chanced many jobs. He worked as a journalist, as a cashier e.c.t. He appeared in Greek literature in 1946 with a traditional poem but after a few time his poetry became more modern ,more caustic and more revolutionary. Some of his poems have been set to music.

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Γεννήθηκε στην Κυπαρισσία το 1919 αλλά έζησε στην Αθήνα όπου και πέθανε το 1998. Δούλεψε σε πολλές εργασίες όπως δημοσιογράφος, ταμίας κα. Εμφανίστηκε στην ελληνική λογοτεχνία το 1946 με ένα παραδοσιακό ποίημα αλλά μετά από λίγο καιρό η ποίησή του έγινε πιο σύγχρονη, καυστικότερη και πιο επαναστατική. Μερικά από τα ποιήματά του έχουν μελοποιηθεί.

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My last will and testament (1950-53)

Resist him who builds a humble hut and says: I'm well off here. Resist him who returns to his home again and says: Glory be to God. Resist the Persian tapestry of apartment buildings stout office clerks export-import firms public education taxes and even me who is telling you this. Resist him

who for endless hours from the grandstand salutes the passing parade the president of the Court of Appeals-resist him music drums fanfares all higher assemblies that twitter and twattle counsellors and conferees sipping their coffee this sterile woman who hands out leaflets on the lives of saints, myrrh and frankincense and even me who is telling you this. Resist once more all those who are called great all

who write of our times huddling by winter stoves the flatteries the good wishes the bowing and scraping of penpushers and cowards to their sagacious administrators. Resist the alien and passport bureaus the dreadful flags of nations and diplomacies

the munitions factories those who say that beautiful words are "lyrical" patriotic songs saccharine songs with their weeping and wailing spectators the wind all the indifferent and the wise

the others who pretend to be your friends and me, even me who is telling you this-resist me. We may then surely cross over into Freedom.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Η διαθήκη μου (1950-53)

Αντισταθείτε σ' αυτόν πού χτίζει ένα μικρό σπιτάκι και λέει: «καλά είμαι εδώ». Αντισταθείτε σ' αυτόν πού γύρισε πάλι στο σπίτι και λέει: «Δόξα σοι ο Θεός», Αντισταθείτε στον περσικό τάπητα των πολυκατοικιών στον κοντό άνθρωπο του γραφείου στην εταιρεία «εισαγωγαι-έξαγωγαι» στην κρατική εκπαίδευση στο φόρο σε μένα ακόμα πού σας ιστορώ.

Αντισταθείτε σ' αυτόν πού χαιρετάει άπ' την εξέδρα ώρες ατέλειωτες τις παρελάσεις στον πρόεδρο του Εφετείου αντισταθείτε στις μουσικές τα τούμπανα και τις παράτες σ' όλα τ' ανώτερα συνέδρια πού φλυαρούνε πίνουν καφέδες σύνεδροι συμβουλευατόροι σ' αυτή την άγονη κυρία πού μοιράζει έντυπα άγιων λιβανον και σμύρναν σε μένα ακόμα πού σας ιστορώ. Αντισταθείτε πάλι σ' όλους αυτούς πού λέγονται μεγάλοι σ' όλους πού γράφουν λόγους για την εποχή δίπλα στη χειμωιάτικη θερμάστρα στις κολακείες τις ευχές τις τόσες υποκλίσεις από γραφιάδες και δειλούς για το σοφό αρχηγό τους. Αντισταθείτε στις υπηρεσίες των αλλοδαπών και διαβατηρίων στις φοβερές σημαίες των κρατών και τη διπλωματία στα εργοστάσια πολεμικών υλών σ' αυτούς πού λένε λυρισμό τα ωραία λόγια στα θούρια στα γλυκερά τραγούδια με τους θρήνους στους θεατές στον άνεμο σ' όλους τους αδιάφορους και τους σοφούς στους άλλους πού κάνουνε το φίλο σας ως και σε μένα, σε μένα ακόμα πού σας ιστορώ αντισταθείτε.

Τότε μπορεί βέβαιαι να περάσουμε προς την Ελευθερία.

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Kotsiras Yioryis (1921)



Kotsiras Yioryis was born in 1921 in Athens, took his degree in law and political science from the University there, then studied literature and law at the Sorbonne for a year. He has traveled in many European countries, and has translated poems, plays and novels from French, Spanish and Italian, including Dante's Divine Comedy. Author of twelve books of poetry, he was granted the Second State Prize for 1958, the National State Prize for 1975, and The Academy of Athens Award for 1978.

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Ο Γιώργης Κότσιρας γεννήθηκε το 1921 στην Αθήνα, αποφοίτησε από τη νομική και τις πολιτικές επιστήμες στην Αθήνα, κατόπιν σπούδασε λογοτεχνία και νομικά στη Sorbonne για ένα έτος. Έχει ταξιδέψει σε πολλές ευρωπαϊκές χώρες, και έχει μεταφράσει ποιήματα, θεατρικά και μυθιστορήματα από τα γαλλικά, τα ισπανικά και τα ιταλικά, συμπεριλαμβανομένης της κωμωδίας του Dante. Έγραψε δώδεκα βιβλία ποίησης και του χορηγήθηκε το δεύτερο κρατικό βραβείο το 1958, το εθνικό κρατικό βραβείο το 1975, και το βραβείο της Ακαδημίας Αθηνών το 1978.

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The Poet (1959)

I see the murder I visualize it Every moment
I live my drama intensely throughout the ages I hear the
footsteps that fall heavily like iron and close the
door of my consciousness I am at once the murdered
and the murderer Because my blood will not sprout
without blood Every moment I destroy and am
destroyed I live with my pain, my joy and my sorrow
Ever so often a drop of joy cuts off And slides away
from the chasm of my sorrow My loneliness is my
death and my resurrection Every moment I am
resurrected and die again With this carnage which sought
me and which I seek Crystalline splinters as in a dream I
seek my resurrection every moment.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Ο Ποιητής (1959)

Βλέπω το φόνο, τον οραματίζομαι
Κάθε στιγμή ζω έντονα το δράμα μου στον αιώνα
Ακούω τα βήματα που έρχονται βαριά
Σιδερένια και κλείνουν την πόρτα της συνείδησης μου.
Είμαι ό σκοτωμένος μαζί κι ό φονιάς
Γιατί δεν φυτρώνει δίχως το αίμα ή ζωή μου
Κάθε στιγμή αφανίζομαι και αφανίζω
Ζω με τον πόνο, τη χαρά και τη λύπη μου
Κάθε τόσο μια στάλα χαράς φεύγει
Γλιστράει από τη χαραμάδα της λύπης μου.
Ή μοναξιά μου είναι ό θάνατος και ή ανάσταση μου
Κάθε στιγμή ανασταίνομαι και πάλι πεθαίνω
Με τούτο το φονικό που με ζήτησε και το γυρεύω.
Κρυστάλλινα θρύψαλα σαν σε όνειρο
Κάθε στιγμή γυρεύω την ανάσταση μου.

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Nikolaedes Aristoteles (1922 - 1996)



He was born in the Aegean island of Mitilini on 1922 and died on 1996 on Athens. He studied medicine in Athens and he became psychiatrist. He worked as a neurologist in many European countries. During the 2nd world war he was arrested by the Italians and he stayed in prison for some months. In addition of his poetry he wrote many essays about Greek literature and Greek language.

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Γεννήθηκε στη Μυτιλήνη το 1922 και πέθανε το 1996 στην Αθήνα. Σπούδασε ιατρική στην Αθήνα και έγινε ψυχίατρος. Εργάστηκε ως νευρολόγος σε πολλές ευρωπαϊκές χώρες. Κατά τη διάρκεια του 2ου παγκόσμιου πολέμου συνελήφθη από τους Ιταλούς και φυλακίστηκε για μερικούς μήνες. Εκτός της ποίησής του έγραψε πολλά δοκίμια για την ελληνική λογοτεχνία και την ελληνική γλώσσα.

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Among the Elect (1958)

I was among the party's elect.
Always there at the parades, the meetings,
the last to stop applauding.
I was given a medley of medals and decorations,
the black ribbon, the red garter.
I won second prize for party spirit.
The first (and from here on my troubles began)
was given, naturally, to the one executed. And justly so, for
he was the cause of all our tribulations,
it was he who misled us with his tricks,
with his crooked smiles, his austere ceremonials,
but above all with his persistent
dedication to the script. He,
the linear man, the secretary, the proscriber
(and finally the proscribed)
the most elect of the party's elect.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

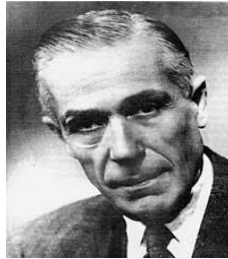
Από του Εκλεκτούς (1958)

Ήμουν από τους εκλεκτούς του κόμματος.
Στίς παρελάσεις πάντα εκεί, στις συνελεύσεις
τελευταίος σταματούσα τα χειροκροτήματα.
Πήρα μεταλλεία και παράσημα ποικίλα
τη μέλαινα ταινία, την ερυθρωπή σφύρα ·
πήρα το δεύτερο βραβείον κομματικότητας.
Το πρώτο (κι απ' εδώ αρχινούν τα βάσανα)
το πήρε φυσικά ό εκτελεσμένος. Καί δικαίως.
Γιατί αυτός ήταν ή αιτία των δεινών
αυτός πού μας παρέσυρε με τα τερτίπια του
με τα γαμπιά χαμόγελα, την αυστηρή του ενάσκηση
και προ παντός με την επίμονη
προσήλωση του στις γραφές. Αυτός
ό γραμμικός, ό γραμματέας, ό προγραφών
(καί τέλος ό προγεγραμμένος)
από τους εκλεκτούς ό πιο εκλεκτός του κόμματος.
Το μίσος όμως έβγαλε και κείνο τη φωνή του;
«Ψαρού, τ' αγκίστρι, π' αφίσες, άλλου να ρίξης άμε».

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Ouranis Kostas (1890 - 1953)



Kostas Ouranis was born on 1890 in Istanbul and died on 1953 in Athens. As Greek Consul, as Secretary of the Ministry of Press, and as journalist, he travelled throughout Europe and Asia Minor and wrote many travel books and articles. The last of the Greek romantics, his poems, written in formal patterns of a lilting music, are windows of escape into the lost paradise of childhood wonders, into memory and nostalgia, an evocation of dream in an elegiac tone of causeless sorrow.

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**I shall die one day on a mournful
twilight
(1915)**

I shall die one day on a mournful autumn twilight
in my cold room where I have lived alone;
in my last anguish I shall hear the rain and all the
familiar noises the street scatters. I shall die one day
on a mournful autumn twilight amid furniture not mine
and scattered books; the street police shall find me in
my bed and bury a man who had no history.
Among my friends who now and then play cards
someone will simply ask, "Has anyone seen
Ouranis? He hasn't been around for days."
Another, playing, will answer. "But he died!"
They'll stop their playing a moment, cards in hand,
shake their heads slowly, sorrowfully, and say,
"Ah, what is man! He was living but yesterday!"
And then renew their playing without a word.
Some friend will write in the "small notices"
that "poor Ouranis died abroad untimely,
a youth well known amid our set, whose book
of poems, just published, showed great promise."
And this will be my life's last epitaph. Only my aged
parents, of course, will weep, hold requiem with many, too
many, priests, with all my friends attending, even my foes. I
shall die one day on a mournful autumn twilight in a room
strange to me, in noisy Paris,
and some "Ketty," thinking I've jilted her for another,
will write to curse me. But I shall be dead.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

**Θα πεθάνω ένα πένθιμο του
φθινοπώρου δείλι
(1915)**

Θα πεθάνω ένα πένθιμο του φθινοπώρου δείλι
μες στην κρύα μου κάμαρα όπως έζησα μόνος στη
στερνήν αγωνία μου τη βροχή θέ ν' ακούω και τον
κούφιο το θόρυβο πού ανεβάζει ό δρόμος. Θα πεθάνω
ένα πένθιμο του φθινοπώρου δείλι μέσα σ' έπιπλα
ξένα και σε σκόρπια βιβλία θα με βρουν στο κρεβάτι
μου, θέ να 'ρθεί ο αστυνόμος, θα με θάψουν σαν
άνθρωπο πού δεν είχε ιστορία. Άπ' τους φίλους, πού
παίζαμε πότε πότε χαρτιά, θα ρωτήσει κανένας τους,
έτσι απλά: «Τον Ουράνη μην τον είδε κανείς; "Έχει
μέρες πού χάθηκε....» Θ' απαντήσει άλλος παίζοντας:
«Μ' αυτός έχει πεθάνει!» Μια στιγμή θα κοιτάζουνε ο
καθένας τον άλλο, θα κουνήσουν περίλυπα και σιγά
το κεφάλι, θέ να πουν: «Τ' είναι ό άνθρωπος!... Χτες
ακόμα εζούσε...» Και βουβά το παιχνίδι τους θ'
αρχινίσουνε πάλι. Κάποιος θα 'ναι συνάδελφος στα
«φιλά» πού θα γράψει, πώς «προώρως απέθανεν ο
Ουρανής στην ξένην, νέος γνωστός εις τους κύκλους
μας, πού 'χε κάποτε εκδώσει συλλογή με ποιήματα
πολλά υποσχομένην». Κι αυτός θα 'ναι ο στερνός της
ζωής μου επιτάφιος. Θα με κλάψουνε βέβαια μόνο οι
γέροι γονιοί μου, και θα κάνουν μνημόσυνο με
περίσιους παπάδες, όπου θα 'ναι όλοι οι φίλοι μου
- κι ίσως ίσως οι οχτροί μου. Θα πεθάνω ένα
πένθιμο του φθινοπώρου δείλι σε μια κάμαρα ξένη,
στο πολύβοο Παρίσι, και μια Κέττυ, θαρρώντας πώς
την ξέχασα γι' άλλην, θα μου γράψει ένα γράμμα -
και νεκρό θα με βρίσει...

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Palamas Kostis (1859 - 1943)



Palamas Kostis was born in Patras on 1859 and died in Athens on 1943. Kostis Palamas is the greatest modern Greek poet, second only to Solomos. With his twenty-volume, poetical work, which is both quantitatively and qualitatively great, he dominates the age he himself created. He began studying Greek and foreign poets and writing verse at the age of nine. Unlike the romantic poets, who wrote in puristic Greek, Palamas wrote in the vernacular. His poetry is multifaceted and leaves no subject, be it lyrical or contemplative, unsung. Everything moves him; history, philosophy, life. Palamas is a great lover of Greece and his verses rise up like a national prayer. Profound, symbolic, with pure panhuman idealism and effortless lyricism, Palamas created a whole new age and became the master for younger generations who are always influenced by his immortal art. He died during the Nazi German occupation over Greece and the whole of Athens was convulsed by his funeral service which was a landmark for the world of art and the nation. To the amazement of the occupying power, thousands of people escorted the poet to his final resting place, singing the National Anthem as they went. Angelos Sikelianos bade him farewell with the words "On this coffin rests the whole of Greece."

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Ο Κωστής Παλαμάς γεννήθηκε στη Πάτρα το 1859 και πέθανε στην Αθήνα το 1943. Είναι ο μεγαλύτερος σύγχρονος έλληνα ποιητής μετά τον Σολωμό. Με το εικοσάτομο ποιητικό του έργο 'τόσο σε ποιότητα όσο και σε ποσότητα κατέβαλε την εποχή του. Άρχισε να μελετά Έλληνες και ξένους ποιητές και έγραψε τον πρώτο του στίχο σε ηλικία εννέα ετών. Αντίθετα από τους ρομαντικούς ποιητές, που έγραψαν στην καθαρεύουσα ο Παλαμάς έγραψε στην δημοτική. Η ποίησή του είναι πολύπλευρη και δεν άφησε κανένα θέμα, είτε λυρικό ή στοχαστικό ανέγγιχτο. Όλα τον ενέπνεαν, ιστορία, φιλοσοφία, ζωή. Ο Παλαμάς ήταν μεγάλος εραστής της Ελλάδας και οι στίχοι του ξεδιπλώνονται σαν μια εθνική προσευχή. Βαθύς, συμβολικός, με τον καθαρό πανανθρώπινο ιδεαλισμό και αβίαστο λυρισμό, ο Παλαμάς δημιούργησε μια νέα εποχή και έγινε ο εμπνευστής για τις νεώτερες γενιές που επηρεάστηκαν από την αθάνατη τέχνη του. Πέθανε κατά τη διάρκεια της ναζιστικής κατοχής στην Ελλάδα και όλη η Αθήνα παραβρέθηκε στη νεκρική τελετή που αποτέλεσε ορόσημο για όλο τον κόσμο της τέχνης και του έθνους. Προς έκπληξη των δυνάμεων κατοχής, χιλιάδες άνθρωποι



συνόδευσαν τον ποιητή στην τελευταία του κατοικία τραγουδώντας τον εθνικό ύμνο στη διαδρομή. Ο Άγγελος Σικελιανός στον αποχαιρετιστήριο λόγο του έκλεισε με τις λέξεις "σε αυτό το φέρετρο αναπαύεται όλη η Ελλάδα."

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Ο Ολυμπιακός Ύμνος (1895)

Αρχαίο Πνεύμ' αθάνατο, αγνέ πατέρα
του ωραίου, του μεγάλου και τ' αληθινού,
κατέβα, φανερώσου κι άστραψ' εδώ πέρα
στην δόξα της δικής σου γης και τ' ουρανού.

Στο δρόμο και στο πάλεμα και στο λιθάρι,
στων ευγενών Αγώνων λάμψε την ορμή,
και με τ' αμάραντο στεφάνωσε κλωνάρι
και σιδερένιο πλάσε κι άξιο το κορμί.

Κάμποι, βουνά και θάλασσες φέγγουν μαζί σου
σαν ένας λευκοπόρφυρος μέγας ναός,
και τρέχει στο ναό εδώ, προσκυνητής σου,
Αρχαίο Πνεύμ' αθάνατο, κάθε λαός.

Translated by: Free Internet Translation

The Olympic Anthem (1895)

Immortal spirit of antiquity,
Father of the true, beautiful and good,
Descend, appear, shed over us thy light
Upon this ground and under this sky
Which has first witnessed the unperishable fame.
Give life and animation to those noble games!
Throw wreaths of fadeless flowers to the victors
In the race and in the strife!
Create in our breasts, hearts of steel!
In thy light, plains, mountains and seas
Shine in a roseate hue and form a vast temple
To which all nations throng to adore thee,
Oh immortal spirit of antiquity!

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The Satyr or The song of nakedness (1912)

Around us all is nakedness, All things are naked here, The hills, the plains, the heavens' rim, The boundless day is clear. Creation gleams, and free and wide The world's whole palace lies; Enjoy your fill of rhythm, guitars, And you of light, O eyes!

Here trees are sparse and have no place, A blemish rarely seen, The landscape is an unmixed wine And nakedness is queen. A shadow is a wonderment; Even on the lips of Night, To glimmer in her brooding smile, There dawns a ray of light.

Bare-breasted is all Nature here And lusting without shame; The barren rock glows like a star, The body like a flame. And everywhere are rubies, pearls, And gold and silver shine; They crown, O peerless Attica, Your nakedness divine!

Virility is here a spell, The flesh becomes a fire, Virginité is Artemis And Hermes is desire. Here every hour in nakedness, A wonder of the foam. Fair Aphrodite rises up To make the world her home.

Come, strip yourself of all attire, Let nakedness remain, O Soul, priestess of nakedness, The body is your fane. Attracting amber of the flesh My fingers now incline, Give me to drink of nakedness The rich Olympian wine.

Tear off your veil and throw aside That gown that hides your grace, And, paired with Nature, thus display Your sculptured form and face. Cast loose your girdle; on your

Ο Σάτυρος ή το γυμνό τραγούδι (1912)

Όλα γυμνά τριγύρω μας, όλα γυμνά εδώ πέρα, κάμποι, βουνά, ακροούρανα, ακράταγ' είναι η μέρα. Διάφαν' η πλάση, ολάνοιχτα τα ολόβαθα παλάτια, το φως χορτάστε, μάτια, κιθάρες, το ρυθμό.

Εδώ είν' αριά κι' αταίριστα λεκιάσματα τα δέντρα, κρασί είν' ο κόσμος άκρατο, εδώ είν' η γύμνια αφέντρα. Εδώ είν' ο ίσκιος όνειρο, εδώ χαράζει ακόμα στης νύχτας ταχνό στόμα χαμόγελο ξανθό.

Εδώ τα πάντα ξέστηθα κι αδιάντροπα λυσσάνε, αστέρι είν' ο ξερόβραχος, και το κορμί φωτιά ναι Ρουμπίνια εδώ, μαλάματα, μαργαριτάρια, ασήμια, μοιράζει ή θεία σου γύμνια, τρισεύγενη Αττική!

Εδώ ο λεβέντης μάγεμα, ή σάρκα αποθεώθη, οι παρθένες, Αρτέμιδες, Ερμήδες είναι οι πόθοι. Εδώ κάθε ώρα ολόγυμνη θάμα στα υγρόζωα κήτη, πετιέται κ' ή Αφροδίτη και χύνεται παντού.

Παράτησε το φόρεμα και με τη γύμνια ντύσου, Ψυχή, της γύμνιας ιέρισσα, ναός είναι το κορμί σου. Μαγνήτεψε τα χέρια μου, της σάρκας κεχριμπάρι, τόλύμπιο το νεχτάρι της γύμνιας δός να πιώ.

Τον πέπλο, πέταξε τον άμοιαστο χιτώνα και με τη φύση ταίριασε την πλαστική σου εικόνα. Λύσε τη ζώνη, σταύρωσε τα χέρια στην καρδιά σου πορφύρα τα μαλλιά σου μακρόσυρτη στολή.

Και γίνε ατάραχο άγαλμα, και, το κορμί σου ας πάρει της τέχνης την εντέλεια πού λάμπει στο λιθάρι και



heart
Gross your slim-fingered hands, And make a royal
long-trained robe Of your hair's purple strands.

A marble statue then become And let your body own The
calm perfection of the art That glimmers in a stone; And
mime and personate, in all The nakedness of thought, The
nimble creatures of the wild, The snakes and birds
uncaught.

And play and frolic with all things
That lithe and joyful seem, Idealise your nakedness
And make of it a dream. The rounded contours and the
straight, The lines, the curves, the glance
O shiverings of ecstasy, Acclaim the sensuous dance!

O forehead, eyes, and waving hair, O lips and loins and
thighs, Each secret hiding-place of Love, Roses, embraces,
sighs! O burning limbs that twine and bind, O hands that
cling and thrill, Caressing ring-doves of desire, Hawks to
assail the will!

Speak from the panting heart, O mouth, And flowing be, O
words, As sweet as comb of honey bees,
Eager as homing birds. The alabaster lily buds,
Pale grails of April, shrink With envy of your breasts' white
cups I thirst. Oh let me drink!

Drink from your rounded rose-tipped
breasts, Erect and marble-white, The milk of
passion that I dreamed, The milk of your delight. I am your
mystic hierophant, My altars are your knees,
And in the fire of your embrace Gods work their prodigies.

Away from us all things unfit, The clothed and the
concealed, All crippled and ill-favoured things, Unclean and
unrevealed. Stand proudly, all the bare and pure, Breasts,
bodies, in the sun, For nakedness is also truth And beauty
merged in one.

παίξε και παράστησε με της ιδέας τη γύμνια τα
λυγερά ταγρίμια, τα φίδια, τα πουλιά.

Και παίξε και παράστησε τα ηδονικά, τα ωραία,
λαγάρισε τη γύμνια σου και κάμε την ιδέα. Τα
στρογγυλά, τα ολόισα, χνούδια, γραμμές, καμπύλες, ω
θείες ανατριχίλες, χορεύτε ένα χορό.

Μέτωπο, μάτια, κύματα μαλλιά, γλουτοί, λαγόνες,
κρυφά λαγκάδια, του Έρωτα ρόδα, μυρτιές, κρυψώνες,
πόδια πού αλυσοδένατε, βρύσες του χάιδιου, ω χέρια,
του πόθου περιστέρια, γεράκια του χαμού! Και
ολόκαρδα κι' αμπόδιστα λογάκια, ω στόμα, ω στόμα.

σαν το κερύ της μέλισσας, σαν του ροδιού το χρώμα. Τα
κρίνα ταλαβάστρινα του απρίλη θυμιατήρια, ζηλεύουν
τα ποτήρια του κόρφου σου. "Ω ! να πιώ,

Να πιώ στα ροδοχάραγα, στα ορθά-, στα σμαλτωμένα,
το γάλα πού ονειρεύτηκα, της ευτυχίας, εσένα. Εγώ
είμαι ιεροφάντης σου, βωμοί τα γόνατα σου, στην
πύρινη αγκαλιά σου θεοί θαματοουργούν.

Μακριά μας όσα αταίριαστα, ντυμένα και κρυμμένα, τα
μισερά και τάσκημα και ακάθαρτα και ξένα, ορθά όλα
ξεσκεπά άδολα. γη, αιθέρες, κορμιά, στήθια, Γύμνια
είναι κι' η αλήθεια, και γύμνια κ' η ομορφιά.

Στη γύμνια την ηλιόκαλη της αθηναίας ημέρας κι
ανίσως και φάνταξη σου κάτι άντυπο σαν τέρας, κάτι
σα δέντρο αφύλλιαστο και δίχως ίσκιου χάρη,
αδούλευτο λιθάρι, ξεραγκιανό κορμί,

Κάτι γυμνό και ξέσκεπο στα ολανοιγμένα πλατιά, που
ζωντανό θα τοδειχναν μόνο δυό φλόγες μάτια, κάτι
πού από τους σάτυρους κρατιέται, και είν' αγρίμι, και
είν' η φωνή του ασήμι, μη φύγεις είμ' εγώ, Ο
Σάτυρος. Και ρίζωσα σαν την ελιά εδώ πέρα,
λιγώνω τους αγέρηδες με τη βαθιά φλογέρα και παίζω



If in the sun-scarred nakedness Of the Athenian
day, You should imagine that you meet
A monster on your way, A creature unclothed
like a tree Stripped of its shady green,
A figure of rough-fashioned stone, A body
gaunt and lean.

A creature naked and uncouth Beneath the open skies,
Something whose only sign of life Is in two flaming eyes,
Something of the old satyr breed That wanders wild and shy
With chimes of sliver in its voice -Flee not: for it is I, The
Satyr.

Like the olive-tree Here have I struck my root;
I make the breezes moan desire With, my deep-sounding
flute. I play and all things meet and mate,
Love pleading and assent, I play and all join in the dance:
Man, Beast, and Element.

Translated by: unknown

και παντρεύονται, λατρεύονται, λατρεύουν,
και παίζω και χορεύουν άνθρωποι, ζά, στοιχιά.

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Papadhitsas Dhimitris (1922 - 1987)



Papadhitsas Dhimitris was born on 1922 in island of Samos where he died on 1987. He took his degree in medicine at the University of Athens and he continued his studies at the University of Munich. His modern poetry has received many honors, among others the First State Prize for Poetry for 1963 and for 1980. His poems have been translated in English and in French.

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Ο Δημήτρης Παπαδίτσας γεννήθηκε το 1922 στη Σάμο και πέθανε το 1987. Αποφοίτησε από την Ιατρική σχολή του Πανεπιστημίου Αθηνών και συνέχισε τις μελέτες του στο Πανεπιστήμιο του Μόναχου. Η σύγχρονη ποίησή του έχει λάβει πολλές διακρίσεις μεταξύ άλλων το πρώτο κρατικό βραβείο για την ποίηση το 1963 και το 1980. Τα ποιήματά του έχουν μεταφραστεί στα αγγλικά και στα γαλλικά.

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The cypress tree (1958)

There at the edge of the world is the cypress tree, its heart
is the hand That desiccated by your flaming voice cannot give
greetings Nor spread its dust that the living plants may pass
From the edge of the most defeated conversation were you
saved Holding in your hands a last animal, locking up in your
eyes A last cry, setting free the body from the smallest fire The
smallest the slightest the almost nonexistent fire O green herb
descending from the sky Into the water where you function
That are scattered like a sunray on a stilleto's blade
That for so many centuries have eaten honey from my body To
whom I call, at times dead and at times insane from meteors that
vanish in a corner of my brain
You, my cypress tree, two pieces from the hatchet of time With
your laughter like round fruit in baskets held by rosy arms,
my cypress tree which no hand
Can separate from me. whose height no span can measure
Cypress tree of water and priceless essence, of sweat most dearly
paid for
Of a speech battered by a thousand banners, by
hammers made out of all things Out of the poor and desolate
elm tree even to the turtle's infant
and the clocks of rock strata What do you seek in the sea,
why do you sleep by the side of fish remains
And your sleep with its colored threads embroiders my skin
Cypress tree with androgynous form and features.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Το κυπαρίσσι (1958)

Στην άκρη του κόσμου είναι το κυπαρίσσι, η καρδιά του
είναι το χέρι Πού ξερó απ' την πύρινη φωνή σου δε
μπορεί να χαιρετήσει Ούτε ν' απλώσει τη σκóνη του να
διαβóυν τα ζωντανά φυτά Από την άκρη της πιο
ηττημένης ομιλίας σώθηκες εσύ Κρατώντας στα χέρια
σου ένα τελευταίο ζώο, κλειδώνοντας στο μάτι σου Μια
τελευταία κραυγή, απελευθερώνοντας το σώμα της πιο
μικρής φωτιάς Της πιο μικρής της ελάχιστης της
σχεδόν ανύπαρκτης φωτιάς Ω εσύ πράσινο βοτάνι απ'
τον ουρανό καταγόμενο Στο νερό πού λειτουργείς Πού
σκορπίζεις όπως ή αχτίδα στην πλευρά του στιλέτου
Πού τόσους αιώνες τρως απ' το κορμί μου μέλι Πού σε
φωναζώ πότε πεθαμένος και πότε τρελός από μετεωρίτες
πού σβήνουν σε μια γωνιά του μυαλού μου Εσύ
κυπαρίσσι μου δυο κομμάτια απ' του καιρού το
τσεκούρι Με τα γέλια σου στρογγυλά φρούτα σε
πανέρια πού κρατούν
μπράτσα ρόδινα, κυπαρίσσι μου πού κανένα χέρι Δε
μπορεί να σε αποχωρίσει από έμενα, πού καμιά πιθανή
δε μπορεί να μετρήσει το ύψος σου Κυπαρίσσι από
νερό και ουσία πανάκριβη, από ιδρώτα
ακριβοπληρωμένον Από λόγο κοπανισμένο με χιλιάδες
σφυριά, με σφυριά καμωμένα απ' όλα τα πράγματα Άπ'
τη φτωχή κι έρημη φτελιά μέχρι το μωρό της χελώνας
και τα ρολόγια των πετρωμάτων Τι ζητάς στη θάλασσα,
γιατί κοιμάσαι πλάι σε απομεινάρια ψαριών Κι ο ύπνος
σου με τις χρωματιστές κλωστές του κεντάει το δέρμα μου
Κυπαρίσσι με αντρόγυνη όψη.

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Papatsonis Takis (1895 - 1976)



Papatsonis Takis was born on 1895 in Athens and died there on 1976. By profession an economist, he became a General Director of the Ministry of Economics, a life member of the Financial Council of the High Administrative Court, and for many years represented Greece on various economic missions throughout Europe and in Cuba. He also served as Deputy Chairman of the Commercial bank of Greece. In addition to his poetry he has published books of contemplation and aesthetics, and was the first to translate Eliot's *The Waste Land* into Greek. Influenced not only by Byzantine but also by Roman Catholic doctrine and ritual, he is predominantly a religious poet with an inclination toward mysticism and naturalism, tempered by an erotic strain.

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Ο Τάκης Παπατσώνης γεννήθηκε το 1895 στην Αθήνα και πέθανε το 1976. Ήταν οικονομολόγος και έγινε Γενικός Γραμματέας του Υπουργείου Οικονομικών, ισόβιο μέλος του οικονομικού Συμβουλίου του ανώτατου διοικητικού δικαστηρίου, και για πολλά χρόνια αντιπροσώπευε την Ελλάδα στις διάφορες οικονομικές αποστολές σε όλη την Ευρώπη. Υπήρξε και αναπληρωτής πρόεδρος της Εμπορικής Τράπεζας της Ελλάδας. Εκτός από την ποίησή του έχει δημοσιεύσει και βιβλία σχεδίου και αισθητικής, και ήταν ο πρώτος που μετέφρασε Eliot στα ελληνικά. Επηρεασμένος όχι μόνο από το βυζαντινό αλλά και από το ρωμαϊοκαθολικό δόγμα, είναι κυρίως θρησκευτικός ποιητής με μια κλίση προς το μυστικισμό και τα νατουραλισμό.

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Before the advent (1921)

I feel myself to be a man disgraced,
walking nightlong and daylong beyond the Paling
of a Garden lush with fountains and flowers,
waiting in vain for the Great Gate to open again, and to
admit me. And I am tired with the remembrance only of the
evil life I have lived to this day.

And I am downhearted because I am thwarted now
when I long to lie down under the foliage of the Shadow of
Grace. And the dumb beasts, the Hens and the Hares,
the Pigeons and the Bats, wander freely in the Bushes;

the Honeybees sing, and the Snails,
after the rain, proceed in their Easter Barouches.

Only I, by the Paling, like a Poacher or Beggar
expelled by the Gardeners and the Wicked Servants,
come near to dying in the oppressive dampness
of whole winter nights in the freezing North Winds.

Nor can I run off again into that City of Tumult
where I behold the embrace of Evil opening for me
with a warm welcome. For I am gripped
with nausea at the sight of her only.
I cry out. I cry out by the Threshold of the Outer Door, I
cry out like a False Prophet derided by all:

"Open the Church at least for me that I may go
there where you suffer the stray Tramps of the mountains.
"But no mercy is heard for the entreating voice. Punishment
buffets me about like snow-beaten Winter, like unbearable

Cold with no fire, no bed.

no roof, no food, nor pity, nor forgiveness,
and snowbound Christmas approaches.

The Shepherds take down their Flutes, dust oil the Church
Organs, and the Magi watch the Heavens daylong and
nightlong to find the Star of the newly born Infant God. A

Προ της ελεύσεως (1921)

Αισθάνομαι κηλιδωμένος άνθρωπος να είμαι,
μερόνυχτα να περπατώ έξω από Κάγκελα
πλουσίου Περιβολιού με άνθη και στέρνες,
και να μη βλέπω να ξανοίγεται η Μεγάλη Πόρτα για να
μπω. Και έχω μια κούραση, μόνο με την ανάμνηση της
κακίας πώχα ζήσει ως τα σήμερα ζωής! Και μια
δυσθυμία γιατί μ' εμποδίζουν, τώρα πού επιθύμησα, να
ξαπλωθώ κάτω απ' τα φυλλώματα της ισκιερής
Καλοσύνης. Και τα κουτά τα ζώα, Λαγοί και Νυχτερίδες,
Κότες και Περιστερία, ελεύθερα γυρίζουν στους
Θάμνους. Τραγουδάν τα Μελίσσια. Και τα Σαλιγκάρια,
ύστερ' απ' τη βροχή, πηγαίνουν αμαξάδα
Πασχαλιάτικη. Μονάχα εγώ, στα Κάγκελα, σα
Λαθροθήρας, σα Ζητιάνος, διωκόμενος απ' τους
Περιβολάρηδες και τις κακές τις Ύπερέτριες, πλησιάζω
να πεθάνω, στην υγρασία την πνιγερή νυχτών
ολόκληρων χειμωνιάτικων και στους παγερούς
Βοριάδες. Ούτε να φύγω πού ξαναμπορώ στην Πολιτεία
του Θορύβου, πού βλέπω την αγκάλη της Κακίας, σε
θερμήν υποδοχή να μου ξανοίγεται. Άλλ' αηδία σφιχτά
με περιζώνει, στο μόνο αντίκρυσμα της. Φωνάζω,
φωνάζω, στο Κατώφλι της Οξώπορτας, φωνάζω, σαν
Ψευδοπροφήτης, καταφρονεμένος απ' όλους:

Τουλάχιστον στην Έκκλησίαν, ανοιχτέ μου να
διευθυνθώ, εκεί πού δέχεσθε τους Πλανωμένους Αλήτες
των Βουνών. Και δεν ακούγεται ευσπλαχνία στη δεητική
φωνή. Ή Τιμωρία με κολαφίζει σα Χειμώνας
χιονοδαρμένος, σαν ανυπόφορη Παγωνιά, δίχως φωτιά,
δίχως οίκτο και συχώρηση. Πλησιάζουν τα Χιονισμένα
Χριστούγεννα, ξεκρεμάνε τα Φλάουτα οι Ποιμένες,
ξεσκονίζουν τα Όργανα στις εκκλησίες, και οι Μάγοι
νυχτόημερα κοιτάζουν το Στερέωμα, του Νέου Μικρού



small Ray of life and warmth, like a glowworm behind a
Hedge in a dead Midnight of Vigilance, reaches even to
me. Can it be they will come for me also, the Angels, the
Village Visitors, with their joyful Caroling?

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Θεού το Άστρο ν' ανακαλύψουν. Μικρήν Αχτίδα ζωής
και ζέστας, πίσωθε από Φράχτη, σαν Πυγολαμπίδα, σε
βαθειά Μεσάνυχτα Αγρυπνίας, έφτασε ως εμένα.
Μήπως έρθουν και για μένα οι Άγγελοι, οι Έπισκέφτες
των χωριών, με τα χαρούμενα τα Κάλαντα; Το μίσος
όμως έβγαλε και κείνο τη φωνή του;
«Ψαρού, τ' αγκίστρι, π' αφίσες, άλλου να ρίξης άμε».

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Patrikios Titos (1928)



Patrikios Titos was born on 1928 in Athens. In 1943 he joined the United Panhellenic Organization of Youth, in 1944 the National Popular Liberation Army, and took part in the war: fare. Arrested by Greek collaborators in 1944, he was set up against a church wall to be shot, but the execution was cancelled at the last moment. As one of the founders of Epitheorisi Tehnis (Review of the Arts), he served on the editorial board for five years, but at the same time worked as translator, newspaper reporter and lawyer. He left for Paris in 1959, and until 1964 took post-graduate work in sociology and philosophy at the Sorbonne and the Ecole Ptatique de hautes Etudes. Two of his studies were published by UNESCO first in French, then in English, Russian and Spanish. After the fall of the dictatorship, he returned to Athens, where he has lived ever since.

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Ο Τίτος Πατρίκιος γεννήθηκε το 1928 στην Αθήνα. Κατά τη διάρκεια της γερμανικής κατοχής πήρε μέρος στην Εθνική Αντίσταση, στρατευμένος αρχικά στην ΕΠΙΟΝ και στη συνέχεια στον ΕΛΑΣ. Το 1944 καταδικάστηκε σε θάνατο από συνεργάτες των γερμανών και η εκτέλεσή του ματαιώθηκε την τελευταία στιγμή. Ιδρυτικό μέλος του περιοδικού Επιθεώρηση Τέχνης από το 1954 δημοσίευσε πολλά άρθρα και κριτικές στις στήλες του, ενώ πολλά δοκίμιά του συμπεριλήφθηκαν σε συγκεντρωτικές εκδόσεις. Παράλληλα εργάστηκε ως μεταφραστής, δημοσιογράφος εφημερίδων και δικηγόρος. Από το 1959 ως το 1964 σπούδασε κοινωνιολογία στην Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes του Παρισιού και πήρε μέρος σε έρευνες του Εθνικού Κέντρου Επιστημονικής Έρευνας της Γαλλίας. Δύο από τις μελέτες του δημοσιεύθηκαν από την ΟΥΝΕΣΚΟ πρώτα στα γαλλικά, έπειτα στα αγγλικά, ρωσικά και ισπανικά. Μετά από την πτώση της δικτατορίας, επέστρεψε στην Αθήνα.

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Verses 2 (1963)

Verses that howl Verses that rise, as if they're bayonets
verses that threaten the established order and in their few feet make
or break the revolution useless, false, boastful because today
no verse topples regimes no verse mobilizes the masses.
(What masses? now, between us who thinks of the masses? at
most a personal deliverance, if not recognition)
That's why I no longer write in order to offer paper guns
weapons made of babbling, hollow words.
But only to lift up a small corner of the truth
to cast a little light on our counterfeit life.
As much as I can, as long as I endure.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Στίχοι 2 (1963)

Στίχοι που κραυγάζουν στίχοι που ορθώνονται τάχα
σαν ξιφολόγχες στίχοι που απειλούν την καθεστηκυία
τάξη και, μέσα στους λίγους πόδες τους κάνουν ή
ανατρέπουν την επανάσταση, άχρηστοι, ψεύτικοι,
κομπαστικοί. γιατί κανένας στίχος σήμερα δεν
ανατρέπει, καθεστώς κανένας στίχος δεν κινητοποιεί
τις μάζες. Ποιες μάζες; Μεταξύ μας τώρα ποιοι
σκέφτονται τις μάζες; Το ,πολύ μια λύτρωση ατομική, αν
όχι ανάδειξη.) Γι' αυτό κι εγώ δε γράφω πια Για να
προσφέρω χάρτινα ντουφέκια
όπλα από λόγια φλύαρα και, κούφια
Μόνο μian άκρη της αλήθειας να σηκώσω
να ρίξω λίγο φως στην πλαστογραφημένη μας ζωή
Όσο μπορώ, κι όσο κρατήσω

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Pittas Triantafillos (1924 - 1990)



Triantafillos Pittas was born in Soufli Thrace on 1912 and died in Athens on 1997. He has written poems novels and essays. In his poems reveals the hidden human desires, the tragedy of the human soul .

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Ο Τριαντάφυλλος Πίττας γεννήθηκε στο Σουφλί το 1912 και πέθανε στην Αθήνα το 1997. Έχει γράψει μυθιστορήματα, δοκίμια και ποιήματα. Στα ποιήματά του αποκαλύπτει τις κρυμμένες ανθρώπινες επιθυμίες, τη τραγωδία της ανθρώπινης ψυχής.

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Marginal People

Subcutaneous insects guide us
into these cities whose backs are bent
by the will of the unclean.
Our lips are prisoners of vertigo bloodstained
daggers against our breath subterranean
pulses in profane blood. Alone in the
dressingrooms of remorse Alone in the gloomy hopeless
margin No space no landscape around us
swaddled into a cocoon of scorn
we gather our body's dried sand
with no complaint, no tear, and no hope. "Fisherwoman,
take your hook and go cast elsewhere".

Translated by: Mundus Artium

Οι Περιθώριοι

Υποδόρεια έντομα μας οδηγούν
στis πολιτείες τούτες πού καμπουριάζουν
από τη βούληση των ρυπαρών
Τα χείλη μας αιχμάλωτα στον ίλιγγο ματωμένα
εγχειρίδια στην πνοή μας υποχθόνιος σφυγμός στο
βέβηλο αίμα Μόνοι στα αποδυτήρια του ονείρου Μόνοι
στο ζοφερό ανέλπιδο περιθώριο
Καμιά έκταση κανένα τοπίο γύρω μας φασκιωμένοι σ'
ένα. βομβίκιο από χλεύη μαζεύουμε την άργιλλο του
κορμιού μας χωρίς παράπονο χωρίς δάκρυα χωρίς
ελπίδα.

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Polemis Ioannis (1862 - 1925)



Polemis Ioannis was born on 1862 in Athens, though his family hailed from the island of Andros in the Cyclades. He died in 1925. He was a Greek poet, part of the 1880s revivalist movement in Greek poetry. Polemis' poetry is written in straightforward, simple language and has long been included in Greek primary school textbooks. They are of a romantic and or patriotic nature. Probably his greatest prose work is the drama "King Sun-less" which was brought to the stage and starred no less an actress than Marika Kotopouli.

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Ο Ιωάννης Πολέμης γεννήθηκε το 1862 στην Αθήνα, αν και η οικογένειά του καταγόταν από το νησί της Άνδρου και πέθανε το 1925. Ο Ιωάννης Πολέμης ανήκει στη Νέα Σχολή ποιητών που αντιτάχτηκε στην υπερβολή και τον άκρατο ρομαντισμό, ενώ παράλληλα καθιέρωσε (όπως οι Παλαμάς, Δροσίνης) τη δημοτική γλώσσα στην ποίησή του και ποιήματά του έχουν περιληφθεί στα σχολικά βιβλία πρωτοβάθμιας εκπαίδευσης. Πιθανώς η μέγιστη εργασία του είναι το δράμα "Βασιλιάς ανήλιαγος" που παρουσιάστηκε στη σκηνή από την ηθοποιό Μαρίκα Κοτοπούλη.

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[\[Index\]](#)**Epigramme (to Byron)**

Glory that with innocent hands, with hands purified and with
an immaculate blade, a blade holy and clean cut fresh
branches of Delphic laurel tree and tied them in haste
making a wreath for ever green to crown you in your last
bed since you fell, death has crowned her as well.

Translated by: Balkan Studies

Επίγραμμα (στον Βύρωνα)

Τη Δόξα, πού με χέρια αγνά, χέρια καθάρια και με
δρεπάνι αμόλυντο, ιερό δρεπάνι, έκοψε δάφνης
δελφικής χλωρά κλωνάρια κ' έπλεξε βιαστικά το
αμάραντο στεφάνι για να σε στεφάνωση στη στερνή
σου κλίνη, ο θάνατος σου τη στεφάνωσε κ' εκείνη.

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Ritsos Yiannis (1909 - 1990)



Ritsos Yannis was born on 1909 in Monemvasia, the Peloponnesos and died in Athens on 1990. He enrolled in the University of Athens in 1925 but fell ill of his family's disease of tuberculosis and spent almost six years in various sanitariums. For his left-wing activities during the German-Italian Occupation and the Civil Wars that followed, he was incarcerated in various detention camps, 1948-52 and again after the military coup of 1967. His entire life has been primary a dedication to his political beliefs and his poetry, having published over 77 books by 1980. He is also an accomplished painter, working on whatever material he can obtain, paper, stones, pebbles, bones. Haunted by death, driven at times to the edge of madness, Ritsos throughout his life has been upheld by an obstinate faith in poetry as redemption, and in the revolutionary ideal. When broke from formal poetry into free verse, he turned to themes that expressed the pain and endeavor of man to overcome his fate, the nostalgia of adolescence, and the durability of the Greek landscape. His short poems become terse, hard, objective, imagistic, symbolistic. Loneliness, death and decay remained some of his basic themes, the dynasty of chance, the tyranny of necessity, the totality of life in all its incomprehensibility. Lately he has turned to classical myth in which ancient situations are seen to be problematically modern.

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Ο Γιάννης Ρίτσος γεννήθηκε το 1909 στη Μονεμβασιά και πέθανε στην Αθήνα το 1990. Γράφτηκε στο Πανεπιστήμιο της Αθήνας το 1925 αλλά αρρώστησε με φυματίωση και πέρασε σχεδόν έξι χρόνια σε διάφορα σανατόρια. Για τις μαρξιστικές του ιδέες κατά τη διάρκεια της γερμανο-ιταλικής κατοχής και του εμφυλίου φυλακίστηκε σε στρατόπεδα συγκεντρώσεως και εξορίστηκε σε διάφορα μέρη. Το ίδιο συνέβη και κατά τη διάρκεια της χούντας. Ολόκληρη η ζωή του ήταν μια αφιέρωση στις πολιτικές πεποιθήσεις του και την ποίησή του, δημοσιεύοντας πάνω από 77 βιβλία μέχρι το 1980. Είναι επίσης ένας καταξιωμένος ζωγράφος που εργάστηκε με διάφορα υλικά όπως χαρτί, πέτρα, χαλίκια και κόκκαλα. Κυνηγμένος από το θάνατο οδηγήθηκε κατά περιόδους στην τρέλα. Ο Ρίτσος όλη του τη ζωή στηριξε με επιμονή την ποίηση, και το επαναστατικό ιδεώδες. Όταν άλλαξε την ποίησή του σε ελεύθερο στίχο, επέλεξε θέματα που εξέφρασαν τον πόνο και την προσπάθεια



του ατόμου να υπερνικήσει τη μοίρα του, τη νοσταλγία της εφηβείας, και τη διάρκεια του ελληνικού τοπίου. Τα σύντομα ποιήματά του γίνονται σκληρά, αντικειμενικά, μαγευτικά και συμβολικά. Η μοναξιά, ο θάνατος και η αποσύνθεση παρέμειναν μερικά από τα βασικά θέματά του, η πιθανότητα της δυναστείας, η αναγκαστική τυραννία, η συνολική ζωή σε όλη την ακατανοησία. Τελευταία γυρίσε στον κλασσικό μύθο όπου αρχαίες καταστάσεις συναντώνται σαν προβλήματα στη σύγχρονη κοινωνία.

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Romiosini (1945-47)

I

These trees cannot adjust to lesser sky,
these stones cannot adjust beneath the tread of strangers,
these faces cannot adjust unless they feel the sun, these
hearts cannot adjust unless they live in justice. This
landscape is as harsh as silence,

it hugs to its breast the scorching stones,
clasps in its light the orphaned olive trees and vineyards,
clenches its teeth. There is no water. Light only. Roads
vanish in light and the shadow of the sheepfold is made of
iron.

Trees, rivers, and voices have turned to stone in the sun's
quicklime. Roots trip on marble. Dust-covered lentisk
shrubs. Mules and rocks. All panting. There is no water. All
are parched. For years now. All chew a morsel of sky to
choke down their bitterness.

Their eyes are bloodshot for lack of sleep,
a deep furrow is wedged between their eyebrows
like a cypress tree between two mountains at sunset.

Their hands are welded to their rifles their rifles are
extensions of their hands their hands are extensions of their
souls anger lies upon their lips and anguish deep within their
eyes like a star in a salt-pit.

When they clasp hands, the sun becomes certain of the
world, when they smile, a small swallow flies out of
their savage beards, when they sleep, twelve stars fall
out of their empty pockets, when they are killed, life
sweeps up the ascent with kettledrums
and flags flying. For so many years all have starved, all

Ρωμισούνη (1945-47)

I

Αυτά τα δέντρα δε βολεύονται με λιγότερο ουρανό,
αυτές οι πέτρες δε βολεύονται κάτω απ' τα ξένα
βήματα, αυτά τα πρόσωπα δε βολεύονται παρά μόνο
στον ήλιο, αυτές οι καρδιές δε βολεύονται παρά μόνο
στο δίκιο.

Ετούτο το τοπίο είναι σκληρό σαν τη σιωπή,
σφίγγει στον κόρφο του τα πυρωμένα του λιθάρια,
σφίγγει στο φως τις ορφανές ελιές του και τ' αμπέλια
του, σφίγγει τα δόντια. Δεν υπάρχει νερό. Μονάχα φως.
Ο δρόμος χάνεται στο φως κι ο ίσκιος της μάντρας είναι
σίδερο.

Μαρμάρωσαν τα δέντρα, τα ποτάμια κ' οι φωνές μες
στον ασβέστη του ήλιου. Η ρίζα σκοντάφτει στο
μάρμαρο. Τα σκονισμένα σκοίνα.

Το μουλάρι κι ο βράχος. Λαχανιάζουν. Δεν υπάρχει
νερό. Όλοι διψάνε. Χρόνια τώρα. Όλοι μασάνε μια
μπουκιά ουρανό πάνου απ' την πίκρα τους. Τα μάτια
τους είναι κόκκινα απ' την αγρύπνια, μια βαθειά
χαρακιά σφηνωμένη ανάμεσα στα φρύδια τους σαν ένα
κυπαρίσσι ανάμεσα σε δυο βουνά το λιόγερμα.

Το χέρι τους είναι κολλημένο στο ντουφέκι
το ντουφέκι είναι συνέχεια του χεριού τους
το χέρι τους είναι συνέχεια της ψυχής τους
έχουν στα χείλια τους απάνου το θυμό
κ' έχουνε τον καημό βαθιά-βαθιά στα μάτια τους
σαν ένα αστέρι σε μια γούβα αλάτι.

Όταν σφίγγουν το χέρι, ο ήλιος είναι βέβαιος για τον
κόσμο όταν χαμογελάνε, ένα μικρό χελιδόνι φεύγει μες
απ' τ' άγρια γένεια τους
όταν κοιμούνται, δώδεκα άστρα πέφτουν απ' τις άδειες
τσέπες τους όταν σκοτώνονται, η ζωή τραβάει την



have thirsted, all were slaughtered,
besieged by land and sea; drought has consumed their
fields, brine has drenched their houses,
the wind has knocked down their doors and the few
shrubs in the village square,
death comes and goes through the holes in their
overcoats, their tongues have become as acrid as
cypress cones, their dogs have perished, wrapped up
in their own shadows, the rain beats down on their
bones. Transfixed on their outposts they smoke cow-
dung and the night,
scanning the frenzied sea where the broken mast of the
moon has sunk. They have run out of bread, exhausted
their ammunition, now they load their cannons with
their hearts only.

So many years besieged by land and sea,
they are all starved, are all killed, yet no one has
perished there on their outposts their eyes glow,
a huge Hag, a great crimson conflagration,
and every dawn a thousand doves soar out of their
hands toward the four gates of the horizon.

IV

They pushed on straight into dawn with the disdain of
hungry men, a star had thickened in their motionless eyes,
they carried on their shoulders the stricken summer. The
armies passed through here with banners clinging to their
bodies, with stubbornness clenched between their teeth like
an acrid pear,

with the moon's sand in their heavy army boots,
with the coal dust of night sticking in their ears and nostrils.
Tree by tree, stone by stone, they passed through the world,
passed through sleep with thorns for pillow. They brought
life like a river cupped in their parched hands. At every step
they won a league of sky to give it away. At their outposts
they turned to stone like scorched trees, and when they
danced in the village squares the ceilings in the houses
shook

ανηφόρα με σημαίες και
με ταμπούρα. Τόσα χρόνια όλοι πεινάνε, όλοι διψάνε,
όλοι σκοτώνονται πολιορκημένοι από στεριά, και
θάλασσα, έφαγε η κάψα τα χωράφια τους κ' η αρμύρα
πότισε τα σπίτια τους
ο αγέρας έρριξε τις πόρτες τους και τις λίγες πασχαλιές
της πλατείας από τις τρύπες του πανωφοριού τους
μπαινοβγαίνει ο θάνατος
η γλώσσα τους είναι στυφή σαν το κυτταρισσόμηλο
πέθαναν τα σκυλιά τους τυλιγμένα στον ίσκιο τους η
βροχή χτυπάει στα κόκκαλά τους. Πάνου στα καρσούλια
πετρωμένοι καπνίζουν τη σβουνιά και τη νύχτα
βιγλίζοντας το μανιασμένο πέλαγο όπου βούλιαξε
το σπασμένο κατάρτι του φεγγαριού.
Το ψωμί σώθηκε, τα βόλια σώθηκαν,
γεμίζουν τώρα τα κανόνια τους μόνο με την καρδιά τους.
Τόσα χρόνια πολιορκημένοι από στεριά και θάλασσα
όλοι πεινάνε, όλοι σκοτώνονται και κανένας δεν πέθανε
πόνου στα καρσούλια άμπουνε τα μάτια τους, μια
μεγάλη σημαία, μια μεγάλη φωτιά κατακόκκινη και κάθε
αυγή χιλιάδες περιστέρια φεύγουν απ' τα χέρια τους για
τις τέσσερις πόρτες του ορίζοντα.

II

Κάθε που βραδιάζει με το θυμάρι σουρουφλισμένο στον
κόρφο της πέτρας είναι μια σταγόνα νερό που σκάβει
από παλιά τη σιωπή ως το μεδούλι
είναι μια καμπάνα κρεμασμένη στο γερο-πλάτανο που
φωνάζει τα χρόνια. Σπίθες λαγοκοιμούνται στη χόβολη
της ερημιάς κ' οι στέγες συλλογιούνται το μαλαματένιο
χνούδι στο πάνω χείλι
του Αλωνάρη κίτρινο χνούδι σαν τη φούντα του
καλαμποκιού καπνισμένο απ' τον καημό της δύσης. Η
Παναγία πλαγιάζει στις μυρτιές με τη φαρδειά της
φούστα λεκιασμένη απ' τα σταφύλια.
Στο δρόμο κλαίει ένα παιδί και του αποκρίνεται απ' τον
κάμπο η προβατίνα πούχει χάσει τα παιδιά της. Ίσκιος
στη βρύση. Παγωμένο το βαρέλι.



and the glassware clattered on the shelves.

Ah, what songs shook the mountain summits!

Between their knees they held the platter of the moon and
ate, and squashed an Ah in the depths of their hearts as
they would squash a louse between their coarse fingernails.

Who will bring you now a warm loaf of bread in the night that
you may feed your dreams?

Who will stand in the shade of an olive tree to keep the
cicada company lest the cicada fall silent,
now that the whitewash of noon paints the low stone wall of the
horizon all around, obliterating their great and virile
names? This earth that smelled so fragrantly at daybreak,
the earth that was theirs and ours their blood how fragrant
that earth and now how is it that our vineyards have
locked us out,

how has the light thinned out on roofs and trees,
who can bear to say that half are now under the earth
and the other half in chains? Though the sun waves you
good-morning with so many leaves
and the sky glitters with so many banners, these lie in
chains and those under the earth.

Be silent, the bells will ring out at any moment.

This earth is theirs, this earth is ours.

Under the earth, in their crossed hands
they hold the bell rope, waiting for the hour, they do not sleep,
they never die, waiting to ring in the resurrection. This
earth is theirs and ours no one can take it from us.

V

They sat under the olive trees in the early afternoon
sifting the ashy light through their coarse fingers,
they unbuckled their cartridge belts, estimating how much toil
could be crammed into the path of night,
how much bitterness in the knots of the wild mallow,
how much courage in the eyes of the barefoot boy who
holds the flag aloft. In the field the last swallow had
lingered late, balancing in the air like a black ribbon on the
sleeve of autumn. Nothing else remained. Only the gutted

Η κόρη του πεταλωτή με μουσκεμένα πόδια.

Απάνου στο τραπέζι το ψωμί κ' η ελιά,
μες στην κληματαριά ο λύχνος του αποσπερίτη
και κει ψηλά, γυρίζοντας στη σούβλα του, ευωδάει ο
γαλαξίας καμένο ξύγκι, σκόρδο και πιπέρι.

Α, τι μπρισίμι αστέρι ακόμα θα χρειαστεί
για να κεντήσουν οι πευκοβελόνες στην καφαλισμένη
μάντρα του καλοκαιριού "κι αυτό θα περάσει" πόσο θα
στίψει ακόμα η μάνα την καρδιά της πόνου απ' τα εφτά
σφαγμένα παλληκάρια της
ώσπου να βρει το φως το δρόμο του στην ανηφόρα της
ψυχής της. Τούτο το κόκκαλο που βγαίνει από τη γης
μετράει οργιά οργιά τη γης και τις κόρδες του λαγούτου
και το λαγούτο αποσπερίς με το βιολί ως το χάραμα
καημό καημό το λεν στα δυοσμαρίνια και στους
πεύκους και ντιντινίζουν στα καράβια τα σκοινιά σαν
κόρδες κι ο ναύτης πίνει πικροθάλασσα στην κούπα του
Οδυσσέα.

Α, ποιος θα φράξει τότες τη μπασιά και ποιο σπαθί θα
κόψει το κουράγιο και ποιο κλειδί θα σου κλειδώσει την
καρδιά που με τα δυο θυρόφυλλά της διάπλατα κοιτάει
του θεού τ' αστροπερίχυτα περβόλια; Ώρα μεγάλη σαν
τα Σαββατόβραδα του Μάη στη ναυτική ταβέρνα νύχτα
μεγάλη σαν ταψί στου γανωτζή τον τοίχο μεγάλο το
τραγούδι σαν ψωμί στου σφουγγαρά το δείπνο.
Και να που ροβολάει τα τρόχαλα το κρητικό φεγγάρι
γκαπ, γκαπ, με είκοσι αράδες προκαδούρα στα
στιβάλια του, και νάτοι αυτοί που ανεβοκατεβαίνουνε τη
σκάλα του Αναπλιού

γεμίζοντας την πίπα τους χοντροκομμένα φύλλα από
σκοτάδι, με το μουστάκι τους θυμάρι ρουμελιώτικο
πασπαλισμένο αστέρι
και με το δόντι τους πευκόρριζα στου Αιγαίου το βράχο
και τοαλάτι. Μπήκαν στα σίδερα και στη φωτιά,
κουβέντιασαν με τα λιθάρια,
κεράσανε ρακί το θάνατο στο καύκαλο του παππούλη
τους, στ' Αλώνια τα ίδια αντάμωσαν το Διγενή και
στρώθηκαν στο δείπνο κόβοντας τον καημό στα δυο



houses smoldering still. The others left us some time ago
to lie under the stones, their shirts torn and their vows
scratched on the fallen door. No one wept. We had no time.
Only the silence grew deeper still, and the light down by the
beach was as tidy as the housekeeping of the murdered
woman.

What will happen to them now when the rain seeps into the earth
with its rotted plane tree leaves?

What will happen to them when the sun dries out in the woolen
blanket of clouds like a squashed bedbug on a peasant's
bed, when the stork of snows stands embalmed on the chimney
stack of the previous night?

Old mothers scatter salt into the fire, scatter earth over their
hair, uproot the vines of Monevasia lest even one grape
sweeten the mouth of a foe;

they have put *the* bones of their grandfathers in a sack
together with their knives and forks
and wander outside the wails of their homelands searching for a
place in which to take root in the night. It would be hard
for us to find a language

less powerful less stony than that of the cherry tree
those hands that remained in the fields
or up the mountains or down under the sea
do not forget, they never forget it will be hard for us to
forget their hands, it will be hard for hands that grew
callous on a trigger to ask questions of a daisy,
to give thanks, resting on a knee or a book
or on the breast of starlight, it will take time. And we must
speak up. Until they find their bread and their rights. Two
oars nailed in the sand in the storming dawn. Where is the
fishing boat?

A plow thrust into earth and the wind blowing.
The earth scorched. Where is the plowman?
Ashes the olive tree, the vineyard, and the house.
Niggardly night with its stars in a peasant's sock.
Dry bayleaves and oregano in the middle cupboard on the
wall. The fire has not touched them.
Blackened kettle in the hearth and the water boiling by itself

έτσι που κόβανε στο γόνατο το κριθαρένιο τους καρβέλι.

Έλα, κυρά με τ' αρμυρά ματόκλαδα, με
φλωροκαπνισμένο χέρι από την έγνοια του φτωχού κι
απ' τα πολλά τα χρόνια η αγάπη σε περμένει μες στα
σκοίνα,

μες στη σπηλιά του ο γλάρος σου κρεμάει το μαύρο
κόνισμά σου κι ο πικραμένος αχινιός σου ασπάζεται το
νύχι του ποδιού σου. Μέσα στη μαύρη ρώγα του
αμπελιού κοχλάζει ο μούστος κατακόκκινος, κοχλάζει το
ροδάμι στον καμένο πρίνο, στο χώμα η ρίζα του νεκρού
ζητάει νερό για να τινάξει ελάτι κ' η μάνα κάτω απ' τη
ρυτίδα της κρατάει γερά μαχαίρι.

Έλα κυρά που τα χρυσά κλωσσάς αυγά του κεραυνού
πότε μια μέρα θαλασσιά θα βγάλεις το τσεμπέρι και θα
πάρεις πάλι τ' άρματα να σε χτυπήσει κατακούτελα
μαγιάτικο χαλάζι να σπάσει ρόδι ο ήλιος στην
αλατζαδένια σου ποδιά να τον μοιράσεις μόνη σου
σπιρι-σπιρί στα δώδεκα ορφανά σου, να λάμψει
ολόγυρα ο γιαλός ως λάμπει η κόψη του σπαθιού και τ'
Απριλίου το χιόνι και να βγει στα χαλίκια ο κάβουρας
για να λιαστεί και να σταυρώσει τις δαγκάνες του.

III

Δω πέρα ο ουρανός δε λιγοστεύει ούτε στιγμή το λάδι
του ματιού μας δω πέρα ο ήλιος παίρνει πάνω του το
μισό βάρος της πέτρας που σηκώνουμε πάντα στη ράχη
μας σπάνε τα κεραμίδια δίχως αχ κάτω απ' το γόνα του
μεσημεριού οι άνθρωποι παν μπροστά απ' τον ίσκιο
τους σαν τα δελφίνια μπρος απ' τα σκιαθίτικα καϊκια
ύστερα ο ίσκιος τους γίνεται ένας αϊτός που βάφει τα
φτερά του στο λιόγερμα και πιο ύστερα κουρνιάζει στο
κεφάλι τους και συλλογίζεται τ' άστρα όταν αυτοί
πλαγιάζουνε στο λιακωτό με τη μαύρη σταφίδα. Δω
πέρα η κάθε πόρτα έχει πελεκημένο ένα όνομα κάπου
από τρεις χιλιάδες τόσα χρόνια κάθε λιθάρι έχει
ζωγραφισμένον έναν άγιο μ' άγρια μάτια και μαλλιά
σκοινένια κάθε άντρας έχει στο ζερβί του χέρι
χαραγμένη βελονιά τη βελονιά μια κόκκινη γοργόνα
κάθε κοπέλα έχει μια φούχτα αλατισμένο φως κάτω απ'



in the bolted house. They had no time to eat.
On the threshing floor where one night the gallant young men
took their supper
the olive pits and the moon's dried blood remain
with the folk meter of their guns.
The cypress trees and laurel groves remain.
Next day the sparrows ate the crumbs of army bread,
children fashioned toys out of the matches
with which the soldiers lit their cigarettes and the thorns of the
stars. And the stone, on which they sat under the olive trees
in early afternoon by the sea
will be turned into whitewash in the kiln tomorrow, the day
after tomorrow we shall whitewash our houses and the low
stone wall of Saint Saviour,
and the day after that we shall sow seed there where they
slept and a pomegranate bud shall burst like a babe's first
laughter on the sunlight's breast.
Afterwards we shall sit on the ground to read all their
hearts as though we were reading the history of the world for
the first time.

VII

Every night the moon in the fields turns the magnificent
dead over on their backs,
searching their faces with savage, frozen fingers to find her son
by the cut of his chin and his stony eyebrows, searching
their pockets. She will always find something. There is
always something to find.

A locket with a splinter of the Cross. A stubbed-out
cigarette. A key, a letter, a watch stopped at seven.
We wind up the watch again. The hours plod on.
When tomorrow their clothing rots away
and they remain amid their army buttons
like pieces of sky between summer stars,
like the river between laurel shrubs,
like the footpath meandering between lemon trees in early
spring, we may then find their names and shout: I love.
Then. But again these things are perhaps a little too

τη φούστα της και τα παιδιά έχουν πέντε-έξι
σταυρουλάκια πίκρα πάνου στην καρδιά τους σαν τα
χνάρια απ' το βήμα των γλάρων στην αμμουδιά το
απόγευμα. Δε χρειάζεται να θυμηθείς. Το ξέρουμε. Όλα
τα μονοπάτια βγάζουνε στα Ψηλαλώνια. Ο αγέρας είναι
αψύς κεί πόνου. Όταν ξεφτάει απόμακρα η μινωική
τοιχογραφία της δύσης
και σβήνει η πυρκαϊά στον αχερώνα της ακρογιαλιάς
ανηφορίζουν ως εδώ οι γριές απ' τα σκαμμένα στο
βράχο σκαλοπάτια
κάθονται στη Μεγάλη Πέτρα γνέθοντας με τα μάτια τη
θάλασσα κάθονται και μετράν τ' αστέρια ως να
μετράνε τα προγονικά ασημένια τους κουταλοπήρουνα
κι αργά κατηφοράνε να ταΐσουνε τα εγγόνια τους με το
μεσολογιστικό μπαρούτι.
Ναι, αλήθεια, ο Ελκόμενος έχει δυο χέρια τόσο λυπημένα
μέσα στη θηλεία τους
όμως το φρύδι του σαλεύει σαν το βράχο που όλο πάει να
ξεκόλλησει πάνου απ' το πικρό του μάτι.
Από βαθιά ανεβαίνει αυτό το κύμα που δεν ξέρει
παρακάλια από ψηλά κυλάει αυτός ο αγέρας με ρετσίνι
φλέβα και πλεμόνι αλισφακιά.
Αχ, θα φυσήξει μια να πάρει σβάρνα τις πορτοκαλιές
της θύμησης Αχ, θα φυσήξει δυο να βγάλει σπίθα η
σιδερένια πέτρα σαν καπούλι
Αχ, θα φυσήξει τρεις και θα τρελλάνει τα ελατόδασα στη
Λιάκουρα θα δώσει μια με τη γροθιά του να τινάξει την
τυραγνία στον αγέρα
και θα τραβήξει της αρκούδας νύχτας το χαλκά να μας
χορέψει τσάμικο καταμεσίς στην τάπια
και ντέφι το φεγγάρι θα χτυπάει που να γεμίσουν τα
νησιώτικα μπαλκόνια αγουροξυπνημένο παιδολόι και
σουλιώτισσες μανάδες. Ένας μαντατοφόρος φτάνει απ'
τη Μεγάλη Λαγκαδιά κάθε
πρωινό στο πρόσωπο του λάμπει ο ιδρωμένος ήλιος
κάτου από τη μασκάλη του κρατεί σφιχτά τη ρωμιουσίνη
όπως κρατάει ο εργάτης την τραγιάσκα του μέσα στην
εκκλησία. Ήρθε η ώρα, λέει. Νά μαστε έτοιμοι. Κάθε



remote, perhaps a little too close, as when you clasp a hand
in the dark ness and say good evening with the bitter civility
of the exile who returns to his ancestral home and not even
his own kinfolk recognize him because he has known
death,

because he has known the life that comes before life and beyond
death, but he recognizes them. He is not embittered.

Tomorrow, he says. And he is certain
that the longer road is the shortest road into the heart of
God. And now the hour has come when the moon kisses
him below the ear with some distress:
the seaweed, the flowerpot, the footstool, and the stone
staircase bid him good evening, and the mountains and
the seas and the cities and the sky
bid him good evening, and then at last, flicking his
cigarette ash through the balcony
railing, he may weep in his assurance,
he may weep in the assurance of the trees and the stars and
his brothers.

REFORMATION

This which you term serenity or discipline, kindness or
apathy, this which you call a closed mouth with clenched
teeth, showing the sweet silence of the mouth, hiding the
clenched teeth, is only the metal's endurance under the
useful hammer, under the dreadful hammer it is what you
know;
that from the formless you pass toward form.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

ώρα είναι η δικιά μας ώρα.

IV

Τράβηξαν ολόισια στην αυγή με την ακαταδεξιά του
ανθρώπου που πεινάει, μέσα στ' ασάλευτα μάτια τους είχε
πήξει ένα άστρο στον ώμο τους κουβάλαγαν το λαβωμένο
καλοκαίρι. Από δω πέρασε ο στρατός με τα φλάμπουρα
κατάσαρκα με το πείσμα δαγκωμένο στα δόντια τους
σαν άγουρο γκόρτσι με τον άμμο του φεγγαριού μες

στις αρβύλες τους
και με την καρβουνόσκονη της νύχτας κολλημένη μέσα στα
ρουθούνια και στ' αυτιά τους.

Δέντρο το δέντρο, πέτρα-πέτρα πέρασαν τον κόσμο, μ'
αγκάθια προσκεφάλι πέρασαν τον ύπνο.

Φέρναν τη ζωή στα δυο στεγνά τους χέρια σαν ποτάμι.
Σε κάθε βήμα κέρδιζαν μια οργιά ουρανό - για να τον
δώσουν. Πάνου στα καρπούλια πέτρωναν σαν τα
καψαλισμένα δέντρα, κι όταν χόρευαν στην πλατεία,
μέσα στα σπίτια τρέμαν τα ταβάνια και κουδούνιζαν τα
γυαλικά στα ράφια.

Α, τι τραγούδι τράνταξε τα κορφοβούνια -
ανάμεσα στα γόνατα τους κράταγαν το σκουτέλι του
φεγγαριού και δειπνούσαν, και σπάγαν το αχ μέσα στα
φυλλοκάρδια τους - να νάσπαγαν μια ψείρα ανάμεσα στα
δυο χοντρά τους νύχια.

Ποιος θα σου φέρει τώρα το ζεστό καρβέλι μες στη νύχτα
να ταΐσεις τα όνειρα; Ποιος θα σταθεί στον ίσκιο της
ελιάς παρέα με το τζιτζίκι μη
σωπάσει το τζιτζίκι, τώρα που ασβέστης του μεσημεριού
βάφει τη μάντρα ολόγουρα του ορίζοντα
σβήνοντας τα μεγάλα αντρίκια ονόματα τους;

Το χώμα τούτο που μοσκοβολούσε τα χαράματα
το χώμα που είτανε δικό τους και δικό μας - αίμα τους πώς
μύριζε το χώμα και τώρα πώς κλειδώσανέ την πόρτα τους
τ' αμπέλια μας πώς λίγνεψε το φως στις στέγες και στα
δέντρα ποιος να το πει πως βρίσκονται οι μισοί κάτω απ'
το χώμα κ' οι άλλοι μισοί στα σίδερα; Με τόσα φύλλα να
σου γνέφει ο ήλιος καλημέρα με τόσα φλάμπουρα να
λάμπει ο ουρανός και τούτοι μες στα σίδερα και κείνοι μες

στο χώμα. Σώπα, όπου νάναι θα σημάνουν οι καμπάνες.
Αυτό το χώμα είναι δικό τους και δικό μας. Κάτου απ' το
χώμα, μες στα σταυρωμένα χέρια τους κρατάνε της
καμπάνας το σκοινί - περμένουνε την ώρα, δεν
κοιμούνται, περμένουν να σημάνουν την ανάσταση. Τούτο
το χώμα είναι δικό τους και δικό μας - δε μπορεί κανείς να
μας το πάρει.

V

Κάτσανε κάτου απ' τις ελιές το απομεσήμερο
κοσκινίζοντας το σταχτί φως με τα χοντρά τους δάχτυλα
βγάλανε τις μπαλάσκες τους και λογάριαζαν πόσος
μόχτος χώρεσε στο μονοπάτι της νύχτας πόση πίκρα
στον κόμπο της αγριομολόχας πόσο κουράγιο μες στα
μάπα του ξυπόλυτου παιδιού που κράταε τη σημαία.
Είχε απομείνει πάρωρα στον κάμπο το στερνό χελιδόνι
ζυγιαζόταν στον αέρα σα μια μαύρη λουρίδα στο μανίκι
του φθινοπώρου. Τιποτ' άλλο δεν έμενε. Μονάχα
κάπνιζαν ακόμα τα καμένα σπίτια.
Οι άλλοι μας άφησαν από καιρό κάτου απ' τις πέτρες με
το σκισμένο τους πουκάμισο και με τον όρκο τους
γραμμένο στην πεσμένη πόρτα.
Δεν έκλαψε κανείς. Δεν είχαμε καιρό. Μόνο που η σιγαλιά
μεγάλωνε πολύ κ' είχαν το φως συγυρισμένο κάτου στο
γιαλό σαν το νοικοκυριό της σκοτωμένης.
Τι θα γίνουν τώρα όταν θάρθει η βροχή μες στο χώμα
με τα σάπια πλατανόφυλλα τι θα γίνουν όταν ο ήλιος
στεγνώσει στο χράμι της συννεφιάς
σα σπασμένος κοριός στο χωριάτικο κρεβάτι
όταν σταθεί στην καμινάδα του απόβραδου
μπαλσαμωμένο το λελέκι του χιονιού; Ρίχνουνε αλάτι οι
γριές μανάδες στη φωτιά, ρίχνουνε χώμα τα μαλλιά τους
ξερρίζωσαν τ' αμπέλια της Μονοβασιάς μη και γλυκάνει
μαύρη ρώγα των εχτρών το στόμα, βαλαν σ' ένα
σακκούλι των παππούδων τους τα κόκκαλα μαζί με τα
μαχαιροπήρουνα και τριγυρνάνε έξω απ' τα τείχη της
πατρίδας τους ψάχνοντας τόπο να ριζώσουνε στη
νύχτα. Θάναι δύσκολο τώρα να βρούμε μια γλώσσα πιο

της κερασιάς, λιγότερο δυνατή, λιγότερο πέτρινη τα χέρια εκείνα που απόμειναν στα χωράφια ή απάνου στα βουνά ή κάτου απ' τη θάλασσα, δεν ξεχνάνε θάναι δύσκολο να ξεχάσουμε τα χέρια τους θάναι δύσκολο τα χέρια πούβγαλαν κάλους στη σκανδάλη να ρωτήσουν μια μαργαρίτα να πουν ευχαριστώ πόνου στο γόνατο τους, πάνου στο βιβλίο ή μες στο μπούστο της αστροφεγγιάς. θα χρειαστεί καιρός. Και πρέπει να μιλήσουμε. Όσπου να βρουν το ψωμί και το δίκιο τους. Δυο κουτιά καρφωμένα στον άμμο τα χαράματα με τη φουρτούνα. Πούναι η βάρκα;

Ένα αλέτρι μπηγμένο στο χώμα, κι ο αγέρας να φυσάει.

Καμένο το χώμα. Πούναι ο ζευγολατης;

Στάχτη η ελιά, τ' αμπέλι και το σπίτι.

Βραδιά σπαγγοραμμένη με τ' αστέρια της μες στο τσουράπι. Δάφνη ξερή και ρίγανη στο μεσοντούλαπο του τοίχου. Δεν τ' άγγιξε η φωτιά. Καπνισμένο τσουκάλι στο τζάκι - και να κοχλάζει μόνο το νερό στο κλειδωμένο σπίτι. Δεν πρόφτασαν να φάνε.

Απάνω στο καμένο τους πορτόφυλλο οι φλέβες του δάσους - τρέχει το αίμα μες στις φλέβες.

Και να το βήμα γνώριμο. Ποιος είναι;

Γνώριμο βήμα με τις πρόκες στον ανήφορο.

Το σύρσιμο της ρίζας μες στην πέτρα. Κάποιος έρχεται.

Το σύνθημα, το παρασύνθημα. Αδελφός. Καλησπέρα.

Θα βρει λοιπόν το φως τα δέντρα του, θα βρει μια μέρα και το δέντρο τον καρπό του. Του σκοτωμένου το παγούρι έχει νερό και φως ακόμα.

Καλησπέρα, αδερφέ μου. Το ξέρεις. Καλησπέρα.

Στην ξύλινη παράγκα της πουλάει μπαχαρικά και ντεμισέδες η γριά δύση. Κανείς δεν αγοράζει. Τράβηξαν ψηλά.

Δύσκολο πια να χαμηλώσουν. Δύσκολο και να πουν το μπόι τους.

Μέσα στ' αλώνι όπου δεπνήσαν μια νυχτιά τα παλληκάρια μένουνε τα λιοκούκουτσα και το αίμα το ξερό του φεγγαριού κι ο δεκαπεντασύλλαβος απ' τ' άρματα τους. Την άλλη μέρα τα σπουργίτια φάγανε τα ψίχουλα της κουραμάνας τους, τα παιδιά φτιάξανε παιχνίδια με τα σπίρτα τους που άναψαν τα

τσιγάρα τους και τ' αγκάθια των άστρων. Κ' η πέτρα όπου καθήσαν κάτω απ' τις ελιές το απομεσήμερο αντίκρυ στη θάλασσα αύριο θα γίνει ασβέστης στο καμίνι μεθαύριο θ' ασβεστώσουμε τα σπίτια μας και το πεζούλι της Αγιά-Σωτήρας αντιμεθαύριο θα φυτέψουμε το σπόρο εκεί που αποκοιμήθηκαν κ' ένα μπουμπούκι της ροδιάς θα σκάσει πρώτο γέλιο του μωρού στον κόρφο της λιακάδας. Κ' ύστερα πια θα κάσουμε στην πέτρα να διαβάσουμε όλη την καρδιά τους σα να διαβάζουμε πρώτη φορά την ιστορία του κόσμου.

VI

Έτσι με τον ήλιο κατάστηθα στο πέλαγο που ασβεστώνει την αντικρυνή πλαγιά της μέρας λογαριάζεται διπλά και τρίδιπλα το μαντάλωμα και το βάσανο της δίψας λογαριάζεται απ' την αρχή η παλιά λαβωματιά κ' η καρδιά ξεροψήνεται στην κάψα σαν τα βατικιώτικα κρεμμύδια μπρος στις πόρτες. Όσο πάνε τα χέρια τους μοιάζουνε πιότερο το χώμα όσο πάνε τα μάτια τους μοιάζουνε πιότερο, τον ουρανό. Αδειασε το κιούπι με το λάδι. Λίγη μούργα στον πάτο. Κι ο ψόφιος ποντικός.

Άδειασε το κουράγιο της μάνας μαζί με το πήλινο κανάτι και τη στέρνα. Στυφίζουν τα ούλα της ερμιάς απ' το μπαρούτι. Πού λάδι τώρα πια για το καντήλι της Αγιά-Βαρβάρας πού δυόσμος πια να λιβανίσει το μαλαματένιο κονίαμα του δειλινού πού μια μπουκιά ψωμί για τη βραδιά-ζητιάνα να σου παίξει την αστρομαντινάδας της στη λύρα. Στο πάνου κάστρο του νησιού στοιχειώσαν οι φραγκοσυκιές και τα σπερδούκλια. Το χώμα ανασκαμμένο από το κανονίδι και τους τάφους. Το γκρεμισμένο Διοικητήριο μπαλωμένο με ουρανό. Δεν έχει πια καθόλου τόπο για άλλους νεκρούς. Δεν έχα τόπο η λύπη να σταθεί να πλέξει τα μαλλιά της. Σπίτια καμένα που αγναντεύουν με βγαλμένα μάτια το μαρμαρωμένο πέλαγο κ' οι σφαίρες σφηνωμένες στα τειχιά σαν τα μαχαίρια στα παιδιά του Αγίου που τον δέσανε στο κυπαρίσσι. Όλη τη μέρα οι σκοτωμένοι λιάζονται ανάσκελα στον ήλιο. Και μόνο σα

βραδιάζει οι στρατιώτες σέρνονται με την κοιλιά στις
καπνισμένες πέτρες ψάχνουν με τα ρουθούνια τον
αγέρα έξω απ' το θάνατο ψάχνουνε τα παπούτσια του
φεγγαριού μασουλώντας ένα κομμάτι
μεντζεσόλα χτυπάν με τη γροθιά το βράχο μήπως τρέξει
ο κόμπος του νερού μα απ' την άλλη μεριά ο τοίχος
είναι κούφιος και ξανακούν το χτύπημα με τους πολλούς
γύρους που κάνει η οβίδα πέφτοντας στη θάλασσα κι
ακούν ακόμα μια φορά το σκούξιμο των λαβωμένων
μπρος στην πύλη.

Πού να τραβήξεις; Σε φωνάζει ο αδερφός σου.
Χτισμένη η νύχτα ολόγυρα απ' τους ίσκιους ξένων
καρβιών. Κλεισμένοι οι δρόμοι απ' τα ντουβάρια.

Μόνο για τα ψηλά είναι ακόμα δρόμος.
Κι αυτοί μουντζώνουν τα καράβια και δαγκώνουνε τη
γλώσσα τους ν' ακούσουνε τον πόνο τους που δεν έγινε
κόκκαλο. Απάνω στα μεντένια οι σκοτωμένοι καπετάνιοι
ορθοί φρουρούν

το κάστρο. Κάτου απ' τα ρούχα τους λυώνουν τα κρέατα
τους. Ει, αδέρφι, δεν απόσταςες; Μπουμπούκιασε το
βόλι μέσα στην καρδιά σου

πέντε ζουμπούλια ξεμυτίσαν στη μασκάλη του
ξερόβραχου, ανάσα ανάσα η μοσκοβολιά λέει το
παραμύθι δε θυμάσαι; Δοντιά δοντιά η λαβωματιά σου
λέει τη ζωή, το χαμομήλι φυτρωμένο μες στη λίγδα του
νυχιού σου στο μεγάλο δάχτυλο του ποδαριού σου λέει την
ομορφιά του κόσμου.

Πιάνεις το χέρι. Είναι δικό σου. Νοτισμένο απ' την αρμύρα.
Δικιά σου η θάλασσα. Σαν ξεριζώνεις τρίχα απ' το κεφάλι της
σιωπής σάζει πικρό το γάλα της συκιάς.

Όπου και νάσαι ο ουρανός σε βλέπει. Στρίβει στα δάχτυλα του
ο αποσπερίτης την ψυχή σου σαν τσιγάρο έτσι ναν τη
φουμάρεις την ψυχή σου ανάσκελα

βρέχοντας το ζερβί σου χέρι μες στην ξαστεριά
και στο δεξί σου κολλημένο το ντουφέκι αρραβωνιαστικιά σου
να θυμηθείς πως ο ουρανός ποτέ του δε σε ξέχασε όταν θα
βγάζεις απ' τη μέσα τσέπη το παλιό του γράμμα και
ξεδιπλώνοντας με δάχτυλα καμένα το φεγγάρι θα διαβάξεις

λεβεντιά και δόξα.

Ύστερα θ' ανεβείς στο ψηλό καραούλι του νησιού σου
και βάζοντας καψούλι το άστρο θα τραβήξεις μια στον αέρα
πόνου από τα τειχιά και τα κατάρτια πάνου από τα βουνά που
σκύβουν σα φαντάροι πληγωμένοι
έτσι μόνο και μόνο να χουγιάξεις τα στοιχειά και να
τρυπώσουν στην κουβέρτα του ίσκιου θα ρίξεις μιαν ίσα στον
κόρφο τ' ουρανού να βρείς το γαλανό σημάδι
σάμπως να βρίσκεις πάνου απ' το πουκάμισο τη ρώγα της γυ-
ναίκας που αύριο θα βυζαίνει το παιδί σου
σάμπως να βρίσκεις ύστερ' από χρόνια το χερούλι της
εξώπορτας του πατρικού σπιτιού σου.

VII

Το σπίτι, ο δρόμος, η φραγκοσυκιά, τα φλούδια του
ήλιου στην αυλή που τα τσιμπολογάν οι κόττες. Τα
ξέρουμε, μας ξέρουνε. Δω χάμου ανάμεσα στα βάτα έχει
η δεντρογαλιά παρατημένο το κίτρινο πουκάμισο της.
Δω χάμου είναι η καλύβα του μερμηγκιού κι ο πύργος
της σφήγκας με τις πολλές πολεμίστρες, στην ίδια ελιά το
τόσφλι του περσινού τζιτζικά κ' η φωνή του φετεινού τζιτζικά,
στα σκοίνα ο ίσκιος σου που σε παίρνει από πίσω σα σκυλί
αμίλητο, πολύ βασανισμένο,
πιστό σκυλί - τα μεσημέρια κάθετα δίπλα στο χωματένιον
ύπνο σου μυρίζοντας τις πικροδάφνες
τα βράδια κουλουριάζεται στα πόδια σου κοιτάζοντας
ένα άστρο. Είναι μια σιγαλιά από αχλάδια που μεγαλώνουνε
στα σκέλια του καλοκαιριού
μια νύστα από νερό που χαζεύει στις ρίζες της χαρουπιάς η
άνοιξη έχει τρία ορφανά κοιμισμένα στην ποδιά της
έναν αϊτό μισοπεθαμένο στα μάτια της και κει ψηλά
πίσω από το πευκόδασο στεγνώνει το ξωκκλήσι του Αη-
Γαννιού του Νηστευτή
σαν άσπρη κουτσουλιά του σπουργιτιού σ' ένα πλατύ φύλλο
μουριάς που την ξεραίνει η κάψα. Ετούτος ο τσοπάνος
τυλιγμένος την προβιά του έχει σε κάθε τρίχα του κορμιού
ένα στεγνό ποτάμι έχει ένα δάσος βελανιδιές σε κάθε
τρύπα της φλογέρας του και το

ραβδί του έχει τους ίδιους ρόζους με το κουπί που
πρωτοχτύπησε το γαλάζιο του Ελλήσποντου.
Δε χρειάζεται να θυμηθείς. Η φλέβα του πλάτανου
έχει το αίμα σου. Και το σπερδούκλι του νησιού κ' η
κάπαρη. Το αμίλητο πηγάδι ανεβάζει στο καταμεσήμερο
μία στρογγυλή φωνή από μαύρο γυαλί κι από άσπρο
άνεμο στρογγυλή σαν τα παλιά πιθάρια η ίδια
πανάρχαιη φωνή. Κάθε νύχτα το φεγγάρι
αναποδογυρίζει τους σκοτωμένους
ψάχνει τα πρόσωπα τους με παγωμένα δάχτυλα να βρεί
το γιο του απ' την κοψιά του σαγονιού κι απ' τα πέτρινα
φρύδια, ψάχνει τις τσέπες τους. Πάντα κάτι θα βρεί.
Κάτι βρίσκουμε. Ένα κλειδί, ένα γράμμα, ένα ρολόι
σταματημένο στις εφτά.
Κουρντίζουμε πάλι το ρολόι. Περπατάνε οι ώρες.
Όταν μεθαύριο λυώσουνε τα ρούχα τους και μέινουνε
γυμνοί ανάμεσα στα στρατιωτικά κουμπιά τους έτσι που
μένουν τα κομμάτια τ' ουρανού ανάμεσα από τα καλο-
καιριάτικα άστρα τότε μπορεί να βρούμε τ' όνομα τους
και μπορεί να το φωνάξουμε: αγαπώ. Τότε. Μα πάλι
αυτά τα πράγματα είναι λιγάκι σαν πολύ μακρινά.
Είναι λιγάκι σαν πολύ κοντινά, σαν όταν πιάνεις στο
σκοτάδι ένα χέρι και λες καλησπέρα με την πικρή
καλογνωμιά του ξενητεμένου όταν γυρνάει στο πατρικό
του και δεν τον γνωρίζουνε μήτε οι δικοί του, γιατί αυτός
έχει γνωρίσει το θάνατο
κ' έχει γνωρίσει τη ζωή πριν απ' τη ζωή και πάνου από
το θάνατο και τους γνωρίζει. Δεν πικραίνεται. Αύριο,
λέει. Κ' είναι σίγουρος πως ο δρόμος ο πιο μακρινός
είναι ο πιο κοντινός στην καρδιά του Θεού. Και την ώρα
που το φεγγάρι τον φιλάει στο λαιμό με κάποια
στεναχώρια, τινάζοντας τη στάχτη του τσιγάρου του απ'
τα κάγκελα του μπαλκονιού, μπορεί να κλάψει από τη
σιγουριά του μπορεί να κλάψει από τη σιγουριά των
δέντρων και των άστρων και των αδελφών του.

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Moonlight sonata (1956)

A spring evening. A large room in an old house. A woman of a certain age, dressed in black, is speaking to a young man. They have not turned on the lights. Through both windows the moonlight shines relentlessly. I forgot to mention that the Woman in Black has published two or three interesting volume of poetry with a religious flavor. So, the Woman in Black is speaking to the Young Man:

Let me come with you. What a moon there is tonight!
The moon is kind - it won't show that my hair turned white. The moon will turn my hair to gold again. You wouldn't understand. Let me come with you.
When there's a moon the shadows in the house grow larger, invisible hands draw the curtains,
a ghostly finger writes forgotten words in the dust on the piano I don't want to hear them. Hush. Let me come with you a little farther down, as far as the brickyard wall, to the point where the road turns and the city appears concrete and airy, whitewashed with moonlight,
so indifferent and insubstantial so positive, like metaphysics, that finally you can believe you exist and do not exist, that you never existed, that time with its destruction never existed. Let me come with you.
We'll sit for a little on the low wall, up on the hill, and as the spring breeze blows around us perhaps we'll even imagine that we are flying, because, often, and now especially, I hear the sound of my own dress like the sound of two powerful wings opening and closing, you feel the tight mesh of your throat, your ribs, your flesh, and when you enclose yourself within the sound of that flight
you feel the tight mesh of your throat, your birds, your

Η σονάτα του Σεληνόφωτος (1956)

Ανοιξιάτικο βράδι. Μεγάλο δωμάτιο παλιού σπιτιού. Μια ηλικιωμένη γυναίκα, ντυμένη στα μαύρα, μιλάει σ' έναν νέο. Δεν έχουν ανάψει φως. Απ' τα δυο παράθυρα μπαίνει ένα αμείλικτο φεγγαρόφωτο. Ξέχασα να πω ότι η Γυναίκα με τα Μαύρα έχα εκδώσει δυο-τρεις ενδιαφέρουσες ποιητικές συλλογές θρησκευτικής πνοής. Λοιπόν, η Γυναίκα μετά Μαύρα μιλάει στον Νέο:

Άφησε μενάρθω μαζί σου. Τι φεγγάρι απόψε! Είναι καλό το φεγγάρι δε θα φαίνεται που άσπρισαν τα μαλλιά μου. Το φεγγάρι θα καν ει πάλι χρυσά τα μαλλιά μου. Δε θα καταλάβεις. Άφησε με νάρθω μαζί σου. Όταν έχει φεγγάρι μεγαλώνουν οι σκιές μες στο σπίτι, αόρατα χέρια τραβούν τις κουρτίνες, ένα δάχτυλο αχνό γράφει στη σκόνη του πιάνου λησμονημένα λόγια-δε θέλω να τ' ακούσω. Σώπα.
Άφησε με νάρθω μαζί σου λίγο πιο κατου. ως τη μάντρα του τουβλάδικου, ως εκεί που στρίβει ο δρόμος και φαίνεται η πολιτεία τσιμεντένια κι αέρινη, ασβεστωμένη με φεγγαρόφωτο.
τόσο αδιάφορη κι άυλη τόσο θετική σαν μεταφυσική που μπορείς επιτέλους να πιστέψεις πως υπάρχουν και δεν υπάρχουν πως ποτέ δεν υπήρξες, δεν υπήρξε ο χρόνος κ' η φθορά του. Άφησε με νάρθω μαζί σου. Θα καθίσουμε λίγο στο πεζούλι, πάνω στο ύψωμα, κι όπως θα μας φουσάει ο ανοιξιάτικος αέρας μπορεί να φανταστούμε κιόλας πως θα πετάξουμε, γιατί, πολλές φορές, και τώρα ακόμη, ακούω το θόρυβο του φουστανιού μου στον το θόρυβο δυο δυνατών φτερών που ανοιγοκλείνουν, κι όταν κλείνεις μέσα σ' αυτόν τον ήχο του πετάγματος νιώθεις κρουστό το λαιμό σου, τα πλευρά σου, τη σάρκα σου, κ' έτσι σφιγμένος μες στους μυώνες του γαλάζιου



flesh, and thus constricted amid the muscles of the azure air,
amid the strong nerves of the heavens,
it makes no difference whether you go or return
it makes no difference whether you go or return
and it makes no difference that my hair has turned white
(that is not my sorrow - my sorrow is that my heart too does not
turn white). Let me come with you.

I know that each one of us travels to love alone,
alone to faith and to death. I know it. I've tried it. It doesn't
help. Let me come with you. This house is haunted, it preys on
me what I mean is, it has aged a great deal, the nails are
working loose, the portraits drop as though plunging into the
void, the plaster falls without a sound as the dead man's hat
falls from the peg in the dark hallway as the worn woolen glove
falls from the knee of silence or as moonbeam falls on the
old, gutted armchair. Once it too was new not the photograph
that you are staring at so dubiously I mean the armchair, very
comfortable, you could sit in it for hours
with your eyes closed and dream whatever came into your
head a sandy beach, smooth, wet, shining in the moonlight,
shining more than my old patent leather shoes that I send each
month to the shoeshine shop on the
corner, or a fishing boat's sail that sinks to the bottom rocked
by its own breathing, a three-cornered sail like a
handkerchief folded slantwise in half only
as though it had nothing to shut up or hold fast
no reason to flutter open in farewell. I have always had a
passion for handkerchiefs, not to keep anything tied in them,
no flower seeds or camomile gathered in the fields at
sunset, nor to tie them with four knots like the caps the
workers wear on the construction site across the street, nor to
dab my eyes I've kept my eyesight good;
I've never worn glasses. A harmless idiosyncrasy,
handkerchiefs. Now I fold them in quarters, in eighths, in
sixteenths to keep my fingers occupied. And now I
remember that this is how I counted the music when I went
to the Odeion with a blue pinafore and a white collar, with
two blond braids hand in hand with a small friend of mine,

αγέρα, μέσα στα ρωμαλέα νεύρα του ύψους, δεν έχει
σημασία αν φεύγεις ή αν γυρίζεις κι ούτε έχει σημασία που
άσπρισαν τα μαλλιά μου, (δεν είναι τούτο η λύπη μου - η
λύπη μου είναι που δεν ασπρίζει κ' η καρδιά μου). Άφησε με
νάρθω μαζί σου. Το ξέρω πως καθένας μονάχος
πορεύεται στον έρωτα, μονάχος στη δόξα και στο
θάνατο. Το ξέρω. Το δοκίμασα. Δεν ωφελεί. Άφησε με
νάρθω μαζί σου. Τούτο το σπίτι στοίχειωσε, με διώχνει
θέλω να πω έχει παλιώσει πολύ, τα καρφιά ξεκολλάνε, τα
κάδρα ρίχνονται σα να βουτάνε στο κενό, οι σουβάδες
πέφτουν αθόρυβα όπως πέφτει το καπέλο το υ
πεθαμένου απ' την κρεμάστρα στο σκοτεινό
διάδρομο όπως πέφτει το μάλλινο τριμμένο γάντι της
σιωπής απ' τα γόνατα της ή όπως πέφτει μια λουρίδα
φεγγάρι στην παλιά, ξεκοιλιασμένη πολυθρόνα.
Κάποτε υπήρξε νέα κι αυτή, όχι η φωτογραφία που
κοιτάς με τωση δυσπιστία λέω για την πολυθρόνα, πολύ
αναπαυτική, μπορούσες ώρες ολόκληρες να
κάθεται και με κλεισμένα μάτια να ονειρεύεται ό,τι τύχει
μιαν αμμουδιά στρωτή, νοτισμένη, στιλβωμένη από
φεγγάρι, πιο στιλβωμένη απ' τα παλιά λουστρίνια μου που
κάθε μήνα τα δίνω
στο στιλβωτήριο της γωνίας, ή ένα πανί ψαρόβαρκας
που χάνεται στο βάθος λικνισμένο απ' την ίδια του
ανάσα, τριγωνικό παν ίσα μαντίλι διπλωμένο λοξά μόνο
στα δυο σανά μην είχε τίποτα να κλείσει- ή να κρατήσει ή ν'
ανεμίσει διάπλατο σε αποχαιρετισμό. Πάντα μου είχα
μανία μετά
μαντίλια, όχι για να κρατήσω τίποτα δεμένο,
τίποτα σπόρους λουλουδιών ή χαμομήλι μαζεμένο
στους αγρούς με το λιόγεμα ή να το δέσω τέσσερις
κόμπους σαν το σκουφί που φοράνε οι εργάτες
στ' ανικρυνό γιατί ή να σκουπίζω τα μάτια μου,-
διατήρησα καλή την όραση μου ποτέ μου δε φόρεσα
γυαλιά. Μια απλή ιδιοτροπία τα μαντίλια. Τώρα τα διπλώνω
στα τέσσερα, στα οχτώ, στ α δεκάξη
Ν' απασχολώ τα δάχτυλα μου. Και τώρα θυμήθηκα
πως έτσι μετρούσα τη μουσική σαν πήγαινα στο Ωδείο



peachy, all light and picked flowers, (forgive me such digressions - a bad habit) and my family rested great hopes on my musical talent. But I was telling you about the armchair gutted the rusted springs are showing, the stuffing I thought of sending it next door to the furniture shop, but where's the time and the money and the inclination what to fix first?

I thought of throwing a sheet over it I was afraid of a white sheet in so much moonlight. People sat here who dreamed great dreams, as you do and I too. and now they rest under earth untroubled by rain or the moon. Let me come with you. We'll pause for a little at the top of St. Nicholas' marble steps,

and afterward you'll descend and I will turn back, having on my left side the warmth from a casual touch of your jacket and some squares of light, too, from small neighborhood windows and this pure white mist from the moon, like a great procession of silver swans -

and I do not fear this manifestation, for at another time on many spring evenings I talked with God who appeared to me clothed in the haze and glory of such a moonlight and many young men, more handsome even than you, I sacrificed to him I dissolved, so white, so unapproachable, amid my white flame, in the whiteness of moonlight, burnt up by men's voracious eyes and the tentative rapture of youths,

besieged by splendid bronzed bodies, strong limbs exercising at the pool, with oars, on the track, at soccer (I pretended not to see them),

foreheads, lips and throats, knees, fingers and eyes, chests and arms and things (and truly I did not see them) - you know, sometimes, when you're entranced, you forget what entranced you, the enhancement

alone is enough my God, what star bright eyes, and I was lifted up to an apotheosis of disavowed stars because, besieged thus from without and from within, no other road was left me save only the way up or the way down. No, it is not enough. Let me come with you.

I know it's very late. Let me, because for so many years - days, nights, and crimson noons - I've stayed alone,

με μπλε ποδιά κι άσπρο γιακά, με δυο ξανθές πλεξούδες κρατημένη απ' το χέρι μιας μικρής φίλης μου ροδακινιάς όλο φως και

ροζ λουλούδια, (συχώρεσε μου αυτά τα λόγια- κακή συνήθεια) κ' οιδικοί μου στήριζαν μεγάλες ελπίδες στο μουσικό μου τάλαντο. Λοιπόν, σου λεγα για την πολυθρόνα ξεκοιλιασμένη φαίνονται οι σκουριασμένες σουστές, τα άχερα έλεγα να την πάω δίπλα στο επιπλοποιείο, μα που καιρός και λεφτά και διάθεση τι να πρωτοδιορθώσεις; έλεγα να ρίξω ένα σεντόνι πάνω της, φοβήθηκα τ' άσπρο σεντόνι σε τέτοιο φεγγαρόφωτο. Εδώ κάθισαν άνθρωποι που ονειρεύτηκαν μεγάλα όνειρα, όπως κ' εσύ κι όπως κ' εγώ άλλωστε, και τώρα ξεκουράζονται κάτω απ' το χώμα δίχως να ενοχλούνται απ' τη βροχή ή το φεγγάρι. Άφησέ με ναρθω μαζί σου.

Θα σταθούμε λιγάκι στην κορφή της μαρμάρινης σκάλας του Αη-Νικόλα, ύστερα εσύ θα κατηφορίσεις κ' εγώ θα γυρίσω πίσω έχοντας στ' αριστερό πλευρό μου τη ζέστα απ' το τυχαίο άγγιγμα του σακκακιού σου κι ακόμη μερικά τετράγωνα φώτα από μικρά συνοικιακά παράθυρα κι αυτή την πάλλευκη άχνα απ' το φεγγάρι που αι σα μια μεγάλη συνοδεία ασημένιων κύκνων και δε φοβάμαι αυτή την έκφραση, γιατί εγώ πολλές ανοιξιάτικες νύχτες συνομίλησα άλλοτε με το Θεό που μου εμφανίστηκε ντυμένος την αχλύ και τη δόξα ενός τέτοιου σεληνόφωτος,

και πολλούς νέους, πιο ωραίους κι από σένα ακόμη, του εθυσίασα, έτσι λευκή κι απρόσιτη ν' ατμίζομαι μες στη λευκή μου φλόγα, στη λευκότητα του σεληνόφωτος, πυρπολημένη απ' τ' αδηφάγα μάτια των αντρών κι απ' τη δισταχτικήν έκσταση των εφήβων, πολιορκημένη από εξαίσια, ηλιοκαμένα σώματα, όλκιμα μέλη γυμνασμένα στο κολύμπι, στο κουπί, στο στίβο, στο ποδόσφαιρο (που έκανα πως δεν τα βλέπα) μέτωπα, χείλη και λαιμοί, γόνατα, δάχτυλα και μάτια,

στέρνα και μπράτσα και μηροί (κι αλήθεια δεν ταβλεπα) - ξέρεις, καμμία φορά, θαυμάζοντας, ξεχνάς, ό,τι



unyielding, alone and immaculate, even in my marriage bed
immaculate and alone, writing glorious verses to lay on the
knees of God, verses that, I assure you, will endure as if
chiselled in flawless marble
beyond my life and your life, well beyond. It is not enough.
Let me come with you. This house can't bear me anymore. I
cannot endure to bear it on my back.
You must always be careful, be careful, to hold up the wall
with the large buffet to hold up the table with the chairs to
hold up the chairs with your hands
to place your shoulder under the hanging beam. And the
piano, like a closed black coffin. You do not dare to open it.
You have to be so careful, so careful, lest they fall, lest you
fall. I cannot bear it. Let me come with you. This house,
despite all its dead, has no intention of dying. It insists on
living with its dead
on living off its dead on living off the certainty of its death
and on still keeping house for its dead, the rotting beds and
shelves. Let me come with you.
Here, however quietly I walk through the mist of evening,
whether in slippers or barefoot,
there will be some sound: a pane of glass cracks or a mirror,
some steps are heard not my own.
Outside, in the street, perhaps these steps are not heard -
repentance, they say, wears wooden shoes and if you look
into this or that other mirror, behind the dust and the cracks,
you discern darkened and more fragmented your face, your
face, which all your life you sought only to keep clean and
whole. The lip of the glass gleams in the moonlight like a
round razor how can I lift it to my lips? however much I thirst how
can I lift it - Do you see? I am already in a mood for similes -
this at least is left me, reassuring me still that my wits are
not failing. Let me come with you. At times, when evening
descends, I have the feeling that outside the window the
bear-keeper is going by with his old heavy she-bear, her fur
full of burns and thorns, stirring dust in the neighborhood
street a desolate cloud of dust that censures the dusk, and the
children have gone home for supper and aren't allowed

θαυμάζεις, σου φτάνει ο θαυμασμός σου, θε μου, τι
μάτια πánάστρα, κι ανυψωνόμουν σε μιαν οποθέωση
αρνημένων άστρων
γιατί, έτσι πολιορκημένη απ' έξω κι από μέσα,
άλλος δρόμος δε μουμενε παρά μονάχα προς τα πάνω ή
προς τα κάτω. Όχι, δε φτάνει. Άφησε με ναρθω μαζί σου.
Το ξέρω η ώρα πια είναι περασμένη. Άφησε με, γιατί
τόσα χρόνια, μέρες και νύχτες και πορφυρά μεσημέρια,
έμεινα μόνη, ανένδοτη, μόνη και πánαγνη, ακόμη στη
συζυγική μου κλίνη πánαγνη και μόνη, γράφοντας
ένδοξους στίχους στα γónατα του θεού, στίχους που, σε
διαβεβαιώ, θα μείνουνε σα λαξευμένοι σε άμεμπτο
μάρμαρο
πέρα απ' τη ζωή μου και τη ζωή σου, πέρα πολύ. Δε
φτάνει. Άφησε με ναρθω μαζί σου. Τούτο το σπίτι δε με
σηκώνει πια. Δεν αντέχω να το σηκώνω στη ράχη μου.
Πρέπει πάντα να προσέχεις, να προσέχεις, να
στεριώνεις τον τοίχο με το μεγάλο μπουφέ να στεριώνεις
τον μπουφέ με το πανάρχαιο σκαλιστό τραπέζι να
στεριώνεις το τραπέζι με τις καρέκλες να στεριώνεις τις
καρέκλες με τα χέρια σου
να βάζεις τον ώμο σου κάτω απ' το δοκάρι που κρέμασε. Και
το πιάνο, σα μαύρο φέρετρο κλεισμένο. Δεν τολμάς να τ'
ανοίξεις.
Όλο να προσέχεις, να προσέχεις, μην πέσουν, μην
πέσεις. Δεν αντέχω. Άφησε με ναρθώ μαζί σου.
Τούτο το σπίτι, παρ' όλους τους νεκρούς του, δεν εννοεί να
πεθάνει. Επιμένει να ζει με τους νεκρούς του
να ζει απ' τους νεκρούς του να ζει απ' τη βεβαιότητα του
θανάτου του και να νοικοκυρεύει ακόμη τους νεκρούς του σ'
ετοιμόρροπα κρεβάτια
και ραφία. Άφησε με ναρθω μαζί σου.
Εδώ, όσο σιγά κι αν περπατήσω μες στην άχνα της
βραδιάς, είτε με τις παντούφλες, είτε ξυπόλητη,
κάτι θα τρίξει, - ένα τζάμι ραγίζει ή κάποιος καθρέφτης,
κάποια βήματα ακούγονται, δεν είναι δικά μου. Έξω, στο
δρόμο μπορεί να μην ακούγονται τούτα τα βήματα, η
μεταμέλεια, λένε, φοράει ξυλοπάπουτσα, κι αν κάνεις να



outdoors again,
even though behind the walls they divine the old bear's passing
and the tired bear passes in the wisdom of her solitude, not
knowing wherefore and why
she's grown heavy, can no longer dance on her hind legs,
can't wear her lace cap to amuse the children, the idlers, the
importunate, and all she wants is to lie down on the ground
letting them trample on her belly, playing thus her final
game, showing her dreadful power for resignation, her
indifference to the interest of others, to the rings in her lips,
the compulsion of her teeth,
her indifference to the interest of the others, to the rings in her
lips, the compulsion of her teeth, her indifference to pain and
to life with the sure complicity of death even a slow death her
final indifference to death with the continuity and knowledge
of life which transcends her enslavement with knowledge
and with action.

But who can play this game to the end?
And the bear gets up again and moves on
obedient to her leash, her rings, her teeth,
smiling with torn lips at the pennies the beautiful and
unsuspecting children toss (beautiful precisely because
unsuspecting) and saying thank you. Because bears that
have grown old can say only one thing: thank you; thank you.
Let me come with you. This house stifles me. The kitchen
especially is like the depths of the sea. The hanging
coffeepots gleam like round, huge eyes of improbable fish,
the plates undulate slowly like medusas, seaweed and shells
catch in my hair - later I can't pull them loose I can't get back to
the surface
the tray falls silently from my hands I sink down
and I see the bubbles from my breath rising, rising
and I try to divert myself watching them
and I wonder what someone would say who happened to be
above and saw these bubbles,
perhaps that someone was drowning or a diver exploring the
depths? And in fact more than a few times I've discovered
there, in the depths of drowning,

κοιτάξεις σ' αυτόν ή στον άλλον καθρέφτη, πίσω απ' τη
σκόνη και τις ραγισματιές, διακρίνεις πιο θαμπό και πιο
τεμαχισμένο το πρόσωπο σου, το πρόσωπο σου που άλλο

δε ζήτησες στη ζωή παρά να το κρατήσεις
καθάριο κι αδιαίρετο. Τα χείλη του ποτηριού γυαλίζουν
στο φεγγαρόφωτο στον κυκλικό ξυράφι πως να το φέρω
στα χείλη μου; όσο κι αν διψώ, πως να το φέρω;-
Βλέπεις; έχω ακόμη διάθεση για παρομοιώσεις,- αυτό
μου απόμεινε,

αυτό με βεβαιώνει ακόμη πως δε λείπω.
Άφησε με ναρθω μαζί σου. Φορές φορές, την ώρα που
βραδιάζει, έχω την αίσθηση πως έξω απ' τ α παράθυρα
περνάει ο αρκουδιάρης με τη γριά βαρεία του αρκούδα
με το μαλλί της όλο αγκάθια και τριβόλια σηκώνοντας
σκόνη στο συνοικιακό δρόμο ένα ερημικό σύννεφο
σκόνη που θυμιάζει το σούρουπο και τα παιδιά έχουν
γυρίσει σπίτια τους για το δείπνο και δεν τ' αφήνουν
πιάνα βγουν έξω

μ' όλο που πίσω απ' τους τοίχους μαντεύουν το
περπάτημα της γριάς αρκούδας κ' η αρκούδα
κουρασμένη πορεύεται μες στη σοφία της μοναξιάς της, μην
ξέροντας για που και γιατί έχει βαρύνει, δεν μπορεί πια να
χορεύει στα πισινά της πόδια

δεν μπορεί να φοράει τη δαντελένια σκουφίτσα της να
διασκεδάξει τα παιδιά, τους αργόσχολους, τους
απαιτητικούς, και το μόνο που θέλει είναι να πλαγιάσει
στο χώμα αφήνοντας να την πατάνε στην κοιλιά, παίζοντας
έτσι το τελευταίο παιχνίδι της,

δείχνοντας την τρομερή της δύναμη για αραίτηση,
την ανυπακοή της στα συμφέροντα των άλλων, στους
κρίκους των χειλιών της, στην ανάγκη των δοντιών της,
την ανυπακοή της στον πόνο και στη ζωή με τη σίγουρη
συμμαχία του θανάτου-έστω κ' ενός αργού θανάτου την
τελική της ανυπακοή στο θάνατο με τη συνέχεια και τη
γνώση της

ζωής που ανηφοράει με γνώση και με πράξη πάνω απ'
τη σκλαβιά της. Μα ποιος μπορεί να παίξει ως το τέλος
αυτό το παιχνίδι; Κ' η αρκούδα σηκώνεται πάλι και



coral and pearls and treasures of shipwrecked vessels,
unexpected encounters, past, present, and yet to come,
a confirmation almost of eternity, a certain respite, a certain
smile of immortality, as they say,
a happiness, an intoxication, inspiration even,
coral and pearls and sapphires;
only I don't know how to give them no, I do give them;
only I don't know if they can take them - but still, I give them. Let
me come with you. One moment while I get my jacket. The way
this weather's so changeable, I must be careful. It's damp in
the evening, and doesn't the moon
seem to you, honestly, as if it intensifies the cold?
Let me button your shirt how strong your chest is
- how strong the moon the armchair, I mean - and whenever I lift
the cup from the table
a hole of silence is left underneath. I place my palm over it
at once so as not to see through it - I put the cup back in its
place; and the moon's a hole in the skull of the world - don't look
through it, it's a magnetic force that draws you - don't look, don't
any of you look,
listen to what I'm telling you you'll fall in. This giddiness,
beautiful, ethereal you will fall in the moon's marble well,
shadows stir and mute wings, mysterious voices don't you hear
them? Deep, deep the fall, deep, deep the ascent, the airy
statue enmeshed in its open wings,
deep, deep the inexorable benevolence of the silence -
trembling lights on the opposite shore, so that you sway in
your own wave, the breathing of the ocean. Beautiful,
ethereal this giddiness be careful, you'll fall. Don't look at me,
for me my place is this wavering this splendid vertigo. And
so every evening I have little headache, some dizzy spells.
Often I slip out to the pharmacy across the street for a few
aspirin, but at times I'm too tired and I stay here with my
headache and listen to the hollow sound the pipes make in
the walls, or drink some coffee, and, absentminded as
usual, I forget and make two who'll drink the other? It's really
funny, I leave it on the window-sill to cool or sometimes drink them
both, looking out the window at the bright green globe of the

πορεύεται υπακούοντας στο λουρί της, στους κρίκους
της, στα δόντια της, χαμογελώντας με τα σκισμένα χείλη
της στις πενταροδεκάρες που τις ρίχνουνε τα ωραία κι
ανυποψίαστα παιδιά
(ωραία ακριβώς γιατί είναι ανυποψίαστα) και λέγοντας
ευχαριστώ. Γιατί οι αρκούδες που γεράσανε
το μόνο που έμαθαν να λένε είναι: ευχαριστώ, ευχαριστώ.
Άφησε με ναρθώ μαζί μου. Τούτο το σπíti με πνίγει.
Μάλιστα η κουζίνα είναι σαν το βυθό της θάλασσας. Τα
μπρίκια κρεμασμένα γυαλίζουν
σα στρογγυλά, μεγάλα μάτια απίθανων ψαριών,
τα πιάτα σαλεύουν αργά σαν τις μέδουσες,
φύκια κι όστρακα πιάνονται στα μαλλιά μου δεν μπορώ να
τα ξεκολλήσω ύστερα, δεν μπορώ ν' ανέβω πάλι στην
επιφάνεια ο δίσκος μου πέφτει απ' τα χέρια άηχος,
σωριάζομαι και βλέπω τις φουσαλίδες απ'την ανάσα μου
ν' ανεβαίνουν, ν' ανεβαίνουν και προσπαθώ να
διασκεδάσω κοιτάζοντας τες κι αναρωτιέμαι τι θα λείει αν
κάποιος βρίσκεται από πάνω και βλέπει αυτές τις
φουσαλίδες,
τάχα πως πνίγεται κάποιος ή πως ένας δύτες ανιχνεύει
τους βυθούς; Κι αλήθεια δεν είναι λίγες οι φορές που
ανακαλύπτω εκεί, στο βάθος
του πνιγμού, κοράλλια και μαργαριτάρια και θησαυρούς
ναυαγισμένων πλοίων, απρόοπτες συναντήσεις, και
χτεσινά και σημερινά και μελλούμενα, μian επαλήθευση
σχεδόν αιωνιότητας,
κάποιο ξανάσασμα, κάποιο χαμόγελο αθανασίας, όπως
λένε, μian ευτυχία, μια μέθη, κ' νθουσιασμόν ακόμη,
κοράλλια και μαργαριτάρια και ζαφείρια μονάχα που δεν
ξέρω να τα δώσω όχι, τα δίνω μονάχα που δεν ξέρω αν
μπορούν να τα πάρουν πάντως εγώ τα δίνω. Άφησε με
ναρθώ μαζί σου. Μια στιγμή, να πάρω τη ζακέτα μου.
Τούτο τον άστατο καιρό, όσο να ναι, πρέπει να
φυλαγόμαστε. Έχει υγρασία τα βράδια, και το φεγγάρι δε
σου φαίνεται, αλήθεια, πως επιτείνει την ψύχρα; Άσε να
σου κουμπώσω το πουκάμισο τι δυνατό το στήθος σου, τι
δυνατό φεγγάρι, η πολυθρόνα, λέω κι όταν σηκώνω το



pharmacy

that's like the green light of a silent train coming to take me away
with my handkerchiefs, my run-down shoes, my black purse,
my verses, but no suitcases - what would one do with them?

Let my come with you.

Oh, are you going? Goodnight. No, I won't come.
Goodnight. I'll be going myself in a little. Thank you. Because, in
the end, I must get out of this broken-down house. I must see a bit

of the city - no, not the moon -

the city with its calloused hands, the city of daily work, the
city that swears by bread and by its fist,
the city that bears all of us on its back
with our pettiness, sins, and hatreds, our ambitions, our
ignorance and our senility. I need to hear the great footsteps
of the city, and no longer to hear your footsteps or God's, or
my own. Goodnight.

The room grows dark. It looks as though a cloud may have
covered the moon. All at once, as if someone had turned up
the radio in the nearby bar, a very familiar musical phrase
can be heard. Then I realize that "The Moonlight Sonata",
just the first movement, has been playing very softly through
this entire scene. The Young Man will go down the hill now
with an ironic and perhaps sympathetic smile on his finely
chiselled lips and with a feeling of release. Just as he
reaches St. Nicolas, before he goes down the marble steps,
he will laugh - a loud, uncontrollable laugh. His laughter will
not sound at all unseemly beneath the moon. Perhaps the
only unseemly thing will be that nothing is unseemly. Soon
the Young Man will fall silent, become serious, and say:
"The decline of an era." So, thoroughly calm once more, he
will unbutton his shirt again and go on his way. As for the
woman in black, I don't know whether she finally did get out
of the house. The moon is shining again. And in the corners
of the room the shadows intensify with an intolerable regret,
almost fury, not so much for the life, as for the useless
confession. Can you hear? The radio plays on:

Translated by: Peter Green & Beverly Bardsley

φλιτζάνι

απ' το τραπέζι μένει από κάτω μια τρύπτα σιωπή, βάζω
αμέσως την παλάμη του επάνω
να μην κοιτάξω μέσα, - αφήνω πάλι το φλιτζάνι στη θέση
του και το φεγγάρι μια τρύπτα στο κρανίο του κόσμου μην
κοιτάξεις μέσα. είναι μια δύναμη μαγνητική που σε τραβάει
μην κοιτάξεις, μην
κοιτάχτε, ακούστε με που σας μιλάω θα πέσετε μέσα.
Τούτος ο ίλιγγος ωραίος, ανάλαφρος θα πέσεις, ένα
μαρμάρινο πηγάδι το φεγγάρι,
ίσκιοι σαλεύουν και βουβά φτερά, μυστηριακές φωνές δεν
τις ακούτε; Βαθύ βαθύ το πέσιμο,
βαθύ βαθύ το ανέβασμα, το αέρινο άγαλμα κρουστό μες
στ' ανοιχτά φτερά του, βαθειά βαθειά η αμείλικτη
ευεργεσία της σιωπής, τρέμουσες φωταΐδες της άλλης
όχθης, όπως ταλαντεύεσαι μες στο ίδιο σου το κύμα,
ανάσσα ωκεανού. Ωραίος, ανάλαφρος ο ίλιγγος τούτος,
πρόσεξε, θα πέσεις. Μην κοιτάς εμένα, εμένα η θέση μου
είναι το ταλάντευμα- ο εξαίσιος ίλιγγος. Έτσι κάθε
απόβραδο έχω λιγάκι πονοκέφαλο, κάτι ζαλάδες.
Συχνά πετάγομαι στο φαρμακείο απέναντι για καμμιά
ασπιρίνη, Άλλοτε πάλι βαριέμαι και μένω με τον
πονοκέφαλο μου ν' ακούω μες στους τοίχους τον κούφιο
θόρυβο που κάνουν οι σωλήνες
του νερού, η ψήνω έναν καφέ, και, πάντα αφηρημένη,
ξεχνιέμαι κ' ετοιμάζω δυο ποιος να τον πει τον άλλο;
αστείο αλήθεια, τον αφήνω στο περβάζι να κρυώνει
η κάποτε πίνω και τον δεύτερο, κοιτάζοντας απ' το παράθυρο
τον πράσινο γλόμπο του φαρμακείου
σαν το πράσινο φως ενός αθόρυβου τραίνου που
έρχεται να με πάρει με τα μαντίλια μου, τα
στραβοπατημένα μου παπούτσια, τη μαύρη τσάντα
μου, τα ποιήματα μου, χωρίς καθόλου βαλίτσες- τί να
τις κάνεις; Άφησε μεναρθω μαζί σου.
Ά, φεύγεις; Καληνύχτα. Όχι, δε θαρθω.
Καληνύχτα. Εγώ θα βγω σε λίγο. Ευχαριστώ. Γιατί,
επιτέλους, πρέπει να βγω απ' αυτό το τσακισμένο σπίτι.
Πρέπει να δω λιγάκι πολιτεία, όχι, όχι το φεγγάρι την



πολιτεία μετά ροζιασμένα χέρια της, την πολιτεία του
μεροκάματου, την πολιτεία που ορκίζεται στο ψωμί και
στη γροθιά της την πολιτεία που όλους μας αντέχει στη
ράχη της

με τις μικρότητες μας, τις κακίες, τις έχτρες μας,
με τις φιλοδοξίες, την άγνοια μας και τα γερατειά μας, ν'
ακούσω τα μεγάλα βήματα της πολιτείας,
να μην ακούω πια τα βήματα σου μήτε τα βήματα του
Θεού, μήτε και τα δικά μου βήματα. Καληνύχτα.
(Το δωμάτιο σκοτεινιάζει. Φαίνεται πως κάποιο σύννεφο
θακρυψε το φεγγάρι. Μονομιάς, σαν κάποιο χέρι να
δυνάμωσε το ραδιόφωνο του γειτονικού μπαρ,
ακούστηκε μια πολύ γνωστή μουσική φράση. Και τότε
κατάλαβα πως όλη τούτη τη σκηνή τη συνόδευε
χαμηλόφωνα η «Σονάτα του Σεληνόφωτος», μόνο το πρώτο
μέρος. Ο Νέος θα κατηφορίζει τώρα μ' ένα ειρωνικό κ' ίσως
συμπονητικό χαμόγελο στα καλογραμμένα χείλη του και μ'
ένα συναίσθημα απελευθέρωσης. Όταν θα φτάσει ακριβώς
στον Αη-Νικόλα, πριν κατέβει τη μαρμάρινη σκάλα, θα
γελάσει,- ένα γέλιο δυνατό, ασυγκράτητο. Το γέλιο του δε θ'
ακουστεί καθόλου ανάρμοστα κάτω απ' το φεγγάρι. Ίσως το
μόνο ανάρμοστο ναναι το ότι δεν είναι καθόλου
ανάρμοστο. Σε λίγο ο Νέος θα σωπάσει, θα σοβαρευτεί
και θα πει: «Η παρακμή μιας εποχής». Έτσι, ολότελα
ήσυχος πια, θα ξεκουμπώσει πάλι τι πουκάμισο του και θα
τραβήξει το δρόμο του. Όσο για τη γυναίκα με τα μαύρα,
δεν ξέρω αν βγήκε τελικά απ' το σπίτι. Το φεγγαρόφωτο
λάμπει ξανά. Και στις γωνίες του δωματιού οι σκιές
σφίγγονται από μιαν αβάσταχτη μετάνοια, σχεδόν οργή, όχι
τόσο για τη ζωή, όσο για την άχρηστη εξομολόγηση.
Ακούτε; Το ραδιόφωνο συνεχίζει):

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Sarantaris Yioryos (1907 - 1941)



Sarandaris George was born on 1907 in Istanbul but lived with his family in Italy between of two and twenty four. He died in Athens on 1941. There he studied law and took his degree from the University Macerata. While in Italy he wrote most of his poetry in Italian, some in Greek, and some in French. He came to Greece in 1931 to fulfill his military service, made infrequent trips to Italy, and died oh 1941 FROM, hardships suffered as a common soldier in the war with Italy In addition to his poetry he published three books of philosophical speculation. Spurning the poetry of despair typical of his generation, he also broke with traditional metrical forms of the neoromantic movement and wrote in free verse with a minimum of punctuation promise.

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Ο Γιώργος Σαραντάρης γεννήθηκε το 1907 στην Κωνσταντινούπολη αλλά έζησε με την οικογένειά του στην Ιταλία μεταξύ δύο και εικοσιτεσσάρων ετών. Πέθανε στην Αθήνα το 1941. Σπούδασε Νομικά στο Πανεπιστήμιο της Μπολόνια δείχνοντας από νωρίς την τάση του προς την ποίηση. Στην Ιταλία έγραψε το μεγαλύτερο μέρος της ποίησής του στα ιταλικά μερικά στα ελληνικά και μερικά στα γαλλικά. Ήρθε στην Ελλάδα το 1931 να εκπληρώσει τη στρατιωτική του θητεία, κάνοντας και μερικά ταξίδια στην Ιταλία. Πέθανε το 1941 από τις κακουχίες που αντιμετώπιζε ως στρατιώτης στον πόλεμο με την Ιταλία. Πέραν της ποίησης δημοσίευσε και τρία βιβλία της φιλοσοφικής κερδοσκοπίας. Απέριπτε την ποίηση της γενιάς του και έβαλε τις παραδοσιακές μετρικές μορφές του νεορομαντικού κινήματος γράφοντας σε ελεύθερο στίχο με ελάχιστα σημεία στίξης.

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**I have seen eternity
(1940)**

I have seen eternity in the forest Come toward me
trampling on corpses But when all were raised from the
dead the moment glow The stars smiled And the sea rose
like the pulse of our hearts Then eternity appeared
wearing a fustanella

Translated by: Kimon Friar

**Έχω δει την αιωνιότητα
(1940)**

Έχω δει την αιωνιότητα μέσα στο δάσος Για να έρθει
προς εμένα έπάτησε πτώματα Αλλά ή στιγμή έφεξε
όπου όλοι αναστήθηκαν Τ' αστέρια χαμογέλασαν Κι
ή θάλασσα ανέβηκε σαν ήχος τις καρδιές μας Τότε ή
αιωνιότητα φάνηκε ντυμένη φουστανέλλα.

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Sahtouris Miltos (1919 - 2005)



Sahtouris Miltos was born on 1919, but regards the illustrious island of Hydra as his place of origin, for there his great-great-grandfather, Yiorgios Sahtouris, assured his place in history as one of the admirals of the Greek War of Independence. He died in Athens on 2005. He enrolled in the School of Law at the University of Athens. In 1956 he won the first prize in an international contest for young poets sponsored by the Italian Radio and Television System, and in 1972 was given a Ford Foundation Grant. The author of eleven books of poetry, he won the Second State Prize for 1962, and a joint Slate Prize for 1964.

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Γεννημένος στην Αθήνα το 1919, υπηρέτησε με πίστη και σεμνότητα τα ελληνικά γράμματα. Καταγόταν από την Ύδρα και ήταν δισέγγονος του ναυάρχου της Επανάστασης του 1821, Καπετάν Γιώργη Σαχτούρη. Το 1937 γράφεται στη Νομική Σχολή Πανεπιστημίου Αθηνών αλλά το 1940 την εγκατέλειψε για ν' αφοσιωθεί στη ποίηση. Πέθανε στην Αθήνα το 2005. Το 1956 κέρδισε το πρώτο βραβείο σε έναν διεθνή διαγωνισμό για τους νέους ποιητές που υποστηριζόταν από το ιταλικό ραδιόφωνο και τηλεόραση, και το 1972 του δόθηκε επιχορήγηση από το ιδρύμα Ford Foundation. Είναι συντάκτης ένδεκα βιβλίων ποίησης. Κέρδισε το δεύτερο κρατικό βραβείο το 1962, και ένα ακόμη το 1964,

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**The soldier poet
(1957)**

I have not written poems
amid alarms
amid alarms
has my life gone its way
One day I tremble
the next day I shudder
in fear in fear has my life moved on
I have not written poems
I have not written poems
I only nail crosses on graves

Translated by: Kinom Friar

**Ο Στρατιώτης ποιητής
(1957)**

Δεν έχω γράψει ποιήματα
μέσα σε κρότους
μέσα σε κρότους
κύλησε η ζωή μου
Την μίαν ήμερα έτρεμα
την άλλη ανατρίχιαζα
μέσα στο φόβο
μέσα στο φόβο πέρασε η ζωή μου
Δεν έχω γράψει ποιήματα
δεν έχω γράψει ποιήματα
μόνο σταυρούς σε μνήματακαρφώνω.

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Seferis Yiorgos (1900 - 1971)



Seferis Yioryos was born on 1900 in Smyrna, Turkey, and died in Athens on 1971. His family moved to Athens in 1914. He took his degree in law at the University of Paris, 1918-24, and in 1926 was appointed to the Royal Greek Ministry of Foreign Affairs serving in many positions in Athens, London, Albania, Pretoria and finally as Ambassador to Great Britain, 1957-62, after which he retired from diplomatic service and settled in Athens. He was granted honorary degrees by many Universities of Cambridge. He was granted in 1963 the Nobel Prize in Poetry. Seferis is a poet of evocative symbols and metaphysical distinctions. All of his mature poetry is written in a free verse of great sinuousness, rhythmical yet modulated, which never rises in tone or diction beyond the “conversation between intellectual men” as Ezra Pound has it. In the center of each of his poems is the poet himself, looking back into the mythological past of his country and her symbols, retracing her history, and telling a story which has the independent validity of imaginative fiction.

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Ο Γιώργος Σεφέρης γεννήθηκε το 1900 στη Σμύρνη και πέθανε στην Αθήνα το 1971. Η οικογένειά του μετανάστευσε στην Αθήνα το 1914. Πήρε το πτυχίο νομικής από το Πανεπιστήμιο του Παρισιού, το 1924, και το 1926 διορίστηκε στο Υπουργείο Εξωτερικά και υπηρέτησε σε διάφορες θέσεις στην Αθήνα, Λονδίνο, Αλβανία, Πραιτώρια και τελικά ως πρεσβευτής στη Μεγάλη Βρετανία, το 1957-62, όπου μετά αποσύρθηκε από τη διπλωματική υπηρεσία και εγκαταστάθηκε στην Αθήνα. Του χορηγήθηκαν οι τιμητικοί βαθμοί από πολλά πανεπιστήμια του Καίμπριτζ. Του χορηγήθηκε το 1963 το βραβείο Νόμπελ στην ποίηση. Ο Σεφέρης δεν είναι εύκολος ποιητής αλλά δεν είναι σκοτεινός. Η γλώσσα που μιλά είναι δύσκολη, στη γλώσσα όμως αυτή η φωνή του είναι καθαρή και απερίφραστη. Δίνει στον αναγνώστη συχνά την εντύπωση πως πέτυχε την καίρια έκφραση, που δεν μπορεί να ειπωθεί αλλιώς. Αυτό είναι το πιο αξιαγάπητο στην ποίησή του, η απλότητα που φτάνει στη θερμότητα μιας εξομολόγησης. Η ποίηση του Σεφέρη δεν είναι βέβαια χαρούμενη. Είναι απαισιόδοξη και μελαγχολική. Έχει τη θλίψη του ανθρώπου που συλλογίζεται πολύ πάνω στα ανθρώπινα, κι ακόμα του Έλληνα με το κατακάθι της πίκρας από τη σκλαβιά και τις εθνικές περιπέτειες. Ωστόσο η διάθεση αυτή δεν οδηγεί στην άρνηση ή στην καταστροφή. Από την



άλλη πλευρά του σκοταδιού είναι το φως, μαύρο και αγγελικό, "από το μέρος του ήλιου" στο κάστρο της Ασίνης θα ανεβεί στο τέλος "ασπιδοφόρος ο ήλιος πολεμώντας". Κάτω από την άρνηση υπάρχει μια πίστη που προστατεύει από την απελπισία, και μια στιβαρή αίσθηση των πραγμάτων που προφυλάσσει από τη διάλυση και το μηδενισμό.

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The king of Asine (1938)

Ασίνην τε . . .

All that morning we looked about the castle
beginning from the shadowy side where the sea
green and without brilliance, breast of a slain peacock,
received us like time without break.

Veins of rock descended from high above,
twisted vines, bare, many-branched, coming alive
at the touch of water, while the eye in following them
strove to escape the fatiguing undulation
and constantly weakened,

On the sunny side a long extended coastline
and the light grating diamonds on the great walls.
Not a single creature alive, the wild pigeons flown,
and the King of Asine, for whom we have sought two years
now unknown, forgotten by all, even by Homer
only one word in the Iliad, and that uncertain
flung here like a gold burial mask.

You touched it, remember the sound? hollow in the light like
a dry jug in the dug earth
and the same sound of our oars on the sea.

The King of Asine a void under the mask
everywhere with us, everywhere with us, under a name:

"Ασίνην τε . . . Ασίνην τε . . ."

and his children statues and his desires the fluttering of
birds, and the wind in the intervals of his meditations and his
ships moored in a vanished harbor; a void under the mask.

Behind the large eyes the curved lips the curled hair
embossed on the golden covering of our existence a spot of
darkness that glides like a fish in the dawning calm of the
sea, and you watch it: a void everywhere with us. And the
bird that in another winter flew away with broken wing the
tabernacle of life, and the young woman who went away to

Ο βασιλιάς της Ασίνης (1938)

Άσίνην τε...

Κοιτάξαμε όλο το πρωί γύρω-γύρω το κάστρο
αρχίζοντας από το μέρος του ίσκιου εκεί που ή
θάλασσα πράσινη και χωρίς αναλαμπή, το στήθος
σκοτωμένου παγονιού μάς δέχτηκε όπως ο καιρός
χωρίς κανένα χάσμα. Οι φλέβες του βράχου κατέβαιναν
από ψηλά στριμμένα κλήματα γυμνά πολύκλινα
ζωντανεύοντας στ' άγγιγμα του νερού, καθώς το μάτι
ακολουθώντας τις πάλευε να εφύγει το κουραστικό
λίκνισμα χάνοντας δύναμη ολοένα. Από το μέρος του
ήλιου ένας μακρύς γιαλός ολάνοιχτος και το φως
τρίβοντας διαμαντικά στα μεγάλα τείχη. Κανένα πλάσμα
ζωντανό τ' αγριοπερίστερα φευγάτα κι ο βασιλιάς τής
Ασίνης που τον γυρεύουμε δύο χρόνια τώρα άγνωστος
λησμονημένος απ' όλους κι από τον Όμηρο μόνο μια
λέξη στην Ιλιάδα κι εκείνη αβέβαιη ριγμένη εδώ σαν την
εντάφια χρυσή προσωπίδα. την άγγιξες, θυμάσαι τον
ήχο της; κούφιο μέσα στο φως σαν το στεγνό πιθάρι
στο σκαμμένο χώμα.

κι ο ίδιος ήχος μες στη θάλασσα με τα κουπιά μας.

.Ο βασιλιάς τής Ασίνης ένα κενό κάτω άπ' την
προσωπίδα παντού μαζί μας παντού μαζί μας, κάτω
από ένα όνομα:

«Άσίνην τε... Ασίνην τε...»

και τα παιδιά του αγάλματα κι οι πόθοι του
πτερουγίσματα πουλιών κι ο αγέρας στα διαστήματα
των στοχασμών του και τα καράβια του αραγμένα σ'
άφαντο λιμάνι. κάτω άπ' την προσωπίδα ένα κενό.
Πίσω από τα μεγάλα μάτια τα καμπύλα χείλια τους
βοστρύχους ανάγλυφα στο μαλαματένιο σκέπασμα τής
ύπαρξής μας ένα σημείο σκοτεινό που ταξιδεύει σαν το
ψάρι



play with the dogteeth of summer, and the soul that sought
the underworld screeching and the country like a large plane
tree leaf that the torrent of the sun sweeps away with
ancient monuments and contemporary sorrow. And the poet
looks at the stones and lingers, asking himself
are there I wonder among these broken lines peaks edges
hollows and curves are there I wonder
here at the meeting place of wind ram and rum
are there the movement of feature the form of the affection
of those who have so strangely dwindled in our lives of
those who have remained wave-shadows and thoughts
boundless as the sea
or no, perhaps nothing remains but the weight only
nostalgia for the weight of a living existence
there where we live now without substance, bowed under
like the withes of the dreadful willow heaped up in a duration
of despair while the yellow current slowly bears away reeds
uprooted from the mire,
image of a form turned to stone under the sentence of a
bitterness everlasting, the poet a void.
The shield-bearing sun rose fighting
and from the depths of a cavern a frightened bat crashed on
the light like an arrow on a shield: "Ἀσίνην τε . . . Ἀσίνην τε .
. . ."
Was this the King of Asine for whom we have sought so
carefully on this acropolis feeling at times with our fingers
his touch upon the stones?

Translated by: Kimon Friar

μέσα στην αυγινή γαλήνη του πελάγου και το βλέπεις:
ένα κενό παντού μαζί μας. Και το πουλί που πέταξε τον
άλλο χειμώνα με σπασμένη φτερούγα σκήνωμα ζωής, κι
ή νέα γυναίκα που έφυγε να παίξει με τα σκυλόδοντα
του αλοκαιριού κι ή ψυχή που γύρευε τσιρίζοντας τον
κάτω κόσμο κι ο τόπος σαν το μεγάλο' πλατανόφυλλο
που παρασέρνει ο χείμαρρος του ήλιου με τ' αρχαία
μνημεία και τη σύγχρονη θλίψη. Κι ο ποιητής αργοπορεί
κοιτάζοντας τις πέτρες κι αναρωτιέται υπάρχουν άραγε
ανάμεσα στις χαλασμένες τούτες γραμμές, τις ακμές τις
αιχμές τα κοίλα και τις καμπύλες υπάρχουν άραγε εδώ
που συναντιέται το πέρασμα τής βροχής του αγέρα και
της φθοράς υπάρχουν, ή κίνηση του προσώπου το
σχήμα τής στοργής εκείνων που λιγόστεψαν τόσο
παράξενα μες στη ζωή μας αυτών που απόμειναν σκιές
κυμάτων και στοχασμοί με την απεραντοσύνη του
πελάγου η μήπως όχι δεν απομένει τίποτε παρά μόνο το
βάρος ή νοσταλγία του βάρους μιας ύπαρξης ζωντανής
εκεί που μένουμε τώρα ανυπόστατοι λυγίζοντας σαν τα
κλωνάρια της φριχτής ιτιάς σωριασμένα μέσα στη
διάρκεια της απελπισίας ενώ το ρέμα κίτρινο κατεβάξει
αργά βούρλα ξεριζωμένα μέσ στο βούρκο εικόνα μορφής
που μαρμάρωσε με την απόφαση μιας πίκρας
παντοτινής. Ο ποιητής ένα κενό. Ασπιδοφόρος ο ήλιος
άνεβαινε πολεμώντας κι από το βάθος της σπηλιάς μια
νυχτερίδα τρομαγμένη χτύπησε πάνω στο φως σαν τη
σαΐτα πάνω στο σκουτάρι:
«' Ἀσίνη ν τε... ' Ἀσίνην τε...».
Νά 'ταν αότη ὁ βασιλιάς τής , Ἀσίνης που τον
υρεύουμε τόσο προσεχτικά σε τούτη την ακρόπολη
γγίζοντας κάποτε με τα δάχτυλά μας την αφή του πάνω
στις πέτρες.

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Helen (1953)

"The nightingales won't let you sleep in Platres."
Shy nightingale, amid the respiration of leaves,
you who bestow the forest's musical coolness
on bodies separated and on the souls
of those who know they will not return.
Blind voice, who in the night glooming memory grope
for footsteps and gestures; I would not dare say kisses;
and the bitter turbulence of the slave-woman grown savage.
"The nightingales won't let you sleep in Platres." What is
Platres! Who knows this island?
I have lived my life hearing names for the first time heard:
new places, new insanities of men or of the gods; My fate
that wavers between the final sword of an Ajax and another
Salamis had brought me here to this shore. The moon rose
out of the sea like Aphrodite, covered the stars of the
Archer, now goes to find the Heart of Scorpio, and changes
everything.
Where is truth? I too was an archer in the war;
my fate: that of a man who missed the target.
Nightingale, minstrel, on such a night as this by the sea's
rim of Proteus the Spartan slave-girls heard you and
dragged out their lament, and among them-who would have
thought it? was Helen!
She whom we pursued for years by the Scamander.
She was there, at the desert's edge; I touched her, she
spoke to me:
"It's not true, it's not true," she cried.
"I never boarded that blue-prowed vessel.
I never set foot on valiant Troy."
With full breast-band, sun on hair, and this stature of hers.
shadows and smiles everywhere, on shoulders on thighs on
knees; animated skin, and those eyes

Ελένη (1953)

«Τ' αηδόνια δε σ' αφήνουνε να κοιμηθείς στις Πλάτρες»
Αηδόνι ντροπαλό, μες στον ανασασμό των φύλλων,
σύ που δωρίζεις τη μουσική δροσιά του δάσους .
στα χωρισμένα σώματα και στις ψυχές αυτών που
ξέρουν πως δε θα γυρίσουν. Τυφλή φωνή, που
ψηλαφείς μέσα στη νυχτωμένη μνήμη βήματα και
χειρονομίες, δε θα τολμούσα να πω φιλήματα και το
πικρό τρικύμισμα τής αγριεμένης σκλάβας
«Τ' αηδόνια δε σ' αφήνουνε νά κοιμηθείς στις Πλάτρες».
Ποιές είναι οι Πλάτρες; Ποιός το γνωρίζει τούτο το νησί;
'Εζησα τη ζωή μου ακούγοντας ονόματα πρωτάκουστα:
καινούργιους τόπους, καινούργιες τρέλες των
ανθρώπων ή των θεών ή μοίρα μου που κυματίζει
ανάμεσα στο στερνό σπαθί ενός Αϊαντα
και μίαν άλλη Σαλαμίνα μ' έφερε εδώ σ' αυτό το
γυρογιάλι. Το φεγγάρι βγήκε απ' το πέλαγο σαν
Αφροδίτη, σκέπασε τ' άστρα του Τοξότη, τώρα πάει νά
'βρει την καρδιά του Σκορπιού, κι όλα τ' αλλάζει. Που
ειν' ή αλήθεια; 'Ημουν κι εγώ στον πόλεμο τοξότης το
ριζικό μου, ενός ανθρώπου που ξαστόχησε, Αηδόνι
ποιητάρη, σαν και μια τέτοια νύχτα σ' ακροθαλάσσι
του Πρωτέα
σ' άκουσαν οι σκλάβες Σπαρτιάτισσες κι έσυραν το
θρήνο, κι ανάμεσό τους ποιος θα το 'λεγε ή Ελένη! Αύτη
που κυνηγούσαμε χρόνια στο Σκάμαντρο. Ήταν εκεί,
στα χείλια τής έρήμου, την άγγιξα, μου μίλησε: «Δεν ειν'
αλήθεια, δεν ειν' αλήθεια» φώναζε. «Δε μπήκα στο
γαλαζόπλευρο καράβι. Ποτέ δεν πάτησα την
αντρειωμένη Τροία».
Με το βαθύ στηθόδεσμο, τον ήλιο στα μαλλιά, κι αυτό το
ανάστημα ίσκιои και χαμόγελα παντού
στους ώμους στους μηρούς στα γόνατα ζωντανό δέρμα,



with their large eyelids, she was there, on the bank of a
Delta. And at Troy? Nothing at Troy-a phantom.
That's how the gods willed it. And Paris lay with a shadow
as though it were solid flesh; and we were slaughtered ten
years for Helen. Great suffering had fallen on Greece. So
many bodies cast
into the jaws of the sea, the jaws of the earth;
so many souls given over to the millstones, like wheat.
And the rivers swelled with blood amid the mire
for a linen indulation for a cloud for the fluttering of a
butterfly, the down of a swan for an empty garment, for a
Helen. And my brother? Nightingale nightingale nightingale,
what is a god? what is not a god? and what is between the
two? "The nightingales won't let you sleep in Platres."
Tearful bird, on sea-kissed Cyprus so ordained as to remind
me of my country,
I anchored alone with this fable, if it's true that this is a
fable, if it's true that men will not take up once more the
ancient deceit of the gods; if it's true
that some other Teucer, years afterwards, or some Ajax or
Priam or Hecuba or someone quite unknown, anonymous,
yet one who saw a Scamander overbrimming with corpses is
not fated to hear
messengers who come to say that so much suffering so
much life plunged into an abyss
for an empty garment for a Helen.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

και τα μάτια με τα μεγάλα βλέφαρα, ήταν εκεί, στην
όχθη ενός Δέλτα. Και στην Τροία; Τίποτε στην Τροία -
ένα είδωλο. Έτσι το θέλαν οι θεοί. Κι ο Πάρης, μ' έναν
ίσκιο πλάγιαζε σα νά ήταν πλάσμα απόφιο' κι εμείς
σφαζόμασταν για την Ελένη δέκα χρόνια. Μεγάλος
πόνος είχε πέσει στην "Ελλάδα. Τόσα κορμιά ριγμένα
στα σαγόνια της θάλασσας στα σαγόνια της γης τόσες
ψυχές

δοσμένες στις μυλόπετρες, σαν το σιτάρι.
Κι οι ποταμοί φούσκωναν μες στη λάσπη το αίμα
για ένα λινό κυμάτισμα για μια νεφέλη
μιας πεταλούδας τίνανγμα το πούπουλο ενός κύκνου
για ένα πουκάμισο αδειανό, για μιαν Ελένη.
Κι ο αδερφός μου; Αηδόνι, αηδόνι, αηδόνι,
τί είναι θεός; τί μη θεός; και τί τ' ανάμεσό τους;
«Τ' αηδόνια δε σ' αφήνουνε να κοιμηθείς στις Πλάτρες».
Δακρυσμένο πουλί, στην Κύπρο τη θαλασσοφιλήτη που
έταξαν για να μου θυμίζει την πατρίδα, άραξα μοναχός
μ' αυτό το παραμύθι,
αν είναι αλήθεια πως αυτό είναι παραμύθι, αν είναι
αλήθεια πως οι άνθρωποι δε θα ξαναπιάνουν τον παλιό
δόλο των θεών αν είναι αλήθεια πως κάποιος άλλος
Τεύκρος, ύστερα από χρόνια, ή κάποιος Αίαντας ή
Πρίαμος ή Εκάβη ή κάποιος άγνωστος, ανώνυμος, που
ωστόσο είδε ένα Σκάμαντρο να ξεχειλάει κουφάρια, δεν
το 'χει μες στη μοίρα του ν' ακούσει . μαντατοφόρους
που ερχονται να πούνε πως τόσος πόνος τόση ζωή
πήγαν στην άβυσσο για ένα πουκάμισο αδειανό για
μιαν Ελένη.

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Sikelianos Angelos (1884 - 1951)



Angelos Sikelianos was born on 1884 on the Ionian island of Lefkada and died in Athens 1951. In 1900 he enrolled in the School of Law at the University of Athens as but left after two years to devote himself exclusively to Poetry. In 1907 he married Eva Palmer. The focus of his life was the formation, with Eva, of the Delphic Festivals in 1927 and 1930. At Delphi, where the Amphictyonic council used to convene, Sikelianos hoped to found a cosmic center where, through a dedication into a religious view of life without dogma, the nations of the world might meet to insure peace and justice. In 1929 the Athens Academy awarded him and Eva silver medals "for their courageous efforts to resurrect the Olympic games," but failed to elect him as a member when he was nominated in 1951. Sikelianos was a poet in the grand tradition, a prophet and seer, a man of high vision and noble actions, one who had assimilated the cultural traditions of his own nation and those of the modern world, a revolutionary democrat and mystic who acted beyond the particular creeds and religious faiths of the world. His vision was pantheistic and panhellenic, and his poetry, with its wide rhetorical sweep and philosophical poem and, in his later years, the poetic drama.

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Ο Άγγελος Σικελιανός γεννήθηκε το 1884 στο Λεφκάδα και πέθανε στην Αθήνα το 1951. Το 1900 γράφτηκε στη νομική σχολή του Πανεπιστημίου της Αθήνας αλλά εγκατέλειψε μετά από δύο έτη για να αφιερωθεί αποκλειστικά στην ποίηση. Το 1907 παντρεύτηκε την Έβα Παλμερ. Η αρχαιοελληνική πνευματική ατμόσφαιρα απασχόλησε βαθιά τον Σικελιανό και συνέλαβε την ιδέα να δημιουργηθεί στους Δελφούς ένας παγκόσμιος πνευματικός πυρήνας ικανός να συνθέσει τις αντιθέσεις των λαών ("Δελφική Ιδέα"). Για το σκοπό αυτό, ο Σικελιανός, με τη συμπαράσταση και οικονομική αρωγή της γυναίκας του, δίνει πλήθος διαλέξεων και δημοσιεύει μελέτες και άρθρα. Παράλληλα, οργανώνει τις "Δελφικές Εορτές" στους Δελφούς με τις παραστάσεις του Προμηθέα Δεσμώτη (1927) και των Ικέτιδων (1930) του Αισχύλου να ανεβαίνουν στο αρχαίο θέατρο. Η "Δελφική Ιδέα" εκτός από τις αρχαίες παραστάσεις περιελάμβανε και την "Δελφική Ένωση", μια παγκόσμια ένωση για τη συναδέλφωση των λαών, και το "Δελφικό Πανεπιστήμιο", στόχος του οποίου



θα ήταν να συνθέσει σε έναν ενιαίο μύθο τις παραδόσεις όλων των λαών. Για τις πρωτοβουλίες αυτές, το 1929, η Ακαδημία Αθηνών απένειμε στο Σικελιανό αργυρό μετάλλιο για τη γενναία προσπάθεια αναβίωσης των δελφικών αγώνων. Από το φιλόδοξο αυτό σχέδιο το μόνο που πραγματοποιήθηκε τελικά ήταν οι Δελφικές Εορτές, αλλά και αυτές οδήγησαν σε οικονομική καταστροφή και χωρισμό του ζεύγους, αφού η Εύα Πάλμερ εγκαταστάθηκε από τότε στην Αμερική και επέστρεψε μόνο μετά το θάνατο του ποιητή. Κατά τη διάρκεια της γερμανικής κατοχής, ο Σικελιανός διαδραμάτισε σημαντικό ρόλο στην πνευματική αντίσταση του λαού, με κορυφαία εκδήλωση το ποίημα και το λόγο που εκφώνησε στην κηδεία του Παλαμά το 1943. Το 1946 εξελέγη πρόεδρος της Εταιρείας Ελλήνων Λογοτεχνών ενώ το 1949 ήταν υποψήφιος για το Βραβείο Νομπέλ. Το όραμά του ήταν πανθεϊστικό και πανελληνικό, και η ποίησή του, με το ευρέως ρητορικό πέρασμα και φιλοσοφικό ποίημα και, στα τελευταία του χρόνια, το ποιητικό δράμα.

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Greek supper for the dead (1941)

(O Dionysos-Hades, my divine protector!)
Because my friends had waited long to hear
flaming new songs rise to my lips, as once
they knew the artery of my speech would burst
and flood like a fiery stream, they had invited me
far out from the city here to dine in this
large room with all its windows opened wide
on deep-set gardens and all the stars above them.
On the linen cloth between the crystal cups
they had set scarlet roses, and had hung
green wreaths upon the walls from which
a fragrant and languid odor emanated;
in silver candelabra they had lit
candles whose flames, in a slight breeze flickering,
everywhere leant and lengthened, but burnt on.
Then of the frugal meal before us we ate
in a long silence, for all unwillingly
our minds were twisted around one single thought;
but when the black wine my beloved friend
had brought for me was served, fragrant and brusque
as the blood of Dionysos spilled, he turned
toward me with his great glass filled to the brim,
and calling me by name, said: "Angelos,
now if you wish, give voice unto the night."
But I replied: "And do you ask, O friend,
that I give voice even unto this night
which like that very glass you hold is filled
up to the brim, this night which may be said
to set a last circumference round our souls
and is the same circumference of our silence?
Tell me, who was it took such careful pains
over this meal, or like a hierophant

Ελληνικός νεκρόδειπνος (1941)

(Ω Διόνυσε – Άδη, Θείε μου προστάτη!)
Καρτερούσαν οι φίλοι μου ν' ακούσουν
νέα φλογερά τραγούδια ν' ανατείλουν
στα χείλη μου, όπως ξέρανε από πάντα
την αρτηρία του λόγου μου να σφύζει
σαν πύρινο ποτάμι κι όπως μ' είχαν
σε μακρινό τραπέζι καλεσμένο
έξω απ' τη χώρα, σε μεγάλο δώμα,
μ' ανοιχτά τα παράθυρα σε κήπους
βαθιούς και μ' όλα απάνωθ' τους τα' άστρα...
Και με ρόδα είχαν άλικά στολίσει
το λινό μες στη μέση απ' τα κρουστάλια
και στεφάνια εκρεμάσανε στους τοίχους,
οπού ευωδιές λιγωτικές αφήναν
και σ' ασημένιους μέσα κεροστάτες
κεριά είχαν αναμμένα, που, στη λίγη
τ' αέρα πνοή, τις φλόγες τους λύγιζαν
μακριές, εδώ κ' εκεί, χωρίς να σβήσουν...
Κι αμίλητοι 'γευόμαστε μπροστά μας
το λιτό δείπνο, τι αθελά μας όλοι
την ίδια σκέψη εκλώθαμεν... Άλλ' όταν
ανοιχτή εμπρός μας το κρασί το μαύρο,
που φίλος επιστήθιος το 'χε φέρει
για μένα, αδρό γιαν' ήταν κ' ευωδούσε
σαν του Διονύσου το χυμένον αίμα,
γυρίζοντας εκείνος προς εμένα
τρανό ποτήρι ξέχειλο, με το ίδιο
καλώντας με ονομά μου: «Άγγελε, μου 'πε,
αν τώρα θες, δώσε φωνή στην νύχτα...»
Και τότε εγώ : « Στη νύχτα τούτη, φίλε,
ζητάς φωνή να δώσω, π' όπως το ίδιο
ποτήρι που κρατάς, ως το στεφάνι



stood over it and so adorned it that
it now seems meant to be Pluto's sacred portion
or the entowered lonely Supper for the Dead
and where deep in the thoughts of each before it
the rites of their memorial service glow?
For as upon an ear of wheat a host
of winged ants falls, so have the souls of all
the dead who wake within our hearts enclosed
this feast, those souls of men whose steps and shapes
we and the eternal night still deeply hold
within us, as in silence once they climbed
above the rocks and beyond the high lookouts
of death to drink deep at the wells of courage.
But numberless other ancient spirits now,
numerous other souls that fill the night
are swarming still, I feel, from every corner,
drawn by the fervor of our silent hearts,
like moths attracted to the candle's flame,
until the dead by far outnumber the living.
O let them come here even to us, O friends,
to spread invisibly their open hands
over this feast of Pluto's, let them come
to this entowered Supper for the Dead,
even here among us, and with us be One.
And with this glass you gave me, friend,
filled to the brim, wherein now if I bend
I see my face as if reflected from out
another world, and with this wine you brought me,
fragrant and brusque as blood of Dionysos
spilled, let us like the Initiates of old
from the great goblet of Agathodemon
drink as from rites of holy sacrament,
and keep a silence profound until that time
(may it not be far off, my friends) when all
the powers of God shall suddenly begin
to groan within us deeply, when his roars,
louder than sound of earthquake, shall rouse up living and
dead together in full array

γεμάτο, λες το σύνορο έχει βάλει
στις ψυχές μας το ακρότατον, οπού 'ναι
το σύνορο της ίδιας σιωπής μας;
Πες, ποιος εγνοιάστη ετούτο το τραπέζι,
ή στάθηκε από πάνω ιεροφάντης
να το στολίσει, κ' είναι σα μεράδι
του Πλούτωνα ιερό, σαν πυργωμένος
ερημικός νεκροδείπνος οπού όλων
μπροστά του η σκέψη καίει και λειτουργάει
μνημόσυνο βαθιά της ; Τί, όπως σ' ένα
σπυρί σταριού το φτερωτό μυρμήγκι
πέφτει φουσάτο απάνω του, παρόμοια
λογιάζω έχουν κυκλώσει αυτό το δείπνο
ψυχές ωεκρών που εμείς κ' η αιώνια νύχτα
βαθιά 'χουμε τ' αχνάρι τους κρατήσει,
σαν, πιο ψηλά απ' τη βίγλα του θανάτου,
ανηφορούσαν σιωπηλοί στα βράχια
να πιούν στου θάρρους την πηγή- μα κι άλλες
πολλές ψυχές τη νύχτα οπού γεμίζουν
-τι τώρα είν' πιότεροι νεκροί κι απ' όλους
της γής τους ζωντανούς, που από τη ζέστα
της σιωπηλής καρδιάς μας τραβηγμένες,
καθώς οι πεταλούδες απ' τις φλόγες
τραβιώνται των κεριών, να ξεκινάνε
τις νιώθω από παντού, κι αφήσετέ τις
να φτάσουνε ως εδώ, ν' απλοχειρίσουν
αόρατες σε τούτο το τραπέζι
του Πλούτωνα, σ' αυτό τον πυργωμένο
νεκροδείπνον, ω φίλοι, αφήσετέ τις
να ρθούν εδώ σ' εμάς, να γίνουμ' ένα....
Κι απ' το ποτήρι, φίλε, που μου δίνεις
γεμάτο ως το στεφάνι και που, αν σκύψω,
την όψη μου βαθιά του, απ' άλλο κόσμο
λογιάζω πως τη βλέπω αντισταλμένη,
κι απ' το κρασί που το 'φερες για μένα,
γιατί είν' αδρόν, ω φίλε, κ' ευωδάει
σαν του Διονύσου το χυμένον αίμα,
ας μεταλάβουμε όλοι, σάμπως μύστες



for the divine onslaught . . . And as for the new
and flaming songs that you now long to hear
rise to my lips, they too shall come, my friends,
in their own good time." I spoke, and whether or not they
had well understood all I had sought,
they sipped of the wine, and I, the last of all,
drank to the last drop also, like the priest
who drains the holy chalice in the Inner Sanctum; and then
together as one we softly turned our steps -the candles one
by one had guttered outward the wide-open windows,
beyond which lay the black enstarred vast ocean of the
night that on its pulse upheld us in our silence... And if no
one within that darkness spoke, from deep within us the
same thought and vow rose upward toward the vast gloom
and the stars: "Hearken, divine protector, O Dionysos-
Hades, restrain our hearts now with the brusque black wine
of your deep pain, guard them and strengthen them and
keep them still untouched until that hour
when suddenly your cry, louder than roar
of earthquake, shall rouse up living and dead together with
us at once for the divine onslaught!"

Translated by: Kimon Friar

παλιοί, απ' τ' Αγαθοδαίμονα το μέγα
το κύπελλο, βαθιά σιωπή κρατώντας
ως στη στιγμή (κι ας μη αργήσει , ω φίλοι)
που θα μουγκρίσουν άξαφνα οι δυνάμεις
βαθιάς μας του Θεού, κι ο μυκηθμός του,
πιο από σεισμού βοή, θα σκώσει αντάμα
φουσάτο, ζωντανούς και πεθαμένους
σε θείο γιουρούσι... Κι όσο για τα νέα,
τα φλογερά που θέλατε τραγούδια
ν' ακούσετε από τα χείλη μου, θα ρθούνε
στην ώρα τους κι αυτά... Έτσ' είπα· κι όλοι,
σαν ένιωσαν καλά το τί ζητούσα
κι απ' το κρασί γευτήκανε, κι απ' όλους
στερνός, σαν ο ιερέας που καταλύει
το δισκοπότηρο μες στ' Άδυτο, ήπια
κ' εγώ ως την ύστερη τη στάλα, μόνοι
το βήμα μας τραβήξαμεν αγάλι
ενώ ένα- ένα τα κεριά, σβηγόνταν
προς τ' ανοιχτά παράθυρα όπου, μαύρος
έναςτρος τώρα ωκεανός η νύχτα,
βουβούς μας πάταε μέσα στον παλμόν της...
Μα στα σκοτάδια μέσα κι αν κανένας
πια δε μιλούσε από βαθιά μας όλων
προς το ζόφο και τ' άστρα ανηφορούσε
μιαν ίδια ευχή και γνώμη: «Εισάκουσέ μας!
Ω Διόνυσε- Άδη, θείε μας παραστάτη·
συγκράτα τις καρδιές μας με το μαύρο
του πόνου σου κρασί· δυνάμωνέ τις·
προφύλαξε τις άγγιχτες για κείνη
την ώρα π' ανεπάντεχα η κραυγή σου,
πιο από σεισμού βοή, θα μας σηκώσει,
με τους νεκρούς μαζί, στο θείο γιουρούσι!

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Sinopoulos Takis (1917 - 1981)



Sinopoulos Takis was born on 1917 in the Peloponnesean village of Agoulinfitsa and died on April 21, 1981 in the nearby town of Pirgos Ihas. In 1934 he enrolled in the School of Medicine at the University of Athens. He embarked on his career as a pathologist in the government's Foundation for Social Security. Attended a symposium of Greek and Spanish resistance writers in Barcelona, and the poetry Festival in Cyprus, both in 1979. The author of fifteen books of poetry, he has been translated into English, Italian, German and Russian.

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Ο Τάκης Σινόπουλος γεννήθηκε στο 1917 στο πελοποννησιακό χωριό Αγγουλίνφτσα και πέθανε στις 21 Απριλίου 1981 στην κοντινή πόλη του Πύργου Ηλίας. Το 1934 γράφτηκε στη ιατρική σχολή στο Πανεπιστημίου της Αθήνας. Άρχισε τη σταδιοδρομία του ως παθολόγος στο Ίδρυμα Κοινωνικής Ασφάλισης. Παρευρέθηκε σε ένα συμπόσιο Ελλήνων και Ισπανών αντιστασιακών συγγραφέων στη Βαρκελώνη, και στο φεστιβάλ ποίησης στην Κύπρο, και τα δύο το 1979. Είναι συντάκτης δεκαπέντε βιβλίων ποίησης, και έχουν μεταφραστεί στα αγγλικά, ιταλικά, γερμανικά και ρωσικά.

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The burning man (1957)

Look, he's entered the fire! said someone from the crowd.
We, quickly turned our eyes. It was indeed he
who turned away his face when we spoke to him.
And now he's burning. But he doesn't call out for help.
I hesitate. I think of going there. Of touching him with my
hand. I am by nature a man easily astonished.
But who is he who in his pride is being consumed?
Doesn't his mortal body pain him?
The land here is dark. And difficult. I'm afraid.
Don't poke into someone else's fire, I've been told.
Yet there he was, alone, burning. Utterly alone.
And the more he faded away, the more his face glowed. He
was turning into a sun. In our time, even as in past times,
some are found in the fire, and some applaud. The Poet is
split in two.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

Ο καιόμενος (1957)

Κοιτάχτε μπήκε στη φωτιά! είπε ένας απ' το πλήθος.
Γυρίσαμε τα μάτια γρήγορα. Ήταν
στ' αλήθεια αυτός που απόστρεψε το πρόσωπο όταν
του μιλήσαμε. Και τώρα καίγεται. Μα δε φωνάζει
βοήθεια. Διστάζω. Λέω να πάω εκεί. Να τον αγγίξω με
το χέρι μου. Είμαι από φύση μου φτιαγμένος να
παραξενεύομαι. Ποιος είναι τούτος που αναλίσκται
περήφανος; Το σώμα του το ανθρώπινο δεν τον πονά;
Η χώρα εδώ είναι σκοτεινή. Και δύσκολη. Φοβάμαι.
Ξένη φωτιά μην την ανακατεύεις μου είπαν. Όμως
εκείνος καίγονταν μονάχος. Καταμόναχος. Κι όσο
αφανίζονταν τόσο άστραφτε το πρόσωπο. Γινόταν
ήλιος. Στην εποχή μας όπως και σε περασμένες εποχές
άλλοι είναι μέσα στη φωτιά κι άλλοι χειροκροτούνε. Ο
Ποιητής μοιράζεται στα δύο.

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Dhionisios Solomos (1798 - 1857)



Solomos Dhionisios was born on Zakynthos but shut his eyes on this life and crossed the threshold to eternity on Corfu, beset by bitterness and ill health. The Poet Laureate of Greece. In just one month, May of 1823, he wrote Greece's National Anthem, that is "Hymn To Liberty" (Imnos Eis Tin Eleftherian) , which consists of 158 trophes. The greatest modern Greek poet.. He was the son of Conte Nikolaos Solomos and Angkeliki Nikli. He wrote his first poems in Italian, influenced by the people he had met while studying in Italy. When Spiridon Trikoupis heard him recite his poems, he advised him to write in Greek. Solomos then started studying the language he had learnt from his mother but which he had half forgotten. He studied folk songs and started to write verses in Greek. His early lyrical songs were fresh, simple, genuinely lyrical and moving, and had idyllic grace. While in his friend Stranis headland mansion he heard the guns at Mesolongki and shuddered violently. Tears welled up in his eyes and he cried out: "Hold on, poor Mesolongki. Hold on!". With the sound of the guns in the background and "with Greece locked in his soul", he sensed the Greatness and composed his "Hymn to Liberty". Set to music by his musician friend Nikolaos Mandjaros, it was later to become the Greek National Anthem. This poem impressed with its wealth of epic imagery, its noble meaning, its imagination, power and warmth. After his death everybody expected some great work to be discovered. But all that was found was fragments, drafts, notes and a few unconnected lines. The craving for perfection which had tormented him all his life had led this worthy lyrical poet to work the same pieces again and again without ever finishing them. Yet even so, his work is marked by simple grandeur and superb brilliance.

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Ο Διονύσιος Σωλομός γεννήθηκε στη Ζάκυνθο και πέθανε στην Κέρκυρα πικραμένος και άρρωστος. Ο δαφνοστεφής ποιητής της Ελλάδας. Σε ένα μόνο μήνα, το Μάιο του 1823, έγραψε τον εθνικό ύμνο της Ελλάδας «Ύμνος στην Ελευθερία», ο οποίος αποτελείται από 158 στροφές. Ο μεγαλύτερος σύγχρονος Έλληνας ποιητής. Ήταν ο γιος του Κόντε Νικολάου Σολομού και της Αγγελικής Νικλή. Έγραψε τα πρώτα ποιήματά του στα ιταλικά, επηρεαζόμενος από τους ανθρώπους που είχε συναντήσει κατά τη διάρκεια των σπουδών του στην Ιταλία. Όταν ο Σπυρίδωνας Τρυκούπης τον άκουσε να απαγγέλλει τα ποιήματά του, τον



συμβούλεψε να γράψει στα ελληνικά. Ο Σωλομός άρχισε να μελετά τη γλώσσα που είχε μάθει από τη μητέρα αλλά την είχε σχεδόν ξεχάσει. Μελέτησε τα παραδισοακά τραγούδια και άρχισε να γράφει στίχους στα ελληνικά. Τα πρώτα λυρικά τραγούδια του ήταν φρέσκα, απλά, αυθεντικά με κίνηση, και είχαν ειδυλλιακή ατμόσφαιρα. Ενώ βρισκόταν στο μέγαρο του φίλου του Στράνη άκουσε τα όπλα στο Μεσσολόγγι και ανατριχίασε. Δάκρυα γέμισαν τα μάτια του και φώναξε: «Κρατήσου Μασσολόγγι κρατήσου». Με τον ήχο των όπλων στο υπόβαθρο και "με την Ελλάδα βαθιά στην ψυχή του", αισθάνθηκε το μεγαλείο και σύνθεσε "τον Ύμνο προς την Ελευθερία". Ο φίλος του Νικόλαος Μαντζάρος έγγραψε τη μουσική, που αργότερα έμμελε να γίνει ο Ελληνικός Εθνικός Ύμνος. Αυτό το ποίημα εντυπωσίασε με τον πλούτο επικών στοιχείων, τα ευγενή νοήματά του, τη φαντασία, τη δύναμη και τη ζεστασιά. Μετά από το θάνατό αναμενόταν η αποκάλυψη μιας εξαιρετικής δουλειάς, πράγμα που δεν συνέβη ποτέ. Βρέθηκαν μόνο τμήματα και πρόχειρες σημειώσεις και μερικές ασύνδετες γραμμές. Ο πόθος για την τελειότητα που τον είχε βασανίσει όλη του τη ζωή τον έκανε έναν άξιο λυρικό ποιητή που προσπαθώντας τα τελειοποιήσει τα ποιήματά του ασχολιόταν με τα ίδια πάντα ποιήματα και δεν κατάφερε να τα ελαιοποιήσει. Έτσι η δουλειά του χαρακτηρίζεται από το απλό μεγαλείο και τη θαυμάσια λαμπρότητα.

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The Free Besieged (1826)

Draft III

1

Oh you Mother magnanimous in suffering and glory,
Even if your children always live in a mystery hidden,
In meditation and in dream, what has graced my eyes,
My very eyes to see you in this deserted forest,
Which quite suddenly has wreathed your deathless feet
(Look) with Easter Palms, the greenery of Palm Sunday! My
ears missed your holy step, my eyes missed your figure,
Serene you are like the sky enriched by all its beauties, That
show in many places, in others they are hidden; But,
Goddess, may I hear at last the sound of your voice, At
once to make it a gift to the Hellenic nation? On its black
rocks and dried grass glory dwells forever.

2

Deeds, words, and deep thoughts-motionless, I stare -
Myriads of blossoms, colourful, cover the grassy carpet,
White, red, blue invite bees of a golden hue.
Away, one lives among friends, but here, in death's
presence. Often upon the break of dawn and in the midst of
day, When the waters turned dark, and the stars grew in
numbers, Beaches, rocks, and the open sea suddenly leap
up and quiver. Arabic chargers, English guns, Turkish shots,
French minds!

A great ocean makes war and strikes the tiny cottage;
* Alas! In a while uncovered the few bosoms remain;
Thunder are you deathless, have you never known rest?
That's what a sailor from abroad says bending over the
prow, All round in fear the islands, they all weep and pray,
And the cross-shaped domed temple and the most modest
shrine Amid incense and lit candles listen to their pain.

Οι Ελεύθεροι Πολιορκημένοι (1826)

Σχεδιάσμα Γ

1

Μητέρα, μεγαλόψυχη στον πόνο και στη δόξα,
Κι αν στο κρυφό μυστήριο ζουν πάντα τα παιδιά σου Με
λογισμό και μ' όνειρο, τί χάρ' έχουν τα μάτια, Τα
μάτια τούτα, να σ' ιδούν μες στο πανέρμο δάσος, Πού
ξάφνου σου τριγύρισε τ' αθάνατα ποδάρια (Κοίτα) με
φύλλα της Λαμπρής, με φύλλα του Βαϊώνε! Το θεϊκό σου
πάτημα δεν άκουσα, δεν είδα, Ατάραχη σαν ουρανός μ'
όλα τα κάλλη πόχει, Πού μέρη τόσα φαίνονται και μέρη
'ναι κρυμμένα · Αλλά, Θεά, δεν ημπορώ ν' ακούσω τη
φωνή σου, Κι' ευθύς εγώ τ' Ελληνικού κόσμου να τη
χαρίσω; Δόξα 'χ' ή μαύρη πέτρα σου και το ξερό
χορτάρι.

2

Έργα και λόγια, στοχασμοί, στέκομαι και κοιτάζω
Λούλουδα μύρια πούλουδα, πού κρύβουν το χορτάρι,
Κι' άσπρα, γαλάζια, κόκκινα, καλούν χρυσό μελίσσι.
Εκείθε με τους αδελφούς, εδώθε με το χάρο. Μεσ στα
χαράματα συχνά, και μεσ στα μεσημέρια, Και σα
θολώσουν τα νερά, και τ' άστρα σα πληθύνουν, Ξάφνου
σκιρτούν οι ακρογιαλιές, τα πέλαγα κι' οι βράχοι. «Αραπίας
άπι, Γάλλου νους, βόλι Τουρκιάς, τοπ' Άγγλου! Πέλαγο μέγα
πολεμά, βαρεί το καλυβάκι Κι' αλιά! σε λίγο ξέσκεπα τα
λίγα στήθη μένουν Αθάνατη 'σαι, πού ποτέ, βροντή, δεν
ησυχάζεις;» Στην πλώρη, πού σκιρτά, γυρτός, τούτα 'π' ο
ξένος ναύτης. Δελιάζουν γύρου τα νησιά, παρακαλούν
και κλαίνε, Και με λιβάνια δέχεται και φώτα τον καημό
τους Ο σταυροθόλωτος ναός και το φτωχό ξωκλήσι. Το
μίσος όμως έβγαλε και κείνο τη φωνή του; «Ψαρού, τ'
αγκίστρι, π' αφίσες, άλλου να ρίξης άμε».



Hatred, though, made heard its odious voice also:
"Fisherwoman, take your hook and go cast elsewhere".

2a

Often at the break of dawn, and in the midst of day,
When the waters turn dark, and the stars grow in numbers,
Beaches, rocks, and the open sea suddenly leap up and
quiver. An old man, who had stuck his life to the fish-hook,
Cast it away, missed his mark, and pacing he cried: "Arabic
chargers, English guns, Turkish shots, French minds! Alas,
a great ocean strikes hard the tiny cottage; In a little while
uncovered the few bosoms remain; Thunder are you
deathless, have you never known rest? Oh desolation I can
see, come, let us weep together".

3

The war has not exhausted them, it has become their life, . .
. cannot prevent
The girls from singing songs, the boys from playing games.

4

Out of clouds ever black, out of the pitch of darkness,
.
But sunlike then, invisible ether of a world in symbol
The flagpole appears, the brave warriors underneath it,
And up there, on its highest end, the banner in full glory,
That speaks and murmurs and its Cross waves in the air In
all the space around it, the brave wind of valor, The sky
looked on proudly and all the earth applauded; And every
voice stirring then toward the light echoed, Most noble
flowers of love scattering all around;* "Unconquered, rich,
and beautiful, venerable too, and holy!"

Translated by: K. Mitsakis

2a

Μες στα χαράματα συχνά, και μες στα μεσημέρια, Κι'
όταν θολώσουν τα νερά, κι όταν πληθύνουν τ' άστρα,
Ξάφνου σκιρτούν οι ακρογιαλιές, τα πέλαγα κι' οι
βράχοι.

Γέρος μακριά, π' απίθωσε στ' αγκίστρι τη ζωή του,
Το πέταξε, τ' αστόχησε και περιτριγυρνώντας: «
Αραπιάς άτι, Γάλλου νους, βόλι Τουρκιάς, τοπ' Άγγλου!
Πέλαγο, μέγ' αλίμονον! βαρεί το καλυβάκι» Σε λίγη
ώρα ξέσκεπα τα λίγη στήθη μένουν Αθάνατη 'σαι,
πού, βροντή, ποτέ δεν ησυχάζεις; Πανερημιά της
γνώρας μου, θέλω μ' εμέ να κλάψης».

3

Δεν τους βαραίν' ό πόλεμος, άλλ' εγινε ή πνοή τους,
κι' εμπόδισμα δεν είναι Στές κορασιές να τραγουδούν
και στα παιδιά να παίζουν.

4

Από το μαύρο σύγνεφο κι' από τη μαύρη πίσσα,
.
Άλλ' ήλιος, άλλ' αόρατος αιθέρας κοσμοφόρος
Ό στύλος φανερώνεται, με κάτου μαζωμένα
Τα παλληκάρια τα καλά, μ' απάνου τη σημαία,
Πού μουρμουρίζει και μιλεί και το Σταυρόν απλώνει
Παντόγυρα στον όμορφον αέρα της αντρείας, Κι' ο
ουρανός καμάρωνε, κι' η γη χεροκροτούσε κάθε
φωνή κινούμενη κατά το φως μιλούσε, Κι' εσκόρπα τα
τρισεύγενα λουλούδια της αγάπης: «Όμορφη,
πλούσια, κι' άπαρτη, και σεβαστή, κι' αγία!»

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**Hymn To Liberty
(extract)
(1822)**

1

I know you by the sharp blade
of your terrifying sword,
I know you by the form you made
taking the earth as victor lord.

2

Sprung from Grecian bones scattered
hallowed on every vale,
with your old valor unshattered,
Liberty, hail to you, hail!

15

Yes, but your sons, your offspring
now fight with all their breath,
and unceasingly are seeking
either victory or death.

155

"Images of the Most High
can't you hear this cry of pain?
Centuries have passed it by
but its echo does remain.

157

What then? Will you allow us
to struggle and become freed?
Or will you disavow us
due to politicians' need?

158

**Ύμνος εις την Ελευθερίαν
(απόσπασμα)
(1822)**

1

Σε γνωρίζω από την κόψη
του σπαθιού την τρομερή,
Σε γνωρίζω από την όψη
Πού με βία μετράει τη γη.

2

Απ' τα κόκαλα βγαλμένη
Των Ελλήνων τα ιερά,
Και σαν πρώτα ανδρειωμένη,
Χαίρε, ω χαίρε, , Ελευθεριά!

15

Ναί· αλλά τώρα αντιπαλεύει
Κάθε τέκνο σου με ορμή,
Πού ακατάπαυστα γυρεύει
Ή τη νίκη ή τη θανά.

155

Δεν ακούτε, εσείς εικόνες
Του Θεού, τέτοια φωνή;
Τώρα πέρασαν αιώνες
Και δεν έπαυσε στιγμή.

157

Τι θα κάμετε; Θ' αφήστε
Να αποκτήσωμεν εμείς
Λευθερίαν, ή θα την λύστε
Έξ αιτίας Πολιτικής;

158



If this is then your decision
here, before you stands the Cross!
Crush it, Monarchs, to oblivion,
crush it, help to wreak our loss."

Translated by: Hellenic Chronicle

Τούτο άνίσως μελετάτε,
Ιδού, εμπρός σας τον Σταυρό·
Βασιλείς! ελατέ, ελατέ,
Και κτυπήσετε κι' εδώ.

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Epigram to Psara (1824)

On Psara's blackened, charred stone
Glory silently walks all alone
meditating her sons' noble deeds,
and wears a wreath on her hair
made of such few scattered weeds
on the desolate earth left to spare

Translated by: Hellenic Chronicle

Η Καταστροφή των Ψαρών (1824)

Στων Ψαρών την ολόμαυρη ράχη Περπατώντας η Δόξα
μονάχη
Μελετά τα λαμπρά παλικάριά
Και στην κόμη στεφάνι φορεί
Γεναμένο από λίγα χορτάρια
Πού είχαν μείνει στην έρημη γη.

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Stasinopoulos Michael (1917 - 2002)



Stasinopoulos Michael was born in Kalamata, Peloponnese, in 1903 and died in Athens on 2002. He received his degree in law from the University of Athens in 1924 and he has had a great career as jurist. In 1974 he became President of the Republic. He has written poems, novels, essays and has translated French poetry into Greek.

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Ο Μιχάλης Στασινόπουλος γεννήθηκε στη Καλαμάτα το 1903 και πέθανε στην Αθήνα στο 2002. Έλαβε το πτυχίο νομικής από το Πανεπιστήμιο Αθηνών το 1924 και είχε μια εκαιρετική πορεία ως δικηγόρος. Το 1974 έγινε Πρόεδρος της Δημοκρατίας. Έχει γράψει ποιήματα, μυθιστορήματα, νουβέλες και έχει μεταφράσει γαλλική ποίηση στα ελληνικά.

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The knight of chess

Alert, calm, and silent, lost in his thoughts, the Knight
onto black or white spaces readily jumps and waits.
While deep thoughts fix him onto squares, black or white,
the sad and speechless game's turns he sees and
calculates. A move, another move, a thought, another
thought. Round him wooden enemies and their devious
goals. What can he think of, devise, consider with care?
The narrow squares heavily have taxed his thought and his
life turned monotonous with a familiar air. A move, another
move; a thought - the same thought! He counts and reckons
silently the game's every move, but well he knows that
destiny his life did ordain to charge his wooden enemies
and among them to fall, onto black or white squares, bravely,
beside his sovereign.

Translated by: Byron Raizis

Το άλογο του σκακιού

Προσεχτικό κι' ασάλευτο, βουβό κι αφαιρεμένο
στο μαύρο ή στ' άσπρο, υπάκουο πηδάει και
περιμένει, Στο μαύρο ή στ' άσπρο, ασάλευτο, βαθιά
συλλογισμένο, το σκυθρωπό κι αμίλητο παιγνίδι
λογαριάζει. Μια κίνηση, άλλη κίνηση, μια σκέψη, κι
άλλη σκέψη. Τριγύρω οι ξύλινοι του εχθροί κι οι
επίβουλοι σκοποί τους.
Τί να σκεφτεί, να σοφιστεί και τί να λογαριάσει;
Μες στα στενά τετράγωνα εσώθηκεν ή σκέψη
κι έγινε πια μονότονη και γνώριμη ή ζωή του.
Μια κίνηση, άλλη κίνηση, μια σκέψη - ή ίδια σκέψη!
Το σιωπηλό παιγνίδι του μετρά και λογαριάζει, μα
όμως το ξέρει πώς γραφτό σ' όλη είναι τη ζωή του, να
ορμά μέσα στους ξύλινους εχθρούς του, και να πέφτει,
στο μαύρο ή στ' άσπρο, ηρωικά, κοντά στο βασιλιά
του.

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Stoyannidhis Yioryos (1912 - 1994)



Stoyannidhis Yioryos was born on 1912 in Xanthus, Thrace, when the town was still in Turkish hands. The following year the family moved to Kavala. Until he finally settled in Thessaloniki in 1970. Since both words and form, he feels, have undergone an ethical corruption, he has tried to restore them to their freshness under the given conditions of contemporary times, and to delineate a state of loneliness in an equal corruption of human relations.

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Ο Γιώργος Στογιανίδης γεννήθηκε το 1912 στη Ξάνθη, όταν ήταν ακόμα η πόλη στα τουρκικά χέρια. Την επόμενη χρονιά η οικογένεια του μετακόμισε στην Καβάλα. Τελικά εγκαταστάθηκε στη Θεσσαλονίκη το 1970. Αισθανόταν ότι είχε υποστεί μια ηθική διάβρωση, προσπάθησε δε να αποκαταστήσει τη φρεσκάδα των λέξεων με όρους των σύγχρονων ετών και να σκιαγραφήσει τη κατάσταση της μοναξιάς σε μια κατά αναλογία διάβρωση των ανθρώπινων σχέσεων.

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The fragments

With a clumsy move, as I was shaving,
I shattered the mirror spraying myself with
Tiny splinters of glass. I am no longer alone, reflected by a
myriad particles.
How long, though, will I bear this?
At times, I think that I am followed
by my dismembered limbs
and that frightens me.
It reminds me of those men in dark glasses
who watch your every move.
No, I prefer myself intact.

Translated by: University of Oklahoma, Booksa
Abroad, 49, No. 3 (Summer, 1975), 588

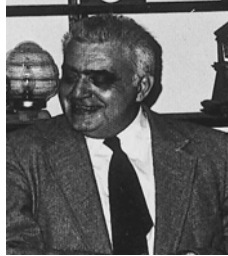
Τα θρύψαλα

Με μια αδέξια κίνηση έσπασα τον
καθρέφτη που ξυριζόμουν γεμίζοντας το κορμί
μου μικρά μικρά γυάλινα θρύψαλα.
Δεν είμαι πια μόνος, καθρεφτισμένος σ' άπειρα μέρη
χαίρομαι τ' οδυνηρό μου κομμάτιασμα.
Όμως πόσο θ' αντέξω; Κάποτε, θαρώ πώς με
παρακολουθούν τα διαμελισμένα μου μέλη
κι αυτό με τρομάζει.
Μου θυμίζει εκείνους με τα μαύρα γυαλιά
πού ελέγχουν την κάθε σου κίνηση.
Όχι, προτιμώ τον ακέραιο εαυτό μου.

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Frangopoulos Theofilos (1923 - 1998)



Frangopoulos Theofilos was born in Athens on 1923 and died there on 1998. He obtained his law degree from the University of Athens in 1947. During the Occupation he took part in the resistance movement, serving with the right-wing National Armed Forces of General Zervas in Epiros. He has taught modern Greek literature in several colleges in Athens, in the University of Bochum in West Germany, at Boston University and at Queens College in the United States. He has written several plays and ten books of poetry, including his collected poems in two volumes.

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Ο Θεόφιλος Φραγκόπουλος γεννήθηκε στην Αθήνα το 1923 και πέθανε το 1998. Έλαβε το πτυχίο νομικής από το Πανεπιστήμιο Αθηνών το 1947. Κατά τη διάρκεια της κατοχής συμμετείχε στην αντίσταση, υπηρέτησε στις δεξιές δυνάμεις του στρατηγού Ζέρβα στην Ήπειρο. Έχει διδάξει τη νεοελληνική λογοτεχνία σε διάφορα κολλέγια στην Αθήνα, στο Πανεπιστήμιο του Μπόχουμ στη Δυτική Γερμανία, στο πανεπιστήμιο της Βοστώνης και στο Queens College στις Ηνωμένες Πολιτείες. Έχει γράψει διάφορα έργα και δέκα βιβλία ποίησης, συμπεριλαμβανομένων των ποιητικών συλλογών σε δύο τόμους.

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Christ in revolt (1956)

I

In the evenings, at the hour when the windows
Awaken and the lights of expectation
emerge on the ridges of houses
in the working-class districts,
the lights of the tired father who from his hands
washes the toil and cunning of day
and enters the room with its sleeping children
and the trembling smile of their mother;
at that hour, gliding away from his gilded churches
that have kept him imprisoned,
Christ descends with a cigarette over his ear,
his fingernails filthy with machine oil,
then looks on these houses here of the poor,
and smiles.

II

These districts constantly revolt. Angry mothers
beat their dry breasts as their courageous sons
light their cigarettes or follow those who play checkers with
a gun between their legs
in a corner of the street barricade.
These districts are not beautiful.
Revolution is not beautiful. And when they win,
they too become repulsive like all the others.
And yet when on the last night of their insurrection
fires flare up everywhere and the fighters see that their end
is here waiting for them with the next onslaught of law and
order which the loudspeakers are already announcing;
when the last glance is shared
together with their last bullets and they mark off their
positions, decimated revolutionaries without a tomorrow

Ο επαναστατημένος Χριστός (1956)

I

Τα βράδια, την ώρα που ξυπνάνε τα παράθυρα
και βγαίνουν στις κορφές των σπιτιών
τα φώτα της προσμονής, σε συνοικίες λαϊκές,
του κουρασμένου πατέρα που πλένει άπ' τα χέρια του
τον κάματο και την πονηριά της μέρας
και μπαίνει στο δωμάτιο με τα κοιμισμένα παιδιά
και το τρεμάμενο χαμόγελο της μάνας τους,
κείνη την ώρα, γλιστρώντας από τις χρυσωμένες του
εκκλησιές που τον βαστούσαν φυλακισμένο,
κατεβαίνει ο Χριστός με ένα τσιγάρο στο αυτί,
με τραγιάσκα ψαρά και νύχια γεμάτα λάδι της μηχανής,
και κοίτα τα σπίτια τούτων εδώ των
φτωχώνχαμογελώντας.

II

Οι συνοικίες συχνά επαναστατούνε.
Θυμωμένες μανάδες χτυπάνε τα στεγνά στήθια τους και
τα παλικάρια ανάβουν τσιγάρο
ή παρακολουθούν αυτούς που παίζουν τρίλιζα
με τ' όπλο ανάμεσα στα δυο τους πόδια
σε μια γωνιά του οδοφράγματος.
Δεν είναι όμορφες οι συνοικίες.
Δεν είναι όμορφη ή επανάσταση.
Κι όταν νικάνε, γίνονται και τούτοι αντιπαθείς
σαν όλους τους άλλους. Όμως όταν, την τελευταία
νύχτα της ανυποταγής, ανάψουν ολούθε οι φωτιές
και δουν οι μαχητές πώς το τέρμα τους
είναι εδώ, και τους προσμένει
με την επόμενη έφοδο της εννόμου τάξεως
πού αναγγέλλουν κιόλας τα megafona,
σαν μοιραστεί κι η τελευταία ματιά



then from the darkness a shabily dressed man slips out
armed with an old blunderbuss
and takes his place among them, silently,
and begins to shoot with them at his crucifiers
Jesus Christ, son of Joseph and Mary, carpenter,
class of 1944.

Translated by: Kimon Friar

μαζί με τα λιγοστά τους βόλια κι επισημάνουν τις θέσεις
τους, αποδεκατισμένοι επαναστάτες χωρίς αύριο τότε
μέσ' άπ' το σκοτάδι ξεγλιστράει φτωχοντυμένος,
οπλισμένος μ' ένα μακρύκανο
και παίρνει τη θέση ανάμεσα τους, σιωπηλά,
κι αρχίζει να ντουφεκάζει μαζί τους τους σταυρωτήδες
του ο Ιησούς Χριστός, του Ιωσήφ και της Μαρίας,
ξυλουργός, κλάσεως 1944.

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Italian Literature

Overview

During the first half of the nineteenth century the public life in Italy was characterized by many riots and the first independence war.

The reasons of this patriotic fervour were the craving of: setting the country free from foreign powers and reuniting all the different regions, setting up a political power across the country based on a constitution in opposition to the absolutism prevailing in some regions of Italy, overcome all the economical and commercial hurdles, which were the consequence of a political fragmentation.

The intellectuals such as Mazzini and Foscolo and some patriotic personalities such as Ciriaco De Amicis and Santorre di Santarosa were all animated by a deep conviction that Italy already had its own cultural and religious identity. Therefore they all fought hard to achieve a national unity.

The literary and artistic atmosphere is characterized by the German Romanticism strong influence and all the works of this period are pervaded by emotional bursts, often patriotic and amorous at the same time.

Love for his own Country nourishes, together with the insurrectionary tumults, a renewed interest for his national identity and for the country history. In the poems and novels we can find a new religious feeling that, in the preceding century had been surpassed by the Illuminist Rationalism.

During the second half of the nineteenth century the national unification moved on with the second and the third independence war.

Cavour's diplomatic skills and the courage shown by personalities such as Pisacane and Garibaldi, followed by volunteers and professional soldiers, succeeded in creating the United Kingdom of Italy with Vittorio Emanuele the second as the reigning king.

However the newly born Kingdom was supposed to overcome several social problems, such as: reach a break-even point in the Kingdom assets, overcome the deep cultural and economical differences across all the regions, eradicate the local criminal organisation crippling the social and economical stability.

Over the last years of the nineteenth century and during the first years of the twentieth century the social and economical problems will worsen, causing the migration of large part of the population towards North and South America.

The seriousness of the economical and social problems which afflicted Italy caused, automatically, some deep changes in the artistic and literary fields as well: the poetry of the Romantic models was overcome by the descriptive prose of the Verism, which was more



devoted to the people's life, to their suffering, to the hard work in the countryside and in the mines.

During the first years of the twentieth century Italy will be affected by nationalistic and imperialistic ideas, very diffused all over Europe, which will lead Italy to the first world war. The victory which will follow will be a fictitious victory, due to the high number of casualties.

The social and economical upheaval that will later take place, will be affected by a political turmoil and frequent riots which will be the breeding ground for a dictatorial government: the Mussolini Government.

His imperialistic ideas will lead Italy to participate to the Second World War sharing the same responsibilities as the Hitler Government.

In the literary field, the period suffers from the degeneration of the nineteenth-century patriotism, which was animated of a great love for his own Country and able to spread through other Countries (in fact a lot of Italian patriots went to fight and die for other Countries freedom, such as Greece).

In the twentieth-century this elevated feeling becomes nationalism and nourishes rhetoric literary forms, often linked to the political power. In these forms, the Futurism stands out, due to its exaltation of an extreme modernity, identified in machines, cars, speediness, in the contempt for the past and the instigation to war.

Once the Second World War was over, this time with a defeat for Italy, the Italian, under the leadership of charismatic political personalities such as De Gasperi, will be able to achieve a new moral, economical and social balance.

The literary and artistic works, in particular the cinematography, completely abandoned every rhetoric and triumphalistic behaviours and devoted themselves to an scrupulous, often bitter, consideration about a reality influenced by a lot of political mistakes. Italy then will start a new journey which will lead the country to be one of the founder of the European Union.

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Introduzione

Durante la prima metà dell'Ottocento la vita pubblica italiana fu scossa da molti moti insurrezionali e dalla prima Guerra d'indipendenza.

I fini di tanto fervore patriottico erano i seguenti: liberare il paese dal potere straniero ed unificare tutte le diverse regioni, istituire un potere politico basato su una costituzione per tutto il paese in luogo dell'assolutismo ancora regnante in alcune regioni d'Italia, superare tutte le barriere economiche e commerciali, conseguenza della frammentazione politica.

Gli intellettuali, come Mazzini e Foscolo, ed i patrioti, come Ciriaco De Giovanni e Santorre di Santarosa, erano tutti animati dalla profonda convinzione che l'Italia avesse già una sua



propria identità culturale e religiosa ed erano pronti a lottare fino alla morte per conseguire anche l'unità nazionale.

L'atmosfera artistica e letteraria è caratterizzata da una forte influenza del Romanticismo tedesco e le opere di questo periodo sono tutte pervase da slanci sentimentali, sovente patriottici ed amorosi al tempo stesso.

L'amore per il proprio paese alimenta, insieme ai moti insurrezionali, anche un rinnovato interesse per la propria identità nazionale e per la sua storia. Rinasce nei romanzi e nelle poesie anche il sentimento religioso, che nel secolo precedente era stato sovrastato dal razionalismo illuministico.

Durante la seconda metà dell'Ottocento il processo di unificazione nazionale proseguì con la seconda e la terza Guerra d'indipendenza.

L'abilità diplomatica di Cavour ed il coraggio dimostrato in combattimento da uomini come Pisacane e Garibaldi, seguiti da volontari o soldati, portarono alla formazione del Regno Unito d'Italia con Vittorio Emanuele II come sovrano.

Tuttavia lo stato appena costituito doveva risolvere diversi problemi sociali, in particolare i seguenti: raggiungere il pareggio del bilancio, superare le profonde differenze culturali ed economiche che intercorrevano tra le diverse regioni, sradicare le associazioni criminali locali, che minavano la stabilità economica e sociale.

Durante gli ultimi anni dell'Ottocento ed i primi del Novecento vi fu un peggioramento dei problemi economici e sociali che causò l'emigrazione di gran parte delle popolazioni più povere verso l'America settentrionale e meridionale.

La gravità dei problemi economici e sociali che affliggevano l'Italia provocò, inevitabilmente, profondi cambiamenti anche in ambito artistico e letterario: alla poesia degli ideali romantici seguì la prosa descrittiva del Verismo, attenta alla vita del popolo, alle sue sofferenze, al duro lavoro dei campi e delle miniere.

Fin dagli inizi del Novecento l'Italia fu presa dagli ideali nazionalistici ed imperialistici che si erano già diffusi e profondamente radicati in Europa e che condussero il paese a combattere la prima Guerra mondiale. La vittoria che seguirà sarà tale solo di nome, a causa dell'elevatissimo prezzo umano pagato.

Ne seguirono gravi agitazioni sociali ed economiche che turbarono profondamente il paese e costituirono il terreno favorevole per l'affermarsi di un governo forte: la dittatura di Mussolini.

Le sue aspirazioni imperialistiche porteranno l'Italia a partecipare alla seconda Guerra mondiale, condividendo gli errori e gli orrori di Hitler.

In ambito letterario questo periodo risente della degenerazione del patriottismo ottocentesco, che era stato un amore per la propria patria capace di estendersi anche ad altri paesi (molti patrioti italiani sono andati a combattere e morire anche per la libertà di altri paesi, come la Grecia).

Nel Novecento questo nobile sentimento, si trasforma in nazionalismo ed alimenta forme letterarie retoriche, spesso legate al potere politico. Si distinse il Futurismo per la sua esaltazione di una modernità esasperata, identificata con le macchine e la velocità, unita al disprezzo del passato ed all'incitamento alla guerra.



Terminata la seconda Guerra mondiale, questa volta con la sconfitta per l'Italia, il popolo italiano, sotto la guida di uomini di altissimo valore, come Alcide De Gasperi, troverà la forza di attuare una rinascita morale, sociale ed economica.

Le opera letterarie ed artistiche, in particolare la cinematografia, abbandonarono completamente ogni atteggiamenti retorico e trionfalistico e si dedicarono ad un'attenta, e spesso amara, riflessione sulla realtà dovuta a tanti errori politici.

L'Italia, quindi, inizierà un nuovo percorso, che la porterà ad essere uno dei paesi fondatori dell'Unione Europea.

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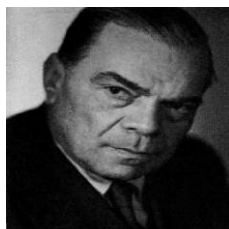
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Corrado Alvaro (1895 - 1956)



He was born in San Luca, a little village in the Aspromonte mountains, the heart of Calabria region. He received his basic education by his father who made him aware of the primitive nature of his land and its inhabitants, mainly countrymen and shepherds. He began, in his early youth, to write poems and short stories.

He was an heated interventionist and, called for military service, he fought bravely and hurt his arms. In this period he wrote *Poesie Grigioverdi*, the result of his war experience. He wrote for the most important newspaper of his times: in Bologna, where he got married and had a son, he wrote for the *Resto del Carlino*; in Milano for the *Corriere della sera* and in Rome for *La Stampa*. He was a strict critic and opponent of the Fascist dictatorship and for this he had to take refuge in Berlin, where he took part to the German cultural life, also devoting himself to translation activities.

His masterpiece is the novel *Gente di Aspromonte*, dedicated to his native hard and primitive land, which was remembered by the author with deep homesickness, either for the faraway childhood or for a world which was inevitably changing. He died in 1956, consoled by his brother Massimo, a priest.

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Nacque a San Luca, piccolo paesino sui monti dell'Aspromonte, nel cuore della Calabria. Ricevette la sua prima istruzione dal padre, che gli fece conoscere la natura primitiva della sua terra e dei suoi abitanti, per lo più contadini e pastori. Cominciò ancora giovanissimo a scrivere poesie e racconti.

Acceso interventista, fu chiamato alle armi, combatté con valore e fu ferito gravemente alle braccia. Scrisse le *Poesie grigioverdi*, frutto di questa sua esperienza di guerra. Collaborò con i più importanti quotidiani del tempo: a Bologna, dove si sposò ed ebbe un figlio, scrisse per il *Resto del Carlino*; a Milano scrisse per il *Corriere della sera* ed a Roma per *La Stampa*. Severo critico ed oppositore del regime fascista, si rifugiò per un certo periodo a Berlino, dove partecipò alla vita culturale tedesca, dedicandosi anche ad attività di traduttore.



La sua opera più famosa è Gente di Aspromonte, dedicata alla sua terra nativa, aspra e primitiva, ma ricordata con profonda nostalgia per l'infanzia lontana e per un mondo che stava ormai scomparendo. Si spense nel 1956, confortato dalle cure del fratello sacerdote, Don Massimo.

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Awareness (1917)

This poem is an hymn to awareness, that awareness which the author longs for. Even if awareness is never complete and not everybody can reach it, it is still the condition humans should try to experience.

According to the poet, the awareness is in fact is able to transform a simple information in a thinking activity and only through the awareness it is possible to fully benefit of the opportunity to pass from a simple reading of the reality to an effective self-advertisement.

The poem seems, at first reading, addresses to the beloved woman: in fact the poet says he trembles when “she” is next to him, he shudders when “she” talks, he suffers when “she” is absent; only in the last sentence of the poem the word “awareness” is pronounced and all the sense of the poem changes.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

Consapevolezza (1917)

Tremo,
se lei mi è vicina
sorrido,
al solo guardarla,
sussulto,
se sento la sua voce,
ma soffro
se lei non c'è,
se la cerco e non la trovo,
se la chiamo e non risponde
non dico oggi il nome di questo accadimento
perchè c'e' una parola detta troppe volte
soprattutto da coloro che non sanno cos'è
io oggi la chiamerò
magia
ma che mistero è mai questo ?
che razionalità c'è in essa ?
nessuna,
la sola parte di razionalità che riesco a trovare
ma che sempre avrà una parte in ombra
è
la consapevolezza.

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Dino Buzzati (1906 - 1972)



He was born in Belluno in 1906 in a middle-class family. He carried out humanistic studies, graduated in Law and after that he started writing for the *Corriere della Sera*.

He was a journalist and committed himself to this activity with passion and devotion (during the second world war he was a navy correspondent and took part in the battle of Matapan) and was always highly regarded by a big number of readers.

He wrote many novels among which there are *Barnabo delle montagne*, in 1933, *Il segreto del bosco vecchio*, in 1935, the collection *Il crollo della Baliverna*, in 1954, and *Il colombre*, in 1966. However, his greatest success was the romance *Il deserto dei Tartari* in 1940.

All his pieces of work are pervaded with the perception of the sense of living as a vain waiting for a great mysterious event which should give a sense to the years passing by but which never takes place.

The background of his writing is the mountain, the desert or the seaside. They are symbols of the human loneliness and of his vain never-ending tension to some limit which can reassure the humans, such as a horizon which always remains unreachable.

Although it is quite different, the city is also perceived as a labyrinth in which the man gets lost and his expectations are never satisfied. In his last years he expressed these issues in his paintings too. He died in 1972.

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Nato a Belluno nel 1906 da una famiglia borghese, compì gli studi classici, si laureò in Giurisprudenza e, subito dopo, iniziò a scrivere per il *Corriere della Sera*.

Egli svolse per tutta la vita questa attività di giornalista con grande passione ed impegno (durante la seconda guerra mondiale fu anche corrispondente della flotta e partecipò alla battaglia di Matapan), sempre corrisposto dall'ammirazione di un vasto pubblico di lettori.



Scrisse molti racconti (fra cui Barnabo delle montagne, nel 1933, Il segreto del bosco vecchio, nel 1935, e le raccolte Il crollo della Baliverna, del 1954, e Il colombre, del 1966), ma il suo più grande successo l'ottenne nel 1940 con il romanzo Il deserto dei Tartari.

Le sue opere sono tutte pervase dal senso della vita come l'attesa vana di un grande evento misterioso, che dovrebbe dare senso allo scorrere inesorabile degli anni, ma che non accade mai.

Lo sfondo del suo narrare è spesso la montagna, il deserto od il mare: simboli della solitudine dell'uomo e del suo vano ed eterno tendere verso un limite rassicurante, un confine, che resta sempre irraggiungibile.

Anche la città, pur tanto diversa, è sentita come un labirinto nel quale l'uomo si perde ed ogni attesa è destinata ad essere delusa.

Nei suoi ultimi anni espresse queste tematiche anche con l'attività di pittore. Si spense nel 1972.

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Song shaped like... (1941)

This is a poem written by the author for the woman he beloved. The structure of its lines represents the shape of a bird which hides some love words which the bird has to take and disclose to the beloved one. The truth is that the bird might never arrive at destination.

In effect the bird is lazy, wastes its time, limps and lingers, it even falls asleep. The poet urges it, scolds it, whips it but all is useless. The poet, in his poetry considers some themes such as distress, fear of death, magic, mystery, the research of the Absolute, the desperate expectations and the ineluctability of destiny. The great protagonist of Buzzati's poetry is actually the destiny, almighty and inscrutable, often derisory; in this poem we can feel exactly this mood, in particular in the last sentences when the poet understands the uselessness of his struggle.

una
stanca
disillusa
folaga che batte
l'ali sull'acquitrino
del 41 dicembre lunga
lunga notte tu dicevi che
saresti venuta quel giorno
o quell'altro, giuravi e invece!
Cosi le ho date da portare a questo
capriccioso uccello certe parole per lei che sono però
il volatile pianta grane, il volatile si attarda, zoppica qua e là, si posa, si addormenta perfino e ronfa.
delle maledette grane
Io lo sgrido, lo supplico, lo frusto
Io frusto sulle ali, forte, forte
nella speranza si riscuota
e corra e si precipiti. Ma
é stanco, dice che no
che no. Tutto inutile
amore mio. Adieu.
(Un'ala lunga
l'altra più
corta
si).

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

Canzonetta in forma di (1941)

una
stanca
disillusa
folaga che batte
l'ali sull'acquitrino
del 41 dicembre lunga
lunga notte tu dicevi che
saresti venuta quel giorno
o quell'altro, giuravi e invece! con la mia
Cosi le ho date da portare a questo solita ingenuità!
capriccioso uccello certe parole per lei che sono però
poco leggibili perché nascoste sotto le piume. Ma
il volatile pianta grane, il volatile si attarda, zoppica qua
e là, si posa, si addormenta perfino e ronfa.
delle maledette lo lo sgrido, lo supplico, lo frusto
grane lo frusto sulle ali, forte, forte
nella speranza si riscuota
e corra e si precipiti. Ma
é stanco, dice che no
che no. Tutto inutile
amore mio. Adieu.
(Un'ala lunga
l'altra più
corta
si).

da Poesie, ed. Neri Pozza, Venezia

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Vincenzo Cardarelli (1887 - 1959)



He was born in Tarquinia in 1887 but, still very young, he moved to Rome where he carried on some humble trades before beginning to write for some prestigious literary reviews, such as the Voce and the Marzocco.

He was one of the founders, and later, the director of the Ronda, a literary review proposing a poetry and an art prose which had to be the result of an accurate study and refined sensitivity.

He wrote poems and novels full of lyrical tones, such as Viaggi nel tempo, in 1916, and Il sole a picco, in 1929. The most recurring theme in his works, is the passing of the time, with some leopardian echoes. He passed away in Rome in 1959.

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Nacque a Tarquinia nel 1887, ma si trasferì giovanissimo a Roma, dove esercitò umili mestieri prima di cominciare a collaborare con prestigiose riviste letterarie, come la Voce ed il Marzocco.

Fu tra i fondatori e, successivamente, il direttore della Ronda, rivista letteraria che proponeva una poesia ed una prosa d'arte che fossero frutto di studio accurato e di raffinata sensibilità.

Scrisse poesie e prose di intonazione lirica, come Viaggi nel tempo, del 1916, ed Il sole a picco, del 1929. Il tema che ricorre più frequentemente nei suoi scritti è quello dello scorrere del tempo, con echi, talvolta, leopardiani. Si spense a Roma nel 1959.

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Seagulls (1929)

This poem expresses the author's sensations and emotions. He is like the seagulls, they fly everywhere and never stop anywhere. The author doesn't know whether or not they have a home and where and whether or not they find peace and where. They long for the quiet and peaceful horizons of the sea. However, the author cannot find peace anywhere and his destiny is to survive the storms of life. His poetry is a kind of descriptive and linear poetry, either when he describes landscapes or animals, or when he talks about people or feelings: the use of the language is always chatty but deep and impetuous at the same time.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

Gabbiani (1929)

Non so dove i gabbiani abbiano il nido,
ove trovino pace.
Io son come loro
in perpetuo volo.
La vita la sfioro
com'essi l'acqua ad acciuffare il cibo.
E come forse anch'essi amo la quiete,
la gran quiete marina,
ma il mio destino è vivere
balenando in burrasca.

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Giosuè Carducci (1835 - 1907)



Great poet and man of letters, he was born in Val di Castello, a small town in the northwest corner of Tuscany, near Lucca in 1835, in a family pervaded by passionate patriotic ideals. His father, formerly affiliated to the Carbonarism, was a doctor who practised his career in the Tuscan Maremma, a land that Carducci will remember all life long with a deep yearning and of which he will talk in the poem “Davanti a San Guido”.

For a long period, from 1860 to 1904, he has been teaching at the University of Bologna, where he had, among his students, the famous poet Giovanni Pascoli. He was able to combine his poetical and teaching careers with the literary critic activity. In 1906, one year before his death, he was awarded the Nobel prize in Literature.

During his youth he had kept the republican ideals of his family but at the height of maturity he drew near to monarchy, becoming its official poet because of the nationalistic contents of many of his compositions.

He didn't loved neither the Romanticism, too much sentimental in his opinion nor the Realism, too much poor in heroical bursts; on the contrary he preferred the glorious historical recollections, using a mock-classical and high language.

Despite this, the poet sometimes indulged in poems inspired by the familiar affection, as “Pianto antico”, dedicated to his child, dead at a tender age.

Having a materialistic vision of the reality, the poet perceived death as the loss of the vital force and the deprivation of the light, that is the same vision of the Latin authors he beloved.

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Grande poeta e letterato, nacque a Valdicastello, nei pressi di Lucca, nel 1835, da una famiglia di ferventi ideali patriottici. Il padre, che era stato affiliato alla Carboneria, era un medico ed esercitava la sua professione nella Maremma toscana, terra che Carducci ricorderà sempre con profonda nostalgia, come nella poesia “Davanti a S. Guido”.

Per lunghi anni, dal 1860 al 1904, insegnò all'Università di Bologna, dove ebbe fra i suoi allievi anche Giovanni Pascoli. Seppe unire alla sua attività di poeta e di insegnante



anche quella di critico letterario e nel 1906, l'anno precedente a quello della sua morte, fu insignito del premio Nobel per la Letteratura.

Durante gli anni della giovinezza aveva conservato gli ideali repubblicani della sua famiglia, ma nella maturità si avvicinò alla monarchia e ne divenne il poeta ufficiale per il contenuto nazionalistico di molti suoi componimenti.

Non amò il Romanticismo eccessivamente sentimentale, né il Verismo, troppo povero di slanci eroici, e predilesse rievocazioni storiche di momenti gloriosi della storia italiana, usando un linguaggio classicheggiante ed elevato.

Tuttavia si abbandona anch'egli, talvolta, a poesie ispirate agli affetti familiari, come "Pianto antico", dedicata al suo bambino, morto in tenera età.

Egli, avendo una concezione materialistica della realtà, considera la morte come la perdita della forza vitale e la privazione della luce, proprio come la vedevano quegli autori latini che tanto ha amato.

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San Martino (1883)

In this poem, very well known and loved in Italy, the poet describes the typical atmosphere of autumn: the nature which takes the characters of cold months and the men who rejoice with the new wine smell and the heath of the fireplace on which the roasting-spit turns.

They are feelings of domestic life and country life from which the mind sometimes flies away, as birds which fly in the sky.

The cheerfulness of the village contrasts with the gloom of the autumn atmosphere, shrouded in fog and captured at sunset "in the reddish clouds".

In the first strophe there is a description of the landscape, with fog which covers the bare and withered trees on the hills; in the second one the attention is switched to the village, its streets, the smell of wine which cheers up people's souls; in the third strophe the attention is devoted to the hearth with the fireplace and the roasting-spit, the hunter on the doorstep, looking at the clouds and the birds which fly away, just as the men thoughts, despite the cheerfulness of wine and the heat of the situation. It's a poem which describes in few verses, a whole world.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

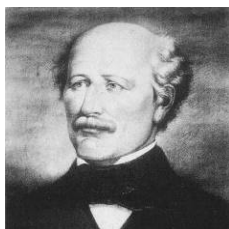
San Martino (1883)

"La nebbia agli irti colli
Piovigginando sale,
E sotto il maestrale
urla e biancheggia il mare;
Ma per le vie del borgo
Dal ribollir de' tini
Va l'aspro odor de' vini
L'anime a rallegrar.
Gira su' ceppi accesi
Lo spiedo scoppiettando:
Sta il cacciatore fischiando
Su l'uscio a mirar
Tra le rossastre nubi
Stormi d'uccelli neri,
Com'esuli pensieri,
Nel vespero migrar."

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Carlo Cattaneo (1801 – 1869)



Illustrious exponent of the Italian Risorgimento, Carlo Cattaneo was born in 1801 in Milan, the city where the French culture of the Enlightenment was spreading fast.

Strongly influenced by the encyclopedism, typical of this movement, Cattaneo devoted himself to several disciplines and his works range over Literature, Legislation, Sciences, Economy.

His masterpiece, anyway, is not due to a single work, but to a prestigious review, the “Politecnico” that, from 1839 to 1845 offered the readers, thousands of extensive and rigorous dissertations.

In particular, it is still modern his conception of economy, in which he asserted the importance of the human factor in economy, claiming that “...once closed the ideas circle, it is also closed the circle of richness...”.

He was a man of culture, but he also was a soldier, able to fight valourously against the Austrian troops during the so called “Five Days of Milan” in which the town resisted to the Austrian storm.

Obliged to the exile by the return of the Austrian in Milan, he escaped in Switzerland where he died in 1869.

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Illustre rappresentante del Risorgimento italiano, nacque nel 1801 a Milano, città nella quale si era diffusa la cultura illuministica di origine francese.

Fortemente influenzato dall'enciclopedismo proprio di questo movimento, Cattaneo volle dedicarsi a numerose discipline ed i suoi scritti spaziano dalla Letteratura al Diritto, dalle Scienze all'Economia.

Il suo capolavoro, tuttavia, non è costituito da una singola opera, ma dal “Politecnico”, prestigiosa rivista che dal 1839 al 1845 offrì trattazioni esemplari per ampiezza di interessi e rigore di metodo.



Ancora oggi, in particolare, è attuale la sua concezione economica, per l'importanza che vi attribuiva all'elemento umano, sostenendo che ”..chiuso il circolo delle idee, resta chiuso il circolo delle ricchezze”.

Oltre ad esser uno uomo di cultura, egli seppe anche combattere strenuamente contro le truppe austriache durante le Cinque Giornate di Milano.

Costretto all'esilio dal ritorno degli Austriaci, si rifugiò in Svizzera, dove morì nel 1869.

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**From “About the revolt of Milan in
1848 and the subsequent war ”
Chapt. I – Precedents until 1847
(1849)**

With these words, inspired by deep patriotic feelings, the author tells the events of the glorious “5 days of Milan”, in which the whole Milanese population, in particular students and workers, rose up against the Austrian tyranny. The author took part to the revolt, bravely fighting on the barricades and contributing to the final victory. It was during these battles that it was sung the Mameli anthem for the first time. This work is one of the most important texts of the Italian Risorgimento. The author wrote it during the exile, after the failure of the uprisings of the 1848. Besides the description of the Five Days of Milan, it is a disillusioned analysis of the general political situation, in favour of the population and his struggle for freedom and not only as a liberation from Austrians sought by the king Carlo Alberto. The last objective, for Cattaneo, was the construction of a modern and democratic State in the framework of the “United States of Europe”, the only opportunity for assuring freedom. This work, far-sighted and intense, comes back today to the reader with all its surprising clarity and sense.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

**Da “Dell’insurrezione di Milano nel
1848 e della successiva guerra”
Cap. I - Antecedenti fino al 1847
(1849)**

“All’uopo di chiarire da quali sentimenti movesse la nostra insurrezione, conviene adombrare alcuni fatti dei quali fu naturale e semplice conseguenza.

Nel 1814 la Francia era solamente vinta; l’Italia rimase conquistata. L’occupazione straniera in Francia era solo un caso fortuito e transitorio; in Italia venne perpetuata dal Congresso di Vienna; ed oggidì ancora si decanta come un diritto dell’Austria e come una condizione alla pace d’Europa...”

Una fazione retrograda sopravvissuta a tutte le glorie di Napoleone, accolse come una buona ventura l’invasione austriaca; vide nelle armi straniere la salvezza d’ogni vieto pregiudizio; vi sperò perfino uno strumento di dominio. Ignara delle alte ragioni di Stato, immemore della dignità nazionale, ella sognò di tenersi gli Austriaci a modo d’una guardia di svizzeri. Vedendo i loro battaglioni invadere le sue città, plaudiva dicendo: ecco i nostri soldati; essi ci salveranno dalla rivoluzione. Codesta fazione pagò prodigamente d’essere protetta dall’esercito imperiale. Abbandonò senza riserva all’Austria il pubblico patrimonio; non patteggiò misura alcuna all’esorbitanza delle imposte. Il denaro nostro fu trasportato con annua rapina a Vienna; il tesoro imperiale poté ingoiarci a quest’ora due mila milioni. Così lasciavasi svenare la patria dallo straniero, purchè difendesse la causa dell’ignoranza.

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Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863 - 1938)



Gabriele D'Annunzio was born in Pescara in 1863 in a family that became rich thanks to a rich inheritance. He was attending the prestigious senior high school specializing in classical education "Cicognini" in Prato, a town near Florence, when he still young started his literary activity by publishing his first poetries collection called *Primo Vere*. We can catch in those poetries an influence of Carducci, but they were already inspired by new sensual naturalism.

Since his youth he showed a big passion for both old and contemporary literatures together with a keen desire to move in fashionable circles, by enjoying sophisticated and transgressed life, away from any mediocrity form.

He lived in Rome from 1881 to 1907, where he shaped his image of artist living his life as a Master Piece, rich of adventures and big loves.

His relationship with the actress Eleonora Duse was famous and they moved to Villa Capponcina next to Florence in 1897. He lived in a refined excessive luxury, so that in 1910 he was obliged to move to France in order to elude his creditors.

During the period he spent in Rome he worked and wrote for magazines and newspapers and he published a collection of poetries called *Canto Novo* and two collection of tales called *Terra Vergine* and *Novelle della Pescara*.

Then, by the novels called *Il Piacere* and *Le Vergini delle Rocce* he became one of the European Decadents by sharing his ideals and aestheticism and supermanism according to his own interpretation of the Nietzsche's thought, such as the exaltation of the instinctive vitality and the intellectual superiority. These were the peculiarities of the exceptional man, the one able to rise over the mass of people, whose he despaired the miserable and poor daily nature.

The friendship with Eleonara Duse leaded him to write successful theatrical works like *La Figlia di Iorio* in 1903.

During the period spent in Florence he wrote the *Alcyone*, a poetic diary of a summer spent in Tuscany which includes *La Pioggia nel Pineto* a poetry gifted with an extraordinary musicality, by which the poet sings his deep unity with the nature.

At the beginning of the first world war he involved himself with a fired interventionist policy and he bravely fought looking for fantastic and risky attempts, as *La Beffa di Buccari*, *Il Volo su Vienna* and the occupation of the Fiume town together with a team of volunteers.

During the above attempts he was seriously injured on one eye and in this black period he wrote the contemplative prose called *Notturmo*.

At the beginning he was supporter of B. Mussolini, but then he distanced himself from him, and he retired at the Vittoriale a villa on the Garda Lake, where he lived until his death in 1938.

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Nacque a Pescara nel 1863, da una famiglia divenuta ricca grazie ad un'eredità. Fu iscritto al prestigioso Liceo Cicognini di Prato, nei pressi di Firenze, dove iniziò, ancora giovanissimo, la sua attività letteraria, pubblicando la raccolta di poesie *Primo Vere*. Vi si avverte una certa influenza di Carducci, ma già con spunti di un nuovo naturalismo sensuale.

Fin dai suoi anni giovanili mostrò una grande passione per le letterature antiche e contemporanee, unitamente al vivo desiderio di frequentare il bel mondo, godendo di raffinatezze e trasgressioni, lontano da ogni forma di mediocrità.

Visse a Roma dal 1881 al 1897, costruendovi la sua immagine di artista che vive la sua vita come se fosse un'opera d'arte, ricca di avventure e grandi amori.

Famosa fu la lunga amicizia con l'attrice Eleonora Duse, con la quale, nel 1897, si trasferì nei pressi di Firenze, nella villa La Capponcina, vivendo circondato da un lusso raffinato ed eccessivo, tanto che nel 1910 dovette trasferirsi in Francia, per sfuggire ai creditori.

Durante il periodo romano aveva collaborato con giornali e riviste e pubblicato una raccolta di poesie, *Canto Novo*, e due raccolte di novelle, *Terra Vergine* e *Novelle della Pescara*.

Successivamente, con i romanzi *Il piacere* e *Le vergini delle rocce* entrò a far parte del Decadentismo europeo, condividendone gli ideali dell'Estetismo e del Superomismo, secondo una sua personale interpretazione di alcuni aspetti del pensiero di Nietzsche, quali l'esaltazione della vitalità istintiva e della superiorità intellettuale, caratteristiche dell'uomo d'eccezione, capace di elevarsi sulle masse, disprezzandone la misera quotidianità.

L'amicizia con Eleonora Duse lo indusse a scrivere anche opere teatrali che ebbero grande successo, come la *Figlia di Iorio* del 1903.

Durante il periodo fiorentino scrisse l'*Alcyone*, diario poetico di un'estate trascorsa in Toscana, di cui fa parte *La pioggia nel pineto*, poesia dotata di una straordinaria musicalità con la quale il poeta canta la fusione con la natura.

Allo scoppio della guerra mondiale si impegnò in un'accesa propaganda interventista, combattendo poi coraggiosamente, anche alla ricerca di imprese spettacolari e rischiose, come la beffa di Buccari, il volo su Vienna e l'occupazione, con un corpo di volontari, della città di Fiume.

In tali imprese fu ferito gravemente ad un occhio e, in questo periodo buio, scrisse la bella prosa meditativa *Notturmo*.



Inizialmente sostenitore di Mussolini, ne prese poi le distanze, ritirandosi a vivere nel Vittoriale, villa sul lago di Garda, fino alla morte, avvenuta nel 1938.

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The rain in the pine forest (from "Alcyone" 1903)

Through these verses the poet relives and conveys us the emotions he lived during a walk in the rain with his loved one, amid the grass, the shrubs and the trees of a pinewood. They feel in the nature the palpitations of their own lives, to such an extent that it is created a kind of mysterious fusion between the vegetation and their bodies, while their thoughts open up towards wonderful dreams. In the poem the themes of metamorphosis, love, music as evocator of the poetic words are strictly linked and mixed up. The poet invites Hermione to be silent and listen to the music of rain. He is attentive in order to catch the different gradations and the various modulations that the rain drops on the leaves. Also the cicadas with their song and the frogs with their dull and hoarse cry take part to this concerto and the sounds get lost in the shadows of a faraway place (the sentence "who knows where" wants to create an impression of remote and fabulous distance).

The symphony of the sounds leads the man and his woman in a dimension of dream, in which the metamorphosis rites takes place. At first the protagonists merge with the wood, then Hermione is likened to the nature elements (the face as a leaf, the hair as genistas); she becomes more and more a wood nymph, their heart is like a peach, their eyes like sources, the teeth like unripe almonds.

Another of the main themes of the poem is the naturism (defined in Italian "Panismo" from Pan, Greek god of nature, a sort of satyr with beard, horns and goat legs), that is the identification with the vegetal life. The "panismo" of D'Annunzio tends to the humanization of nature; in the nature the individual expands his senses and converges, at first physically and then spiritually.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

La pioggia nel pineto (da "Alcyone" 1903)

Taci. Su le soglie
del bosco non odo
parole che dici
umane; ma odo
parole più nuove
che parlano gocciole e foglie
lontane.

Ascolta. Piove
dalle nuvole sparse.
Piove su le tamerici
salmastre ed arse,
piove sui pini
scagliosi ed irti,
piove sui mirti
divini,
su le ginestre fulgenti
di fiori accolti,
sui ginestri folti
di coccole aulenti,
piove sui nostri volti
silvani,
piove sulle nostre mani
ignude,
sui nostri vestimenti
leggieri,
su i freschi pensieri
che l'anima schiude
novella,
su la favola bella
che ieri
l'illuse, che oggi m'illude,
o Ermione
Odi? La pioggia cade



su la solitaria
verdura
con un crepitio che dura
e varia nell'aria
secondo le fronde
più rade, men rade.
Ascolta. Risponde
al pianto il canto
delle cicale
che il pianto australe
non impaura,
nè il ciel cinerino.
E il pino
ha un suono, e il mirto
altro suono, e il ginepro
altro ancora, stromenti
diversi
sotto innumerevoli dita.
E immersi
noi siam nello spirto
silvestre,
d'arborea vita viventi;
e il tuo volto ebro
è molle di pioggia
come un foglia,
e le tue chiome
auliscono come
le chiare ginestre,
o creatura terrestre
che hai nome
Ermione.
Ascolta, ascolta. L'accordo
delle aeree cicale
a poco a poco
più sordo
si fa sotto il pianto
che cresce;
ma un canto vi si mesce



più roco
che di laggiù sale,
dall'umida ombra remota.
più sordo e più fioco
s'allenta, si spegne.

Sola una nota
ancora trema, si spegne,
risorge, treme, si spegne.
Non s'ode voce del mare.
Or s'ode su tutta la fronda

crosciare
l'argentea pioggia
che monda,
il croscio che varia
secondo la fronda
più folta, men folta.

Ascolta.

La figlia dell'aria
è muta; ma la figlia
del limo lontane,

la rana,
canta nell'ombra più fonda,
chi sa dove, chi sa dove!
E piove su le tue ciglia,
Ermione.

Piove su le tue ciglia nere
sì che par tu pianga
ma di piacere; non bianca
ma quasi fatta virente,
par da scorza tu esca.

E tutta la vita è in noi fresca
aulente,

il cuor nel petto è come pesca
intatta,

tra le palpebre gli occhi
son come polle tra l'erbe,
i denti negli alveoli
son come mandorle acerbe.



E andiam di fratta in fratta,
or congiunti or disciolti
(e il verde vigor rude
ci allaccia i malleoli
c'intrica i ginocchi)
chi sa dove, chi sa dove!
E piove su i nostri volti
silvani,
piove sulle nostre mani
ignude,
sui nostri vestimenti
leggieri,
su i freschi pensieri
che l'anima schiude
novella,
su la favola bella
che ieri
m'illuse, che oggi t'illude,
o Ermione.

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Edmondo De Amicis (1846 - 1908)



Born in Oneglia in 1846, he has been a writer who has deeply influenced the ethical and civil ideas of Italians.

He came round the Socialism and was able to express the philanthropic ideals of the enlightened middle class of the end of the 800. In this period Italy, after having achieved the independence and being under the Savoias, was trying to solve its grave social problems caused by the beginning of the industrialization process.

His masterpiece, translated all over the world, is the novel “*Cuore*” (“Heart” in English) which is dedicated to the education of the young pupils (who are also the ideal characters of the tales constituting the writing) and animated by a deep and true ethical and patriotic strain. De Amicis died in Bordighera in 1908.

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Nato ad Oneglia nel 1846 e morto a Bordighera nel 1908, è stato uno scrittore che ha molto influenzato la formazione morale e civile degli Italiani.

Aderì al Socialismo e seppe esprimere gli ideali filantropici della borghesia illuminata della fine dell'Ottocento.

La sua opera più famosa, tradotta in tutto il mondo, è il libro “*Cuore*”: è dedicato alla educazione dei giovani scolari (che sono i personaggi ideali dei diversi racconti che costituiscono l'opera) ed animato da una profonda e sincera tensione morale e patriottica.

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From "Heart"- The first day of school (1886)

In this selected passage from his most famous novel (Heart), the author, who often sets his stories in the school world, describes the sensations and feelings experienced the first day of the school year.

The protagonist in fact, while walking to the school, misses the holidays in the countryside, the games, the open landscapes. Once arrived at school he is stunned because of the noise and disappointed for having a new teacher. The new teacher, in fact, seems to be more severe and the protagonist is afraid to have to bear a school year full of heavy obligations.

Nevertheless, at the end of the first lesson, he finds solace in his mother's loving words, who has promised to help him to study.

Cuore is the most famous novel for children in Italy. It was issued on October 1886, the first day of school in Italy. Its success was immense: over a few months, it had been printed in 40 Italian editions and translated into tens of languages. At least until the fifties, the novel has been an inevitable text in the education of generations of youth. With this novel the writer tried a national unification undertaking through a literary work, by researching an accessible common language for everybody, easily assimilable but, at the same time, a work able of taking on it the ideal charge, necessary for the foundation of a new nation. An operation that, thanks to its extraordinary outcome, can be compared with the role the television had, in Italy, after the second world war.

The book is constructed as a diary, composed by Enrico a young student of the elementary school; the child narrates his days and, at the end of each month, the diary reports a short story (9 in total) dictated by the teacher, in order to instruct and edify the students. Main characters of these

Da Cuore - Il primo giorno di scuola (1886)

Oggi primo giorno di scuola. Passarono come un sogno quei tre mesi di vacanza in campagna! Mia madre mi condusse questa mattina alla Sezione Baretta a farmi inscrivere per la terza elementare: io pensavo alla campagna e andavo di mala voglia. Tutte le strade bulicavano di ragazzi; le due botteghe di libraio erano affollate di padri e di madri che compravano zaini, cartelle e quaderni, e davanti alla scuola s'accalcava tanta gente che il bidello e la guardia civica duravano fatica a tenere sgombra la porta. Vicino alla porta, mi sentii toccare una spalla: era il mio maestro della seconda, sempre allegro, coi suoi capelli rossi arruffati, che mi disse: - Dunque, Enrico, siamo separati per sempre? - Io lo sapevo bene; eppure mi fecero pena quelle parole. Entrammo a stento. Signore, signori, donne del popolo, operai, ufficiali, nonne, serve, tutti coi ragazzi per una mano e i libretti di promozione nell'altra, empivano la stanza d'entrata e le scale, facendo un ronzio che pareva d'entrare in un teatro. Lo rividi con piacere quel grande camerone a terreno, con le porte delle sette classi, dove passai per tre anni quasi tutti i giorni. C'era folla, le maestre andavano e venivano. La mia maestra della prima superiore mi salutò di sulla porta della classe e mi disse: - Enrico, tu vai al piano di sopra, quest'anno; non ti vedrò nemmeno più passare! - e mi guardò con tristezza. Il Direttore aveva intorno delle donne tutte affannate perché non c'era più posto per i loro figliuoli, e mi parve ch'egli avesse la barba un poco più bianca che l'anno passato. Trovai dei ragazzi cresciuti, ingrassati. Al pian terreno, dove s'eran già fatte le ripartizioni, c'erano dei bambini delle prime inferiori che non volevano entrare nella classe e s'impuntavano come somarelli, bisognava che li



short stories are always children, each time coming from different Italian Regions, always called to rare acts of self-denial, heroism, defense of the native land or of the family.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

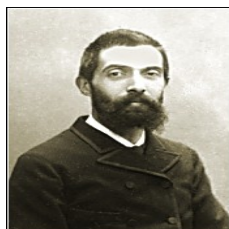
Translated by: Norma Patelli

tirassero dentro a forza; e alcuni scappavano dai banchi; altri, al veder andar via i parenti, si mettevano a piangere, e questi dovevan tornare indietro a consolarli o a ripigliarseli, e le maestre si disperavano. Il mio piccolo fratello fu messo nella classe della maestra Delcati; io dal maestro Perboni, su al primo piano. Alle dieci eravamo tutti in classe: cinquantaquattro: appena quindici o sedici dei miei compagni della seconda, fra i quali Derossi, quello che ha sempre il primo premio. Mi parve così piccola e triste la scuola pensando ai boschi, alle montagne dove passai l'estate! Anche ripensavo al mio maestro di seconda, così buono, che rideva sempre con noi, e piccolo, che pareva un nostro compagno, e mi rincresceva di non vederlo più là, coi suoi capelli rossi arruffati. Il nostro maestro è alto, senza barba coi capelli grigi e lunghi, e ha una ruga diritta sulla fronte; ha la voce grossa, e ci guarda tutti fisso, l'un dopo l'altro, come per leggerci dentro; e non ride mai. Io dicevo tra me: - Ecco il primo giorno. Ancora nove mesi. Quanti lavori, quanti esami mensili, quante fatiche! - Avevo proprio bisogno di trovar mia madre all'uscita e corsi a baciarle la mano. Essa mi disse: - Coraggio Enrico! Studieremo insieme. - E tornai a casa contento. Ma non ho più il mio maestro, con quel sorriso buono e allegro, e non mi par più bella come prima la scuola.

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Emilio De Marchi (1851 - 1901)



The writer is deeply linked to the town of Milan, where he was born in 1851 and where he has been living almost all life long. He is one of the most important exponents of the Lombard Realism.

This literary movement, growing up in the second half of the nineteenth century, was progressively replacing the Romanticism ideals with the economical categories of the second industrial revolution, bringing the authors to replace the lyrical expression of their feelings with the description of the reality.

De Marchi wrote, in 1890, the novel “*Demetrio Pianelli*”, in which he doesn’t narrate any heroic or exceptional facts, but only little and simple daily events with an intentionally modest style in order to participate to the described reality.

The tone of his works is sometimes melancholic because of the emotional sufferings and the social difficulties the characters have to face. Besides the writing activity, the author devoted himself to the teaching; he also had some administrative assignments by the municipality of Milan, the town where he died in 1901.

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È uno scrittore profondamente legato alla città di Milano, dove nacque nel 1851 e dove trascorse quasi tutta la sua vita, divenendo il rappresentante del Verismo lombardo.

Questo movimento letterario si andava affermando nella seconda metà dell’Ottocento, quando a molti degli ideali del Romanticismo si sono sostituite le categorie economiche della Seconda Rivoluzione Industriale e gli scrittori hanno sostituito l’espressione lirica dei loro sentimenti con la descrizione della realtà.

De Marchi ha scritto, nel 1890, il romanzo “*Demetrio Pianelli*”, nel quale non sono narrate vicende eroiche od eccezionali, bensì piccoli e semplici fatti quotidiani, con uno stile volutamente modesto per aderire alla realtà descritta.



Il tono delle pagine di questa e delle altre opere dello stesso autore è talvolta malinconico, per le sofferenze sentimentali e le difficoltà sociali che i personaggi devono affrontare. Oltre all'attività di scrittore, egli si dedicò anche all'insegnamento ed ebbe incarichi amministrativi per il Municipio di Milano, città dove morì nel 1901.

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Boredom (1899)

In these verses the poet describes, using sometimes sad words, his inner attitude: the boredom.

It is not a pain, which would allow him to feel alive, but a sense of existential void which seems to deprive meaning to life. His lack of hope represents the vision of future like a desert sea. The poem belongs to the collection "Old poems and new ones" in which the author, even though sometimes is attracted by the refinement of the "new style" never deserts the style forms and procedures of the old times; in fact he respect only a precept: the good writing, the necessity of writing when there is the good inspiration. The collection is divided in three parts, each one with a suggestive title. The first one is entitled "The secret thoughts", the second one "The wandering images", the third one "The innermost senses". The reader, in the poems can follow the uncomfortable feelings and the continuous struggling of the modern spirit, facing questions, problems, misteries which sound insoluble and incomprehensible; in the poet's work, the reader can experience heart beat of a man who has passed by the life troubles and is able to transmit his emotion, deep but not daunting, not hopeless, not desperate.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

Ora di tedio (1899)

Non il piangere, no, tedio è il sentire
Morire in mezzo al core la speranza:
Non il morir, ma il non poter morire,
Quando non più che la memoria avanza.
Non l'onda umana, non la furibonda
Tempesta al marinar reca tormento:
Ma il deserto del mar senza una sponda,
Ma il legno infranto e non un fil di vento.
Non dir tu che la man stendi per via
Che il chieder pane è una miseria infame,
È più miseria, è più malinconia
Viver tra i vivi e non aver più fame.
Arder nel fuoco e far dal fuoco uscire
Una fiammante idea, gemer in croce
E dalla croce il mondo benedire
Come Gesù colla morente voce,

Questa che il cor distrugge od affatica
Od altra ancora più nemica sorte
Ti salvi dal languir misera ortica,
Non morto, no, ma segno della morte.
Pur ch'io senta il mio cor, fategli intorno
Di spine una corona e pur ch'io viva
Mi basta il breve luccicar d'un giorno
Di grande incendio scintilluzza viva.

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Grazia Deledda (1871 - 1936)



Grazia Deledda was born in Nuoro, Sardinia, in 1871, in a family of landowners. She achieved her literary education as an autodidact, encouraged by her father who dabbled in dialectal poetry and used to organize cultural debates.

In 1900, thanks to her marriage with a government employee, she moved to Rome where she became more and more famous and well known; in fact, in 1926, she won the Nobel prize for literature. This award contributed to make her works well known all over the world.

Her writings are characterized by strong themes, such as hidden or troubled passions, great loves and great sorrows, lived in the background of the Sardinian land, rich in contrasts as a lot of her characters.

Her best novels are *Elias Portolu*, written in 1900, *Canne al vento* written in 1913 and *Cosima*, an autobiographical novel which was published after the author's death. Grazia Deledda, in fact, had passed away in 1936 in Rome. The leading characters of her works are characterized either by some Verism features such as the hardness of life, or by some Decadentism ones, with reference to their delicate sensitivity.

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Nacque a Nuoro nel 1871, da una famiglia di piccoli proprietari terrieri. Compì la sua formazione letteraria da autodidatta, favorita dal padre che si diletta di poesia dialettale ed organizzava dibattiti culturali.

Nel 1900, grazie al suo matrimonio con un funzionario dello stato, si trasferì a Roma, dove divenne ben presto famosa, fino ad ottenere, nel 1926, il Premio Nobel per la Letteratura. Questo riconoscimento contribuì a far conoscere le sue opere in tutto il mondo.

I suoi scritti sono caratterizzati da tematiche forti, quali passioni nascoste o tormentate, grandi amori e grandi dolori, vissuti sullo sfondo della terra sarda, ricca di contrasti come molti suoi personaggi.



I suoi romanzi più belli sono Elias Portolu, del 1900, Canne al vento, del 1913, e Cosima, romanzo autobiografico che fu pubblicato postumo nel 1937. Infatti la scrittrice si era spenta a Roma nel 1936. I protagonisti delle sue opere sono caratterizzati sia da tratti tipici del Verismo, quali la durezza della loro vita, sia da tratti propri del Decadentismo, quali la loro delicata sensibilità.

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While the East Wind Blows (1905)

According to an ancient Sardinian legend, the bodies of those who are born on Christmas Eve will never dissolve into dust but are preserved until the end of time.

Now this was the natural subject of conversation in the house of the rich peasant Diddinu Frau, called Zio (uncle) Diddinu. His daughter's fiancé, Predu Tasca, raised the objection:

"But for what purpose? To what use is our body to us when we are dead?"

"Well," answered the peasant, "isn't it a divine grace not to be reduced to ashes? And when we arrive at the universal judgment, would it not be wonderful to find one's body intact?"

"Pooh, would it really be that great?" Predu replied, looking very skeptical.

"Listen, my son-in-law," the peasant exclaimed, "the topic is a good one. Shall we sing about it tonight?"

We ought to be aware that Uncle Diddinu was an extemporaneous poet, like his father had been and his grandfather, too. Joyfully he seized every opportunity to propose a contest of extemporaneous song, especially whenever there were poets around who were less skillful than himself.

"Oh," Maria Franzisca observed, making herself as graceful as she could since her beloved looked at her, "the argument is a little gloomy."

"Shut up! You can go to bed!" the father shouted rudely at her.

Although he was a poet, Diddinu was a wild and brutal man who dealt severely with his family, in particular with his daughters. His family respected him, but they all feared him. In the presence of her father, Maria Franzisca would hardly

Mentre soffia il levante (1905)

Un'antica leggenda sarda afferma che il corpo degli uomini nati nella vigilia di Natale non si dissolverà mai fino alla fine dei secoli.

Si parlava appunto di ciò in casa di zio Diddinu Frau, ricco contadino, e Predu Tasca, il fidanzato della figliuola di zio Diddinu, domandava: - Ed a che serve ciò? Che possiamo farcene del corpo, dopo che siamo morti?

-Ebbene, - rispose il contadino, - non è una grazia divina non essere ridotti in cenere? E quando arriverà il giudizio universale, non sarà una cosa bellissima ritrovare intatto il proprio corpo?

- Poh, chi lo sa? – disse Predu con fare scettico.

- Senti, genero mio, - esclamò il contadino, - l'argomento è buono; vogliamo stanotte cantarlo?

Bisogna sapere che zio Diddinu è un poeta estemporaneo, come lo erano suo padre e suo nonno; egli coglie con gioia tutte le occasioni per proporre una gara di canto estemporaneo a poeti meno abili di lui. - Oh, - osservò Maria Franzisca, facendo la graziosa perché il fidanzato la osservava, l'argomento è poco allegro.

- Tu, stai zitta! Tu andrai a letto! – gridò il padre con voce rude. Benché poeta, egli era un uomo rozzo, che trattava la famiglia, specialmente le figliuole, con severità quasi selvaggia. E la famiglia lo rispettava e lo temeva. In presenza del padre Maria Franzisca non osava neppure sedersi accanto al suo Predu (del resto la moda del paese voleva che i fidanzati stessero a rispettosa distanza) e si contentava di civettare con lui da lontano, affascinandolo con le mosse della bella persona fiorenti entro il pittoresco vestito di scarlatta o



have dared to sit down close to her dear Predu. According to the custom of engaged couples, she kept a distance from her fiancé, only to charm him more, enticing him with the lovely movements of her body, veiled in the fleecy scarlet vest embroidered with flowers, and the blazes of her turquoise-green, almond-shaped eyes.

From the collection “I giuochi della vita” (1905)

Translated by: Anders Hallengren

di orbace, e soprattutto con gli sguardi degli ardenti occhi d'un turchino verdognolo, grandi come due mandorle mature.

Dalla raccolta “I giuochi della vita” (1905)

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Ugo Foscolo (1778 - 1827)



Ugo Foscolo was born in Zante in 1778, a little island in the Ionian sea which belonged to the Venetian Republic, he spent there his first youth and he always missed it (as in his “*Sonetti*”), when he left it for ever. He moved to Venice, where he joined the liberal ideals; he believed in them all life long, fighting for their achievement and facing poverty and the exile (he in fact died in London in 1827; in this town where at first he had great social success and later, having spent his earnings, he was forced to give lessons and write articles and for several years).

His struggle for the liberation of the Lombardo-Veneto region from the Habsburgs domination will be one of the major subjects of his works.

He had been living in Milan, Pavia, Boulogne and Florence: in this last town, rich in works of arts, he devoted himself to the composition of a poem dedicated to the “Graces”, in which he summons up the classical beauty and the civilizing mission of the Art.

Part of his literary production is in fact linked to the Neo-Classicism, a cultural movement contemporary to the Napoleonic Empire, which exalts and imitates the formal perfection of the classical works, either Greek or Roman.

In some other important works, instead, the Romanticism inspiration prevails and it is particularly bonded to the themes of Love, Homeland and Death, which is not seen as the end of all but as a reality which can nourish the memories of he beloved people and the wish to follow their examples (in 1807 Foscolo wrote the poem *I sepolcri*, which may be described as a sublime effort to seek refuge in the past from the misery of the present and the darkness of the future).

Another important work of Foscolo is the novel “*Le ultime lettere di Jacopo Ortis*” which was described by the 1911 Encyclopedia Britannica as a more politicized version of Goethe’s “The Sorrows of Young Werther, for the hero of Foscolo embodies the mental sufferings and suicide of an undecieved Italian patriot just as the hero of Goethe places before us the too delicate sensitiveness embittering and at last cutting short the life of a private German scholar.” The story of Foscolo, like that of Goethe, had a groundwork of melancholy fact.

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Nacque e trascorse la sua prima giovinezza a Zante, piccola isola del Mare Ionio, che ricorderà con nostalgia (come nei suoi “*Sonetti*”), quando ne sarà ormai lontano.

Si trasferì, infatti, a Venezia, dove aderì agli ideali liberali, ai quali restò fedele per tutta la vita, combattendo per la loro realizzazione ed affrontando per essi la miseria e l’esilio (morirà a Londra nel 1827).

Visse a Milano, Pavia, Bologna e Firenze: in questa città, ricca di opere d’arte, si dedicò alla composizione di un poema dedicato alle “Grazie”, nel quale rievoca la bellezza classica e la funzione civilizzatrice dell’Arte.

Una parte della sua produzione letteraria, infatti, è legata al Neo-classicismo, movimento culturale contemporaneo all’Impero napoleonico, che esalta ed imita la perfezione formale delle opere classiche, sia greche che romane.

In altre opere, invece, prevale l’ispirazione romantica, legata ai temi dell’Amore, della Patria e della Morte, interpretata non come la fine di tutto, bensì come quella realtà che alimenta il ricordo delle persone amate ed il desiderio di imitare i loro grandi esempi.

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To Zakynthos (1802-1803)

Nor ever more to touch the sacred shores
Where I was cradled as a tiny boy,
Zakynthos mine, mirroring in the waves
Of the Greek sea whence Venus, virgin, rose
And with her first smile fecundated all
Those islands, so thy fronds and limpid clouds
Entered unsilenced the illustrious tale
Of him who sang the fateful waters and
The roaming exile from whose changing paths
Ulysses, splendid with ill-luck and fame,
Returned to kiss his rocky Ithaca.
Naught else thy son can give thee but his song,
O my maternal earth: for us stern fate
Prescribed an unlamented burial.

Translated by: Carl Selph, 1999

A Zacinto (1802-1803)

Né più mai toccherò le sacre sponde
ove il mio corpo fanciulletto giacque,
Zacinto mia, che te specchi nell'onde
del greco mar da cui vergine nacque
Venere, e fea quelle isole feconde
col suo primo sorriso, onde non tacque
le tue limpide nubi e le tue fronde
l'inclito verso di colui che l'acque
cantò fatali, ed il diverso esiglio
per cui bello di fama e di sventura
baciò la sua petrosa Itaca Ulisse.
Tu non altro che il canto avrai del figlio,
o materna mia terra; a noi prescrisse
il fato illacrimata sepoltura.

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Giuseppe Giusti (1809 - 1850)



Tuscan satirical poet, he was born in 1809 in a small village near Pistoia in a rich and cultivated family. At twelve Giusti was sent to school at Florence, and afterwards to Pistoia and Lucca and during those years he wrote his first verses. In 1826 he went to study law in Pisa but, disliking the study, he spent eight years in the course, instead of the customary four.

Having at last entered the legal profession, he left Pisa to go to Florence, nominally to practise, but really to enjoy life in the capital of Tuscany. It was then he wrote his finest verses, by means of which, although his poetry was not yet collected in a volume, but for some years passed from hand to hand, his name gradually became famous. The greater part of his poems were published clandestinely at Lugano in Switzerland, at no little risk, as the work was destined to undermine the Austrian rule in Italy.

The poetry of Giusti, under a light trivial aspect, has a lofty civilizing significance. The type of his satire is entirely original, and it had also the great merit of appearing at the right moment, of wounding judiciously, of sustaining the part of the comedy that "castigat ridendo mores." Hence his verse, apparently jovial, was received by the scholars and politicians of Italy in all seriousness.

He shared the liberal principles of the Florentine and Milanese middle class and was a close friend of Manzoni, who is mentioned in his celebrated composition "*Sant'Ambrogio*". Manzoni himself in some of his letters showed a hearty admiration of the genius of Giusti.

In this poem, the verses of which are at times humorous and at times emotional, he meditates on History which often, because of some kings thirsty of power and richness, breaks up people who, instead, could live in peace and friendship. In his poetry we can also find a lot of allusions to the oppression wielded by the Habsburg Empire in Italy and in some other central Europe Countries (such as Bohemia).

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Poeta satirico toscano, nacque nel 1809 nei pressi di Pistoia, studiò a Pisa e morì a Firenze nel 1850.



Condivise gli ideali liberali della borghesia fiorentina e milanese e fu amico di Alessandro Manzoni, che egli ricorda nel suo componimento poetico più celebre: “Sant’Ambrogio”.

In questa poesia, i cui versi sono talvolta scherzosi e talaltra commossi, egli medita sulla Storia che spesso divide, con la complicità di sovrani avidi di ricchezze e di potere, popoli che potrebbero essere amici e vivere in pace.

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Sant'Ambrogio (1845)

In this poem, deep and humorous at the same time, the Tuscan poet expresses the feelings of humanity and brotherhood he felt in his heart one morning, in an unpredictable way, towards the soldiers of the Austrian army that occupied the Lombardy in that period.

That day, he had entered, by pure chance, the Saint Ambrogio's church in Milan and found it full of those enemy soldiers; but listening to their heartsick chants, full of nostalgia for the far homeland, he had realized that those soldiers were victims of an oppression policy, just as Italians. The poetry of Giusti under a light trivial aspect, has a lofty civilizing significance. The type of his satire is entirely original and it had also the great merit of appearing at the right moment, of wounding judiciously, of sustaining the part of the comedy that "punishes, by laughing, habits". Hence his verses apparently jovial, was received by the scholars and politicians of Italy in all seriousness. Alessandro Manzoni in some of his letters showed a hearty admiration of the genius of Giusti; and the weak Austrian and Bourbon governments regarded them as of the gravest importance. His poetry is directed against social abuses of many sorts, and at the same time they express a longing for political and moral regeneration. In view of the frankness and the acridity with which he assailed the grand-ducal government and the Austrians, it is surprising that he escaped the dungeon to which so many other Italian patriots of the time were condemned.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

Sant'Ambrogio (1845)

Vostra eccellenza che mi sta in cagnesco/ Per que'
pochi scherzucci di dozzina,
e mi gabella per anti-tedesco / perché metto le birbe alla
berlina,
o senta il caso avvenuto di fresco / a me, che girellando
una mattina,
càpito in Sant' Ambrogio di Milano,/ in quello vecchio, la
fuori di mano.
M'era compagno il figlio giovinetto/ D'un di que' capi un
po' pericolosi,
di quel tal Sandro, autor d'un romanzetto/ ove si tratta di
Promessi Sposi...
Che fa il nesci, Eccellenza? O non l'ha letto?/ Ah,
intendo: il suo cervel, Dio lo riposi,
in tutt'altra faccende affaccendato, / a questa roba è
morto e sotterrato.
Entro, e ti trovo un pieno di soldati,/ di que' soldati
settentrionali,
come sarebbe Boemi e Croati, / messi qui nella vigna a
far da pali:
di fatto se ne stavano impalati,/ come sogliano in faccia
a' generali,
co' baffi di copecchio e con que' musi,/ davanti a Dio
diritti come fusi.
Mi tenni indietro; ché piovuto in mezzo / Di quella
marmaglia, io non lo nego
D'aver provato un senso di ribrezzo / Che lei non prova
in grazia dell'impiego.
Sentiva un afa, un abito di lezzo: / scusi, Eccellenza, mi
parean di sego,
in quella bella casa del Signore, / fin le candele dell'altar
maggiore.



Ma in quella che s'appresta il sacerdote / a consacrar la
mistica vivanda
di sùbita dolcezza mi percuote / su, di verso l'altare, un
suon di banda.

Dalle trombe di guerra uscian le note / Come di voce
che si raccomanda

D'una gente che gema in duri stenti / e de' perduti beni
si rammenti

Era un coro del Verdi; il coro a Dio / Là de' Lombardi
miseri, assetati;
quello: O Signore, dal tetto natio, / che tanti petti ha
scossi e inebriati.

Ricominciai a non esser più io / E, come se que' così
doventati

Fossero gente della nostra gente, / entrai nel branco
involontariamente.

Che vuol ella, Eccellenza, il pezzo è bello, / poi nostro, e
poi suonato come va;
e coll'arte di mezzo, e col cervello / dato all'arte, l'ubbie
si buttan là.

Ma cessato che fu, dentro bel bello / lo ritornava a star
come la sa;

quand'eccoti, per farmi un altro tiro / da quelle bocche
che parean di ghiro,

un cantico tedesco lento lento / per l'aer sacro a Dio
mosse le penne:

era preghiera, e mi parean lamento, / d'un suono grave,
flabile, solenne,

tal che sempre nell'anima lo sento; / e mi stupisco che in
quelle cotenne,

in quei fantocci esotici di legno, / potesse l'armonia fino
a quel segno.

Sentia nell'inno la dolcezza amara / De' canti uditi da
fanciullo; il core

Che da voce domestica gl'impara, / ce li ripete il giorni
del dolore; /

un pensier mesto della madre cara, un desiderio di pace



e d'amore,
uno sgomento di lontano esilio, che mi faceva andare in
visibilio. /
E quando tacque, mi lasciò pensoso/ Di pensieri più forti
e più soavi.
Costor, dicea tra me, re pauroso,/ schiavi gli spinge per
tenerci schiavi;
gli spinge di Croazia e di Boemme,/ come mandre a
svernar nelle maremme.
A dura vita, a dura disciplina, muti, derisi, solitari stanno,
strumenti ciechi d'occhiuta rapina
che lor non tocca e che forse non sanno;/ e quet'odio,
che mai non avvicina
il popolo lombardo all'allemanno, / giova a chi regna
dividendo, e teme
popoli avversi affratellati insieme. / Povera gente!
Lontana da' suoi,
in un paese qui che vuol male, / chi sa che in fondo
all'anima po' poi
non mandi a quel paese il principale! / Gioco che l'
hanno in tasca come noi.
Qui, se non fuggo, abbraccio un caporale, colla su' brava
mazza di nocciòlo,
duro e piantato li come un piolo.

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Guido Gozzano (1883 - 1916)



He spent most of his short life in Torino where he was born in 1883. He committed himself to poetry. At the beginning he followed D'Annunzio's style but afterwards he rejected it completely and opted for the intimistic attitudes of the European Decadentism, in particular the French movement.

He lost his faith in the too great ideals and preferred to dedicate himself to the humble living, which was what the current of Crepuscolarismo held up as beliefs. He published two anthologies of melancholic poems *La voce del rifugio* in 1907 and *I colloqui* in 1911. Although he started suffering from phthisis he could benefit from his poetical success before dying in 1916.

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Trascorse la sua breve vita quasi ininterrottamente a Torino, dove era nato nel 1883. Dedicatosi alla poesia, agli inizi seguì la linea di D'Annunzio, che poi rinnegherà apertamente, preferendo atteggiamenti intimistici propri di una parte del Decadentismo europeo, in particolare francese.

Perduta la fiducia nei grandi e troppo ostentati ideali, scelse di dedicarsi agli aspetti umili del vivere quotidiano, seguendo la corrente del Crepuscolarismo. Pubblicò due raccolte di poesie, *La voce del rifugio*, del 1907, e *I colloqui*, del 1911, dal tono piuttosto dimesso e malinconico. Ammalatosi di tisi, poté godere di un buon successo letterario, prima di spengersi nel 1916.

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The difference (1907)

This poem is about the difference between mankind and other beings: it is the awareness of being mortal that human beings have and other beings do not. In that lies the happiness for living that animals can have whereas humans cannot and they always know that sooner or later they will die. The duck of the poem seems to be happy and carefree; it splashes down, fluttering and playing; it doesn't dream of death, it doesn't think to the near Christmas (where it will be probably cooked)... It teaches to human beings that death doesn't exist, that men die because they think about death.

The poetry of Gozzano is, after a beginning in which his works reflect a D'Annunzio style, later there is a visible a reaction to the high-flown rhetoric of D'Annunzio; this reaction is evident in a colloquial style to express dissatisfaction with the present and memories of sweet things past.

He is the first poet that demythologises D'Annunzio poetry; in fact he opposes the incomparable life, with the middle-class mediocrity, by using images and concepts typically "crepuscolari". Nevertheless he joins this mainstream only partially; we read this in a strophe of one of his most famous poems he describes himself as "good, sentimental, romantic" but, he adds "what I pretend to be, and I'm not".

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

La differenza (1907)

Penso e ripenso: - Che mai pensa l'oca
gracidante alla riva del canale?
Pare felice! Al vespero invernale
protende il collo, giubilando roca.
Salta starnazza si rituffa gioca:
né certo sogna d'essere mortale
né certo sogna il prossimo Natale
né l'armi corruscanti della cuoca.
- O papàera, mia candida sorella,
tu insegna che la Morte non esiste:
solo si muore da che s'è pensato.
Ma tu non pensi. La tua sorte è bella!
Ché l'esser cucinato non è triste,
triste è il pensare d'esser cucinato.

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Giacomo Leopardi (1798 - 1837)



He is considered one of the greatest poets of the nineteenth century in Europe.

He was born in Recanati, a sleepy backwater of the Italian Marches, into an aristocratic family with conservative and outmoded political ideas, far from the liberal excitements which troubled the most enlightened part of the Italian middle class.

At first, he studied under his father guide, then by himself, confined in his father's enormous library and distant from the young people of his village, acquiring a very extensive classical culture.

He composed at first some erudite works, but he quickly abandoned them in order to devote himself to the beauty of poetry.

Between 1819 and 1821 he composed the "Idilli", a collection of lyrical poems of immortal beauty (in this collection the poems "L'infinito" and "La sera del dì di festa", in which there is a perfect blend of memories, evocations, the contemplation of the nature and the regret for the fall of the youth passions .

Later, the poet left Recanati and lived in some Italian towns such as Rome, Florence and Pisa, maintaining anyway his retiring and lonely disposition, in keeping with his sorrowful and pessimistic vision of the reality; these feelings will be perfectly expressed in the "Operette Morali", a collection of philosophical considerations.

In his early works, Leopardi had attributed of the human unhappiness to the civilization, responsible of having drawn the man away from the simplicity of the nature; in the "Grandi Idilli", written between 1828 and 1830, his pessimism grows and becomes universal: the man, as any other living being, is doomed to sorrow by a Nature which is not a loving mother but a cruel stepmother.

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È considerato uno dei più grandi poeti dell'Ottocento europeo.

Nacque a Recanati nel 1798 da una nobile famiglia di idee politiche antiquate e conservatrici, lontana dai fermenti liberali che animavano la parte più illuminata della borghesia italiana.

Egli studiò dapprima sotto la guida del padre e poi da autodidatta, acquisendo, nel chiuso della propria biblioteca e distaccato dai giovani del suo paese, una vastissima cultura classica.

Compose dapprima opere erudite, che ben presto abbandonò per dedicarsi alla bellezza della poesia.

Tra il 1819 ed il 1821 compose i primi "Idilli", raccolta di poesie liriche di immortale bellezza, come "L'infinito" e "La sera del dì di festa", nelle quali si fondono evocazioni, ricordi, il rimpianto per il cadere delle giovanili illusioni e la contemplazione della Natura.

Il poeta si allontanò successivamente da Recanati e visse in diverse città italiane, come Roma, Firenze e Pisa, ma sempre conservando un atteggiamento schivo e solitario, conforme alla sua concezione dolorosamente pessimistica della realtà, che egli esprimerà nelle "Operette morali", profonde riflessioni di carattere filosofico.

Nelle poesie giovanili Leopardi aveva attribuito l'infelicità della vita umana alla civiltà, che aveva allontanato l'uomo dalla semplicità dello stato naturale, ma nei grandi "Idilli", scritti fra il 1828 ed il 1830, il suo pessimismo diventa cosmico: l'uomo, come ogni altro essere vivente, è condannato al dolore da una Natura che non è madre, bensì matrigna.

Si spense a Napoli nel 1837, dopo aver scritto "La ginestra", poesia nella quale esorta gli uomini ad unirsi fraternamente per fronteggiare le avversità della Società e della Natura.

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The infinite (1819-1821)

Always dear to me was this lonely hill,
And this hedge, which from me so great a part
Of the farthest horizon excludes the gaze.
But as I sit and watch, I invent in my mind
endless spaces beyond, and superhuman
silences, and profoundest quiet;
wherefore my heart
almost loses itself in fear. And as I hear the wind
rustle through these plants, I compare
that infinite silence to this voice:
and I recall to mind eternity,
And the dead seasons, and the one present
And alive, and the sound of it. So in this
Immensity my thinking drowns:
And to shipwreck is sweet for me in this sea.

Translated by: Mark Towler - 1998

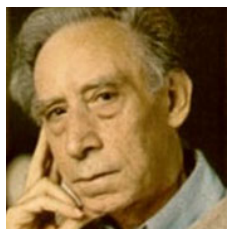
L'infinito (1819-1821)

Sempre caro mi fu quest'ermo colle,
E questa siepe, che da tanta parte
Dell'ultimo orizzonte il guardo esclude.
Ma sedendo e mirando, interminati
Spazi di là da quella, e sovrumani
Silenzi, e profondissima quiete
Io nel pensier mi fingo; ove per poco
Il cor non si spaura. E come il vento
Odo stormir tra queste piante, io quello
Infinito silenzio a questa voce
Vo comparando: e mi sovvien l'eterno,
E le morte stagioni, e la presente
E viva, e il suon di lei. Così tra questa
Immensità s'annega il pensier mio:
E il naufragar m'è dolce in questo mare.

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Mario Luzi (1914 - 2005)



He was born in 1914 in Florence, where he completed his studies and spent most of his long life, ended in the same town in 2005.

In his first collection of poems (*La barca*, in 1935, e *Avvento notturno*, in 1940) he expresses the best aspects and results of the Florentine Hermetic poetry. In the following poetic production he deals with the conflict between time and eternity, between man and cosmos.

He is anyway able to escape from a pessimistic vision of life and contemporary reality, thanks to his deep Christian faith. His work of translation of the greatest French and English authors is remarkable as well.

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Nacque nel 1914 a Firenze, dove compì i suoi studi e dove trascorse gran parte della sua lunga vita, conclusasi nella stessa città nel 2005.

Nelle sue prime raccolte di poesie (*La barca*, del 1935, e *Avvento notturno*, del 1940) esprime i migliori risultati dell'Ermetismo fiorentino.

Nella produzione poetica successiva affronta la contrapposizione fra tempo ed eternità, fra individuo e cosmo. Riesce a sfuggire ad una visione pessimistica della vita e della realtà contemporanea grazie alla sua profonda fede. E' notevole anche la sua opera di traduzione di grandi autori francesi ed inglesi.

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Nature (1947)

This poetry celebrates Nature and the calm and tranquillity that Nature gives mankind. Birds flying in the sky, a deep blue sea over the land, beautiful islands in the middle of the ocean where birds long for and cannot wait to go back to. Even if life is hard and war and fights make it harder for so many human beings it is still a great value to celebrate.

Luzi was regarded as one of the greatest poets of his generation. His first book of verse, "The Boat, to which this poem belongs" was published in 1935, when the poet begins to see some other poets of the Hermetic School and collaborates with some avant-garde magazines such as *Frontespizio* and *Campo di Marte*. This is the hermetic period, that will last for over a decade and that will be never completely deserted by the author, but deepened and widened during his life. His work, so rich and is always matched by an intense critic meditation, expresses a deep and troubled religious sense, the conviction that poetry can be a practice that can rescue mankind from a life apparently meaningless.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

Natura (1947)

La terra e a lei concorde il mare
e sopra ovunque un mare più giocondo
per la veloce fiamma dei passerì
e la via
della riposante luna e del sonno
dei dolci corpi socchiusi alla vita
e alla morte su un campo;
e per quelle voci che scendono
sfuggendo a misteriose porte e balzano
sopra noi come uccelli folli di tornare
sopra le isole originali cantando:
qui si prepara
un giaciglio di porpora e un canto che culla
per chi non ha potuto dormire
sì dura era la pietra,
sì acuminato l'amore.

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Goffredo Mameli (1827 - 1849)



He was born in Genova in 1827. His father was a highly regarded navy officer of the Kingdom of Sardegna. Since he was young he had very strong patriot feelings and when there was the insurrection of Milano in 1848 he took part in it on Nino Bixio's side. This initiative of his was very successful and let Mameli join Garibaldi's army as a captain.

In 1849 he fought to defend the Roman Republic which was besieged by the French troops as military support for the Pope Pius IX. He died when he was only 22 years-old from a serious wound he got during the battle. He wrote many poems but the only one remaining is the *Canto degli Italiani* which he composed when he was 20 and which became the Italian National Anthem named Inno di Mameli, after it was put to music.

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Nacque a Genova nel 1827 da un alto ufficiale della Marina del Regno di Sardegna. Fin dai suoi anni più giovanili fu animato da ferventi sentimenti patriottici, che lo portarono a correre in aiuto di Nino Bixio, durante l'insurrezione di Milano del 1848. Questa sua iniziativa fu coronata da successo e permise a Mameli di arruolarsi nell'esercito di Garibaldi con il grado di capitano.

Nel 1849 combatté in difesa della Repubblica Romana, assediata dalle truppe francesi accorse in aiuto di Papa Pio IX, e morì a soli 22 anni in seguito ad una ferita riportata. Della sua attività poetica ci resta il Canto degli Italiani, che egli aveva composto appena ventenne e che, musicato da Michele Novaro, è divenuto l'Inno Nazionale d'Italia, conosciuto come Inno di Mameli.

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National anthem (1847)

This hymn was written by this great Mazzinian patriot in 1847, the year preceding his death, occurred when he was about 20 years old because of the wounds he suffered while fighting for Italy liberation. For this, his words are not rhetorical but express his burning wish to rescue and unify his homeland, recalling the value and courage the great Roman civilization has left as inheritance to our Country. Mameli's culture was classic and the voice of Romanity was strong in him; the hymn, in fact, recalls Italians to the glory of ancient Rome: Italy (described as a person), is ready to the war against Austria and for this wears (s'è cinta la testa) the victory helmet of the Roman leader Scipio (the leader who rescued Italy from the invasion of the "barbarian" Hannibal.

The hymn became, after 1946, the Italian national anthem. Before the birth of the republic, during the Savoy monarchy, the hymn was never performed due to the "republican" contents ("borthers" is just the word the Masons used to define their affiliation to the secret sect).

In 1946, once the Republic was proclaimed, the hymn was chosen as "military anthem" for the oath of the new armed forces and, thereafter, as the national anthem.

The work is often judged in a negative way; the critics point, generally on the low quality of music, defined as a "light march" or a "farmyard song". What's more they say that the history and patriotic allusions are rhetoric and exaggerated.

Today, anyway, the song has been revalued by some famous musicians and composers, who say that the hymn "is not so nasty, or rather, it is catchy and captivating". Finally, a last comment: all Italians know the first strophe and the refrain, really few know the whole hymn; few of them, actually, know how it ends, the allusions to the roman

Inno nazionale (1847)

Fratelli d'Italia / L'Italia s'è desta,
Dell'elmo di Scipio / S'è cinta la testa.
Dov'è la Vittoria? / Le porga la chioma,
Ché schiava di Roma / Iddio la creò.
Stringiamci a coorte / Siam pronti alla morte
L'Italia chiamò.

Noi siamo da secoli / Calpesti, derisi,
Perché non siam popolo, / Perché siam divisi.
Raccolgaci un'unica / bandiera una speme:
Di fonderci insieme / Già l'ora suonò.
Stringiamci a coorte / Siam pronti alla morte
L'Italia chiamò.

Uniamoci, amiamoci, / l'Unione, e l'amore
Rivelano ai popoli / Le vie del Signore;
Giuriamo far libero / Il suolo natio:
Uniti per Dio / Chi vincer ci può?

Stringiamci a coorte / Siam pronti alla morte
L'Italia chiamò.

Dall'Alpi a Sicilia / Dovunque è Legnano,
Ogn'uom di Ferruccio Ha il core, ha la mano,
I bimbi d'Italia / Si chiaman Balilla,
Il suon d'ogni squilla / I vespri suonò.
Stringiamci a coorte / Siam pronti alla morte
L'Italia chiamò.

Son giunchi che piegano / Le spade vendute:
Già l'Aquila d'Austria / Le penne ha perdute.
Il sangue d'Italia, / Il sangue Polacco,



army (la coorte), to the Austrian eagle, the reference to the “balilla”, the little boy that in 1747 dared to throw a stone against an austrian cannon (all boys, during the Fascism will be called “balillas”), the mention of the Cossacks, and so on..

All Italians sing the anthem before the football matches but few, really know it!

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

Bevé, col cosacco, / Ma il cor le bruciò.
Stringiamci a coorte / Siam pronti alla morte
L'Italia chiamò.

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Alessandro Manzoni (1785 - 1873)



Born in Milan in 1785, Alessandro Manzoni is one of the most illustrious authors of the Italian literature; The poet's maternal grandfather, Cesare Beccaria, was a well-known author, and his mother Giulia had literary talent as well.

In 1819 Manzoni published his first tragedy, *Il Conte di Carmagnola* which, boldly violating all classical conventions, excited a lively controversy.

The death of Napoleon in 1821 inspired Manzoni's powerful stanzas *Il Cinque maggio*, the most popular lyric in the Italian language. The political events of that year, and the imprisonment of many of his friends, weighed much on Manzoni's mind, and the historical studies in which he sought distraction during his subsequent retirement in a small village suggested his great work, the novel *The Betrothed* (in Italian *I Promessi sposi*) in which the humble popular characters Renzo and Lucia are the protagonists. ”.

Completed in September 1822, the work when published, after revision by friends in 1825-1827, at the rate of a volume a year, at once raised its author to the first rank of literary fame. It is generally agreed to be his greatest work; what's more it is the most famous and widely read novel of the Italian language. Based in northern Italy in the early 17th century, during the terrible, oppressive years under Spanish rule, it is really a veiled attack on Austria, who controlled the region at the time of writing. It is also noted for the extraordinary description of the plague that struck Milan in 1630.

In his works, he admirably expresses all the Romanticism ideals: the love for Homeland and the desire to rescue it from the foreign domination, the passion for history, an accurate psychological study either of the heroes (for example *Adelchi*, son of the longobard king, Napoleon...) or of the humble people.

His civil passion is always expressed as a constant exhortation, addressed to Italians, to revolt against the Austrian tyranny.

Nevertheless, the author's deepest inspiration is the religious sense; it imbues all his works and is poetically expressed in the “*Inni Sacri*”, a series of sacred lyrics, and a treatise on Catholic morality, forming a task undertaken under religious guidance, in reparation for his early lapse from faith; in particular the poem “*Pentecoste*” in which Manzoni celebrates the Church awakening.

Also his linguistic studies, to whom he devoted himself for a long period, assume a great importance; in order to improve and refine his knowledge of the Italian language he



moved to Florence, called “cradle of the Italian language” in which Dante, Petrarca and Boccaccio were born.

Alessandro Manzoni died in 1873, overwhelmed by the affection and veneration of all the Italians who, even nowadays deem him as a great master and a great writer.

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Nato a Milano nel 1785, è uno dei più illustri autori della letteratura italiana e nella sue opere esprime mirabilmente gli ideali del Romanticismo: l’amore per la Patria ed il desiderio di liberarla dall’oppressione straniera, la passione per la Storia, uno studio psicologico accurato e partecipe tanto dei grandi eroi (da *Adelchi*, figlio del re dei Longobardi, a Napoleone) quanto degli umili personaggi del popolo, come Renzo e Lucia, che ha scelto quali personaggi del suo capolavoro, il romanzo de “*I promessi sposi*”.

Tuttavia l’ispirazione più profonda di quest’autore è quella religiosa, che pervade tutte le sue opere e che si esprime poeticamente negli “*Inni sacri*”, in particolare nella “*Pentecoste*”, ove celebra la nascita della Chiesa.

Sono molto importanti i suoi studi linguistici, ai quali si è dedicato per lunghi anni, trasferendosi anche a Firenze, per perfezionare il suo italiano con la raffinatezza del linguaggio parlato dalle persone colte di questa bellissima città toscana, città di Dante, Petrarca e Boccaccio, e quindi culla della letteratura italiana.

Alessandro Manzoni si spense nel 1873, circondato dall’affetto e dalla venerazione degli Italiani che ancor oggi lo considerano un grande maestro di vita, oltre che un grande scrittore.

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The fifth of May (1821)

The death of Napoleon in 1821 inspired Manzoni's powerful stanzas *Il Cinque maggio*, one of the most popular lyrics in the Italian language. The political events of that year, and the imprisonment of many of his friends, weighed much on Manzoni's mind, and the historical studies in which he sought distraction during his subsequent retirement at Brusuglio suggested his great work.

With these verses the poet dwells, thoughtful, to consider the alternating fortunes of the Great Napoleon Bonaparte: in fact he had known some great victories which had elevated him to magnificent glory (he had become Emperor of French) but he had also suffered some hammering defeats and he was dead in a sad banishment, far from his Country and far from all persons he had beloved.

When the news of Napoleon's death broke, the poet, who had neither flattered him in the glory periods, nor despised him in the bad luck moments, entrusts his exploits to the posterity judgement and his soul to God's mercy. Manzoni never appreciated Napoleon's dictatorship; he, on the contrary, tried to capture the human aspects of a great leader who, somehow or other, deeply affected the history of Europe. Manzoni, in the poem, doesn't judge Napoleon according to a moral criterion and he leaves the decision to the posterity; he only says that, also for Napoleon, God has operated his mysterious plans without Napoleon himself being able to realize. The man-Napoleon is, for the poet, better than the dictator- Napoleon, as he had died in a Christian way. Therefore, the real object of the poem is God who delivers men from sin and Napoleon, consequently, is only the object of God's providence.

The poem transforms the commotion for Napoleon's death in a meditation about life and death, the fragility of the

Il Cinque Maggio (1821)

Ei fu. Siccome immobile, dato il mortal sospiro,
stette la spoglia immemore orba di tanto spiro,
così percossa, attonita la terra al nunzio sta,
muta pensando all'ultima ora dell'uom fatale;
né sa quando una simile orma di pie' mortale
la sua cruenta polvere a calpestar verrà.

Lui folgorante in solio vide il mio genio e tacque;
quando, con vece assidua, cadde, risorse e giacque,
di mille voci al sònito mista la sua non ha:
vergin di servo encomio e di codardo oltraggio,
sorge or commosso al sùbito sparir di tanto raggio;
e scioglie all'urna un cantico che forse non morrà.

Dall'Alpi alle Piramidi, dal Manzanarre al Reno,
di quel securo il fulmine tenea dietro al baleno;
scoppiò da Scilla al Tanai, dall'uno all'altro mar.
Fu vera gloria? Ai posteri l'ardua sentenza: nui
chiniam la fronte al Massimo Fattor, che volle in lui
del creator suo spirito più vasta orma stampar.

La procellosa e trepida gioia d'un gran disegno,
l'ansia d'un cor che indocile serve, pensando al regno;
e il giunge, e tiene un premio ch'era follia sperar;
tutto ei provò: la gloria maggior dopo il periglio,
la fuga e la vittoria, la reggia e il tristo esiglio;
due volte nella polvere, due volte sull'altar.
Ei si nomò: due secoli, l'un contro l'altro armato,
sommessi a lui si volsero, come aspettando il fato;
ei fe' silenzio, ed arbitro s'assise in mezzo a lor.

E sparve, e i dì nell'ozio chiuse in sì breve sponda,



human and earthly glories and the painfulness of loneliness which can be intensified by the memories of the past greatness and by the anxiety of a need of help which never arrives (Napoleon who scans the horizon) and, at the end, the pacification through the Benevolent Faith and the overcoming of the human condition in the waiting of the final reward.

We can divide, the manzonian poem in two different parts: the first one dominated by the presence of the man who faces himself, his earthly life, his human glory; the second one dominated by the meeting between the man and God. Both the parts begin with the reality of Napoleon's death (Ei fu: he was; E sparve: and he disappeared). It's the imagination and the spirituality of Manzoni that touches the reader: not the personality of Napoleon dominator of the events or the story and ideas of that period but the loneliness and silence of the Saint Helen island, the opportunity of a deep contrition, matured in the meditation of the past life and in the reliance on God's mercy.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

segno d'immensa invidia e di pietà profonda,
d'ineinguibil odio e d'indomato amor.

Come sul capo al naufrago l'onda s'avvolge e pesa,
l'onda su cui del misero, alta pur dianzi e tesa,
scorrea la vista a scernere prode remote invan;
tal su quell'alma il cumulo delle memorie scese.
Oh quante volte ai posteri narrar se stesso imprese,
e sull'eterne pagine cadde la stanca man!
Oh quante volte, al tacito morir d'un giorno inerte,
chinati i rai fulminei, le braccia al sen conserte,
stette, e dei dì che furono l'assalse il sovvenir!
E ripensò le mobili tende, e i percossi valli,
e il lampo de' manipoli, e l'onda dei cavalli,
e il concitato imperio e il celere ubbidir.
Ahi! forse a tanto strazio cadde lo spirto anelo,
e disperò; ma valida venne una man dal cielo,
e in più spirabil aere pietosa il trasportò;
e l'avviò, pei floridi sentier della speranza,
ai campi eterni, al premio che i desideri avanza,
dov'è silenzio e tenebre la gloria che passò.
Bella Immortal! benefica Fede ai trionfi avvezza!
Scrivi ancor questo, allegrati; ché più superba altezza
al disonor del Gògota giammai non si chinò.
Tu dalle stanche ceneri sperdi ogni ria parola:
il Dio che atterra e suscita, che affanna e che consola,
sulla deserta coltrice accanto a lui posò.

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Filippo Tommaso Marinetti (1876 - 1944)



He was born in Alexandria in Egypt in 1876 and lived his first literature and political experiences in Paris where in 1909 he published the first manifesto of the futurists in Le Figaro.

During the period of time just before the first world war he was a convinced interventionist in literature as much as in politics, like D'Annunzio. He was a fervent fascist and Mussolini named him Accademico d'Italia.

The Futurism is an avant-garde movement of the first years of the 20th century which, apart from the unbearable content such as the anti-feminism or the exaltation of the war, brought about a revolution in the way things were expressed so that it influenced the contemporary languages especially the advertising one.

Marinetti planned to revolutionise the poetic language so that it could become more modern as this world was made of machines, speed, industrialisation, hectic metropolitan life where the humans fought in any kind of competition as if they were military battles.

So he abolished the syntax and altered the phonetics of the words so that he could get very original graphic effects. In 1914 he wrote *Zang tumb tumb* which speaks about the battle of Adrianopoli happened two years before between Bulgarians and Turkish. In this work he abandoned the rationality of the traditional syntax and replaced the logical connections with the excessive use of onomatopoeic effects and original spatial relations by disposing the words horizontally, vertically, diagonally and in a circular way.

Before his death happened in Bellagio in 1944, he saw his political illusions break into pieces but also the fact that some of his expressive innovations kept being alive.

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Nacque ad Alessandria d'Egitto nel 1876 e visse le sue prime esperienze politico-letterarie a Parigi, dove, nel 1909, pubblicò su Le Figaro il primo manifesto del Futurismo.

Durante il periodo precedente alla prima guerra mondiale fu un acceso interventista, in una fusione tra letteratura militante ed orientamento politico aggressivo, simile a quello di D'Annunzio. Fu fervente fascista e fu nominato da Mussolini Accademico d'Italia.



Il Futurismo è un movimento d'avanguardia del primo '900, che, al di là dei contenuti assolutamente non condivisibili (come l'antifemminismo o l'esaltazione della guerra, considerata "sola igiene del mondo!"), portò una rivoluzione nei moduli espressivi che ha lasciato tracce profonde nei linguaggi contemporanei, in particolare in quello pubblicitario.

Marinetti programmò di rivoluzionare il linguaggio poetico adeguandolo alla modernità, fatta di macchine, di velocità, di industrializzazione, di metropoli dalla vita vorticoso, dove gli uomini si scontrano in ogni tipo di competizione, come in battaglie militari.

Così abolisce la sintassi, altera e sfrutta la componente fonica delle parole, ricavandone composizioni grafiche originalissime. In *Zang tumb tumb* del 1914, poema nel quale tratta della battaglia di Adrianopoli, avvenuta due anni prima tra Bulgari e Turchi, egli abbandona la razionalità della sintassi tradizionale per un'invenzione grafica, sostituendo i nessi logici con l'uso esasperato di effetti onomatopeici e con inediti rapporti spaziali, disponendo le parole in senso orizzontale, verticale, diagonale e circolare.

Prima della sua morte, avvenuta a Bellagio nel 1944, vide cadere le sue esaltate illusioni politiche, ma anche l'affermarsi di alcune sue innovazioni espressive.

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To the racing car (1921)

The Futurism movement, which found in the poet Marinetti his main ideologist had, since its birth, a particular preference for cars and speediness.

In fact, in the article “Le Futurisme” published on the newspaper “Le Figaro” in 1909 and containing the Manifesto of the new movement, either the racing car, symbol of beauty and considered above the “Victory of Samotracia”, or the “man who takes the wheel through the Earth..” are praised and considered as the future of humanity.

Marinetti.

Even a year before the publication of the Manifesto, Marinetti published the poem “To my Pegasus” in which, in analogy with the winged horse of the Greek mythology, the car is compared to a kind of monster-demon, powerful and thunderous, able to cross mountains, rivers and plains and to jump in the “liberating Infinite”.

In these futurist verses, the poet exalts the racing cars, their extraordinary speed, the exaltation which gives by devouring the roads of the world and penetrating infinite landscapes.

The mighty and shiny car is, at the same time, humanized and deified, as an organism provided with an enormous life because of its power. The daring man, able to face the speed dangers, will be able to run away from the earthly banalities, in a kind of heavenly exaltation.

The poem, moreover, anticipates the breaking-off, on the lexical plan, with traditional poetry, through the introduction of new words and the violation of the orthographical rules in order to obtain some particular onomatopoeic effects.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

All’automobile da corsa (1921)

Veemente dio d’una razza d’acciaio,
Automobile ebbra di spazio,
che scalpiti e fremiti d’angoscia
rodendo il morso con striduli denti
Formidabile mostro giapponese,
dagli occhi di fucina,
nutrito di fiamma
e d’oli minerali,
avido d’orizzonti, di prede siderali
lo scateno il tuo cuore che tonfa diabolicamente,
scateno i tuoi giganteschi pneumatici,
per la danza che tu sai danzare
via per le bianche strade di tutto il mondo!
Allento finalmente
le tue metalliche redini,
e tu con voluttà ti slanci
nell’Infinito liberatore!
All’abbaiare della tua grande voce
ecco il sol che tramonta inseguirti veloce
accelerando il suo sanguinolento
palpito, all’orizzonte
Guarda, come galoppa, in fondo ai boschi, laggiù!
Che importa, mio dèmone bello?
Io sono in tua balia! Prendimi! Prendimi!
Sulla terra assordata, benché tutta vibri
d’echi loquaci;
sotto il cielo accecato, benché folto di stelle,
io vado esasperando la mia febbre
ed il mio desiderio,
scudisciandoli a gran colpi di spada.
E a quando a quando alzo il capo
per sentirmi sul collo
in soffice stretta le braccia



folli del vento, vellutate e freschissime
Sono tue quelle braccia ammalianti e lontane
che mi attirano, e il vento
non è che il tuo alito d'abisso,
o Infinito senza fondo che con gioia m'assorbi!
Ah! ah! vedo a un tratto mulini
neri, dinoccolati,
che sembran correr su l'ali
di tela vertebrata
come su gambe prolisce
Ora le montagne già stanno per gettare
sulla mia fuga mantelli di sonnolenta frescura,
là, a quel sinistro svolto
Montagne! Mammut in mostruosa mandra,
che pesanti trottate, inarcando
le vostre immense groppe,
eccovi superate, eccovi avvolte
dalla grigia matassa delle nebbie!
E odo il vago echeggiante rumore
che sulle strade stampano
i favolosi stivali da sette leghe
dei vostri piedi colossali
O montagne dai freschi mantelli turchini!
O bei fiumi che respirate
beatamente al chiaro di luna!
O tenebrose pianure! Io vi sorpasso a galoppo!
Su questo mio mostro impazzito!
Stelle! mie stelle! l'udite
il precipitar dei suoi passi?
Udite voi la sua voce, cui la collera spacca
la sua voce scoppiante, che abbaia, che abbaia
e il tuonar de' suoi ferrei polmoni
crrrrrollanti a prrrrrecipizio
interrrrrminabilmente?
Accetto la sfida, o mie stelle!
Più presto! Ancora più presto!
E senza posa, né riposo!
Molla i freni! Non puoi?



Schiàntali, dunque,
che il polso del motore centuplichi i suoi slanci!
Urrà! Non più contatti con questa terra immonda!
Io me ne stacco alfine, ed agilmente volo
sull'inebbriante fiume degli astri.

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Giuseppe Mazzini (1805 - 1872)



Giuseppe Mazzini, considered the father of Italian Risorgimento, was born in Genova in 1805. Since young he was keen to policy and to the troubled events of his dearly loved Italy. His mother, Maria Drago, guided him towards the knowledge of the Italian patriots' efforts who after having fought for their country and having been defeated, were obliged to escape into exile. At the end of his studies with a degree in law, he affiliated with Carboneria, the nineteenth century Italian secret organisation which used to arrange rebel movements in order to free populations oppressed by either absolutist governments or the power of foreign dominators.

In 1830 he was betrayed, denounced to the police and imprisoned in the fortress of Savona. During that painful detention he decided to fund a new association in order to bring together for a common goal, all those willing to fight for independence. Once back to freedom again, he chose to go into exile in order to be able to continue arranging patriotic rebel movements, bringing up the people and animating young people to strong ideals. Then, settled in France in 1831 he funded the Giovane Italia in Marseilles, a secret organization aimed at playing a role in the realisation of a country "One, Free, Independent, Republican".

Indomitable spirit, he had to face an infinite number of dangers and he was sentenced several times and forced to go into exile in different countries such as Switzerland where he funded the Giovane Europa aimed at bringing together all the oppressed people willing to fight for independence, like Polish and German people. Although he was hardly able to maintain himself working for newspapers and magazines, in 1841 he funded a free access school for poor young people faithful to his principles. In fact, according to his opinion, people had to be set free from their ignorance and made able to autonomously improve both their own living conditions and their political once as well as economical. He did not recognized the authority of the church but he was aimed by a deep religious spirit and he expressed one of his highest ideas by the words "God and People".

In 1848 Giuseppe Mazzini rushed to Rome where a Republic was recently constituted; he took part to the Government in Rome and at its desperate resistance against French troops, which soon conquered it and forced him to a new exile. He died in Pisa, in 1872 under the assumed name Brown that he used in order to escape from the police by pretending to be English. So he died as foreign in his country to which he had devoted all his life.

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Giuseppe Mazzini, considerato il padre del Risorgimento italiano, nacque a Genova nel 1805 e mostrò, fin dai suoi anni più giovanili, un vivissimo interesse per la politica e, in particolare, per le tormentate vicende della sua amata Italia. La madre, Maria Drago, gli insegnò a conoscere ed amare le sofferenze dei patrioti che, dopo aver combattuto per la patria ed essere stati sconfitti, dovevano fuggire in esilio. Terminati gli studi e laureatosi in Giurisprudenza, si affiliò alla Carboneria, società segreta che organizzava moti insurrezionali per liberare le popolazioni oppresse da governi di tipo assolutistico o da dominazioni straniere.

Nel 1830 fu tradito, denunciato ed imprigionato nella fortezza di Savona. Durante questo periodo di amara prigionia decise di fondare una nuova associazione che riunisse in un intento comune tutti coloro che volevano lottare per l'indipendenza e, tornato in libertà, scelse l'esilio pur di poter continuare ad organizzare moti patriottici, educando il popolo ed animando i giovani con forti ideali. Stabilitosi in Francia, nel 1831 fondò a Marsiglia la Giovane Italia, società segreta che si proponeva di contribuire alla realizzazione di una patria che fosse "Una, libera, indipendente e repubblicana".

Spirito indomito, dovette affrontare infiniti pericoli, fu più volte condannato a morte e quindi costretto all'esilio in diversi paesi, fra cui la Svizzera, dove fondò la Giovane Europa, con l'intento di riunire tutti coloro che, appartenendo a popoli oppressi, come i Polacchi o i Tedeschi, volessero lottare per l'indipendenza. Pur ricavando a stento di che vivere con la sua collaborazione a giornali e riviste, nel 1841 fondò a Londra una scuola gratuita per ragazzi poveri, fedele alla sua convinzione che il popolo dovesse essere liberato dall'ignoranza e reso capace di migliorare da solo le proprie condizioni di vita, sia politiche sia economiche. Egli non riconosceva l'autorità della Chiesa, ma era animato da un profondo spirito religioso ed esprimeva uno dei suoi più elevati ideali con le parole "Dio e Popolo!".

Nel 1848 Giuseppe Mazzini accorse a Roma, che si era costituita a Repubblica, e partecipò al suo governo ed alla sua disperata resistenza contro le truppe francesi, che ben presto la conquistarono, costringendolo ad un nuovo esilio.

Egli morì a Pisa nel 1872, sotto il falso nome di Brown, che aveva assunto per sfuggire alla polizia fingendosi inglese: è morto da straniero nella patria alla quale aveva dedicato tutta la vita.

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From “Duties of men” The education (1860)

In this short extract of the high moralistic essay “On the duties of man: the Education” we can find the summary of the civil and pedagogical passion of the author who has strenuously devoted himself either to Italy liberation or to the children and youth education, in particular those belonging to the lower classes that wouldn't have had, otherwise this opportunity.

During his life, Mazzini furthered the century great humanitarian causes such the fundamental equality of human beings, regardless the gender, race, religion or nationality, the abolition of the death penalty and of slavery, the freedom of religion, press and thinking.

The essay was published in 1860 and it synthesizes his moral, religious and political thinking. It is very well known and appreciated all over the world.

The philosophy of the author, in all the work, is deeply related to the future of the human kind, a future founded on the active participation of everybody and on a free and harmonic development of the men capacities in order to reach to the solution of the social problems. All men must know they have their rights and their duties and the balance between these two aspects is the expression of the universal moral law which originates from God and brings to the mutual love to the brotherhood. All this contributes to the Republic birth and, for Mazzini, Republic means education. Nobody else, among the political thinkers has given to the education a so high value.

The essay points out Mazzini's idea of national self-determination on his distinction between rights and duties and finally his republican (and in this sense political, not ethnic) view of the nation-people. It emerges that, even if Mazzini shared a voluntaristic idea of the nation, he none

Da “Doveri dell'uomo” L'educazione (1860)

Dio vi ha fatti educabili. Voi dunque avete dovere di educarvi per quanto è in voi, e diritto a che la società alla quale appartenete non vi impedisca nella vostra opera educatrice, vi aiuti in essa e vi supplisca quando i mezzi di educazione vi manchino.

La vostra libertà, i vostri diritti, la vostra emancipazione da condizioni sociali ingiuste, la missione che ciascun di voi deve compiere qui sulla terra, dipendono dal grado di educazione che vi è dato raggiungere. Senza educazione voi non potete scegliere giustamente fra il bene e il male; non potete acquistar coscienza dei vostri diritti; non potete ottenere quella partecipazione nella vita politica senza la quale non riuscirete ad emanciparvi; non potete definire a voi stessi la vostra missione.

L'educazione è il pane delle anime vostre. Senza essa, le vostre facoltà dormono assiderate, infeconde, come la potenza di vita che cova nel germe dorme isterilita, se esso è cacciato in terreno non dissodato, senza beneficio d'irrigazione e cure dell'assiduo coltivatore.

Oggi voi o non avete educazione o l'avete da uomini e da poteri che nulla rappresentano fuorché se stessi e, non servendo a un principio regolatore, sono condannati essenzialmente a mutilarla o falsarla. I meno tristi fra i vostri educatori credono aver soddisfatto al debito loro, quando hanno inegualmente aperto sul territorio che reggono un certo numero di scuole dove i vostri figli possono ricevere un grado qualunque d'insegnamento elementare. Questo insegnamento consiste principalmente nel leggere, scrivere e computare...



the less had a clear perception that the argument of popular consensus needed to be limited (and legitimated) by normative principles, which for him were true democratic principles. Mazzini's originality and modernity lay in his capacity to avoid being a universalist in the old cosmopolitan sense without becoming a relativist. He faced the tension between universality and national identity by making the former concrete and inclusive: universality meant humanity which revealed itself through and within each nation, and was synonymous with democracy. Democracy at home is the premise for democracy abroad: this is Mazzini's legacy.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

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Eugenio Montale (1896 - 1981)



He was born in Genova and there he began his technical and music studies. He had to stop them in 1917 when he had to go to first world war front as an infantry officer. After the war he went back to Genova where he devoted himself to the literary studies and to the poetry activity.

In 1925 he published his first collection of verses, *Ossi di seppia*, in which he describes the rocky and sunny landscapes of his Liguria. In 1927 he moved to Florence, where at first he worked for the Bemporad publisher and, later, he managed the Viesseux Cabinet a renowned Institute for the scientific and literary culture; this assignment allowed him to meet and get in touch with some famous writers, such as Elio Vittorini.

In 1939 he published his second collection of poems, the *Occasioni*, devoting himself, at the same time, to the activity of translator. In 1948 he moved to Milan, where he was sub editor of the national newspaper *Corriere della sera* and music critic. Before dying in Milan, in 1983, he received a lot of great reviews: he was appointed senator for life and, in 1975, conferred the Nobel prize for Literature. His poetic production expresses the “pain of living”, a conception of a life pervaded by a deep sense of disappointment and disenchantment.

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Nacque nel 1896 a Genova, dove iniziò i suoi studi di tipo tecnico e musicale, che dovette interrompere nel 1917 per andare al fronte della prima guerra mondiale, come ufficiale di fanteria. Tornato a Genova, si dedicò agli studi letterari ed alla attività poetica.

Nel 1925 pubblicò la sua prima raccolta di versi, *Ossi di seppia*, ambientati nei paesaggi rocciosi ed assolati della sua Liguria. Nel 1927 si trasferì a Firenze, dove lavorò per la casa editrice Bemporad e, successivamente, diresse il Gabinetto Viesseux, celebre Istituto di cultura scientifica e letteraria, incarico che gli permise di entrare in contatto con scrittori come Vittorini.

Nel 1939 pubblicò la seconda raccolta di poesie, le *Occasioni*, dedicandosi nel contempo anche all'attività di traduttore. Nel 1948 si trasferì a Milano, dove fu redattore del *Corriere della sera* e critico musicale. Prima di spengersi a Milano, nel 1983, ebbe grandi riconoscimenti: fu nominato senatore a vita ed insignito del Premio Nobel per la letteratura nel 1975. La sua produzione poetica esprime il “male di vivere”: una concezione della vita pervasa da un profondo senso di delusione e di disincanto.

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The storm (1943)

The storm that trickles upon the hard
leaves of the magnolia, long thunder-rolls
of March and the hail,
(the sounds of crystal in your night-
nest surprise you, of the gold
that has dulled from mahogany, the page-edge
of bound volumes, there still burns
a grain of sugar inside the shell
of your eyelid)

the flash that crystallizes
trees and walls and surprises them in that
eternity of instant. - marble, manna
and destruction - which, graved in yourself,
you are condemned to bear and which ties you
more than love to me, strange sister, -

then the raw crash, the rattles, the quivering
of tambourines on the furtive pit,
the trampling of the fandango and on high
a gesture, here and there frenetic...

As when
you turned and with your hand, cleared then
your forehead of its cloud of hair,

greeted me - to go into the dark.

Translated by: John Galassi

La bufera (1943)

La bufera che sgronda sulle foglie
dure della magnolia i lunghi tuoni
marzolini e la grandine,
(i suoni di cristallo nel tuo nido
notturno ti sorprendono, dell'oro
che s'è spento sui mogani, sul taglio
dei libri rilegati, brucia ancora
una grana di zucchero nel guscio
delle tue palpebre)

il lampo che candisce
alberi e muro e li sorprende in quella
eternità d'istante - marmo manna
e distruzione - ch'entro te scolpita
porti per tua condanna e che ti lega
più che l'amore a me, strana sorella, -

e poi lo schianto rude, i sismi, il fremere
dei tamburelli sulla fossa fuia,
lo scalpicciare del fandango, e sopra
qualche gesto che annaspa...

Come quando
ti rivolgesti e con la mano, sgombra
la fronte dalla nube dei capelli,

mi salutasti - per entrar nel buio.

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Ada Negri (1870 - 1945)



Born in Lodi, near Milan in 1870 in an humble and poor family, she was a teacher in an elementary school when she became famous for her poems, rich in human feelings, animated by socialist ideals and even by feminist ambitions.

In the first decades of the nineteenth century she went through the fascination of behaviours which extolled the outstanding figures, according to the style of Marinetti and D'Annunzio. Anyway she later drifted apart from it, to achieve a Christian consideration of the human reality and its miseries.

She died in Milan in 1945 after having been admitted and honoured at the Academy of Italy, but also after having lived and seen the devastation of her Country during the second world war.

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Nata a Lodi, nei pressi di Milano, nel 1870, da una famiglia di umili origini, era una semplice maestra elementare quando divenne famosa per le sue poesie ricche di sentimenti umanitari, animate da ideali socialisteggianti e perfino da aspirazioni che preannunciavano il femminismo.

Nei primi decenni del Novecento subì la suggestione di atteggiamenti esaltanti le personalità d'eccezione, secondo lo stile di Marinetti e D'Annunzio. Se ne distaccò, tuttavia, per approdare ad una considerazione cristianamente sensibile della realtà umana e delle sue miserie.

Morì a Milano nel 1945, dopo essere stata accolta ed onorata nell'Accademia d'Italia, ma anche dopo aver visto con profondo dolore la rovina del suo paese durante la seconda guerra mondiale.

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Fountain of light (1946)

The poetess describes, through a lively and effective image, the burst of life and beauty when spring begins. She contemplates a bush that the warm sun of March has brought to bloom in a triumph of yellow blossoms which make it resembling to a fountain, with the branches like spoutings of light.

The poem belongs to the second part of Ada Negri poetry.

The first one, in fact mainly characterized by a deep meditation about the heavy trial of the working class, the social claims and the class struggle.

Once reached the maturity, the poetess develops a better awareness of herself, of the depths of her being and this is the synthesis of an artistic transfiguration which is a logical consequence of her affliction. It is, for the poetess, the realization that reality is not valueless and that art is supposed to recognize the goodness of whatever exists. Nature and Art speak only through spirit and only human beings can detect, through beauty the deep richness and the reality mystery.

Ada Negri has felt art as a fascinating beauty, able to raise men in a world which is "above" this fugacious life. This transcendence is essentially based on the perception of the correspondence with GOD who is truth, unselfish gift and goodness.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

Fontana di luce (1946)

Nel marzo ebro di sole il grande arbusto
in mezzo al prato si coprì di gialli
fioretti: le novelle accese rame
salenti e ricadenti con superba
veemenza di getto dànno raggi
e barbagli a mirarle; e tu quasi odi
scroscio di fonte uscir da loro; e tutta
la Primavera da quell'aurea polla
ti si versa cantando entro le vene.

da: Fons amoris, - Mondadori, Milano, 1946

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Ippolito Nievo (1831 - 1861)



He was born in Padua in 1831, in a family pervaded by liberal sentiments who educated him to love for his homeland freedom.

Once completed his law studies, he devoted himself to the literature and patriotic activities, volunteering, in 1859 in the “Cacciatori delle Alpi” troops, that fought the Second Independence war, under the leadership of Giuseppe Garibaldi.

He later took part to the so called “Expedition of the 1000”, in order to liberate the Kingdom of the two Sicilies from the Borboni domination and held some important political and administrative assignments in the Island of Sicily once liberated by the garibaldian troops.

He died in 1861, in the wreck of the boat “Ercole”, in which he was embarked for reaching Naples and Sicily in order to accomplish his duties.

Although his life was short, he has left a lot of writings, permeated by a great love for his homeland, for the country where he spent his childhood, for the peasants and their dialects and, last but not least, his masterpiece, the novel “The confessions of an Italian”. This novel, full of autobiographical accents, narrates the fortunes of Carlo Altoviti and his cousin Pisana, a story interlaced with the events of the Unity of Italy. The narration is pervaded by the Romantic themes but, sometimes, it anticipates the Verism movement, though an absolute respect of the reality.

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Nacque a Padova nel 1831 da una famiglia di sentimenti liberali che lo educò all'amore per la libertà della Patria.

Terminati gli studi in Giurisprudenza, si dedicò ad attività letterarie e patriottiche, arruolandosi nel 1859 nei “Cacciatori delle Alpi”, le truppe di volontari che combattevano per l'indipendenza dell'Italia sotto la guida di Garibaldi. Partecipò alla spedizione dei Mille e ricoprì incarichi politico-amministrativi nell'isola di Sicilia liberata dai Garibaldini. Per portare a termine tale compito s'imbarcò sul battello a vapore “Ercole”, diretto verso Napoli, e morì in mare a causa del suo naufragio nel 1861.



Sebbene la sua vita sia stata breve, egli ci ha lasciato molti scritti pervasi da amore per la Patria, per la campagna dove ha trascorso la sua infanzia, per i contadini ed i loro dialetti, di cui sa riconoscere il valore linguistico, ed infine un romanzo che è il suo capolavoro: “Le confessioni di un Italiano”. L’autore, con accenti spesso autobiografici, vi narra le vicende di Carlo Altoviti e della cugina Pisana, che s’intrecciano con quelle dell’Unità d’Italia. La narrazione è pervasa di temi romantici, ma, talvolta anticipa, nelle descrizioni, l’atteggiamento veristico d’assoluto rispetto della realtà.

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To my daughters (1855)

The poem is dedicated to the fire-flies, little bright insects which seem to bring on earth luminous reflections of the light of the stars. With their tenuous glow, the fire-flies wander in lonely places, attracting people inclined to meditation. They seem to exhort through calm and high thoughts, as the hope of a better future for the homeland: this was in fact the feeling which has dominated the poet's life.

The little fire-flies are the poet's thoughts which are transposed in the poem; these thoughts buzz in the poet's mind and wander in the air, trying to take off from the land and wishing to reach a "higher sky"; but it isn't possible, so the poet's thoughts, as the insects with their faint flamelets, have to settle for the secluded cottages, the little villages, the lonely gardens, the dark cloisters.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

Alle mie figlie (1855)

Lucciolette che ronzate
Pei crepuscoli ideali,
Care stelle forviate
Da vostr'orbite immortali,
Forse ancor del ciel natio
Affaticavi il desio?
Io vi sciolgo l'ali al volo,
Lucciolette cattivelle;
Ite pur lambendo il suolo
Colle timide fiammelle,
Già che i cieli a voi contese
Legge improvvida e scortese.
Ai romiti casolari
Nel silenzio dei villaggi
Pei giardini solitari
Seminate i vostri raggi,
Fra le tenebre dei chiostri
Seminate i raggi vostri.
Pei tumulti delle feste
Melanconiche volate,
Sol palesi alle modeste
Ciglia, e all'alme addolorate,
Onde vengano esse poi
Meditando dietro a voi.
A chi stanco si risente
Della stolidità allegria
Rischiariate santamente
L'annebbiata fantasia,
Perché al cor gli venga e al viso
D'altro oprar più maschio riso.
Lucciolette, anco un momento,
Ed il pugno che vi accoglie



Vi darà libere al vento.
Vinto han già le vostre doglie
Il ritroso animo mio.
Lucciolette addio, addio!...

Da Le Lucciole 1855

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Aldo Palazzeschi (1885 - 1974)



Aldo Palazzeschi was born in Florence in 1885, in a family of rich merchants; this allowed him to nourish his passion for poetry and theatre.

At first he joined the Futurism and collaborated with Filippo Tommaso Marinetti but, in the period preceding the first world war he grew away since he felt neutral, setting himself against the heated interventionism of the Futurists.

He was recalled for military service in 1916 and, during the war years, he composed some ironical and playful writings, coming off from the fashionable and traditional literary movements.

He went to Paris a lot of times, where he knew and got in touch some great artists, such as Filippo De Pisis, Pablo Picasso and Henri Matisse. He wrote a lot of poems (i.e. *L'incendiario* in 1913), short stories (*Stampe dell'Ottocento*, in 1932) and his masterpiece, the novel *Le sorelle Materassi*, in 1934.

He was able to alternate, in his wide work, some writings full of emotion with ironical and playful works. He died in Rome, almost ninety years old, in 1974.

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È considerato uno dei più grandi poeti dell'Ottocento europeo. Nacque a Firenze nel 1885 da una famiglia di agiati commercianti che gli permise di assecondare la sua passione per la poesia e per il teatro.

Inizialmente aderì al Futurismo e collaborò con Filippo Tommaso Marinetti, ma se ne distaccò nel periodo precedente alla prima guerra mondiale, poiché Palazzeschi si dichiarò neutralista, contrapponendosi all'acceso interventismo dei Futuristi.

Fu richiamato alle armi nel 1916 e, durante gli anni di guerra, compose scritti ironici e scherzosi, distaccandosi dai movimenti letterari contemporanei ed anche da quelli tradizionali.

Si recò più volte a Parigi, dove conobbe e frequentò grandi artisti, come Filippo De Pisis, Pablo Picasso e Henri Matisse.



Scrisse molte raccolte di poesie (come *L'incendiario*, del 1913), racconti (*Stampe dell'Ottocento*, del 1932) ed il romanzo, divenuto ben presto famoso, *Le sorelle Materassi*, del 1934. Egli seppe alternare, nella sua vasta opera, scritti densi di commozione con altri ironici e scherzosi. Si spense a Roma, quasi novantenne, nel 1974.

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Ara Mara Amara (1904-1914)

This poem is about three old ladies who sit on the same green grass everyday and play the same game with the dices everyday and stay under the same shade everyday. They don't even look up but keep on kneeling in the grass under the same shade.

Due to the lack of movement, the temporal-spatial dimension is very important in the poem: the women "don't lift their heads", they are still, steady. It is in the observer that we have to find a movement, it is the poet who is reaching the scene: in fact in the first part of the poem, the author describes "the big" (seen from afar) and then "the small" (seen at close). There is in fact a progression of the nouns, as the poem proceeds (from "slope" down to "high cypresses", "little field", "three women", "dices").

The trio could symbolize something similar to death, an interpretation suggested by the black clothes of the old ladies and their attitude. The three old women could be identified with the three Parcae, the mythological figures responsible for birth, life and death of everybody.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

Ara Mara Amara (1904-1914)

In fondo alla china,
fra gli alti cipressi,
è un piccolo prato.
Si stanno in quell'ombra
tre vecchie
giocando coi dadi.

Non alzan la testa un istante,
non cambian di posto un sol giorno.

Sull'erba in ginocchio
si stanno in quell'ombra giocando.

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Giovanni Pascoli (1855 - 1912)



He was born in San Mauro di Romagna in 1855 and studied in Urbino where he started to love the classical culture.

In 1867 he got shocked for his dad was murdered by unknown people and since that moment he started losing his serenity of mind. There were other deaths in his family and serious economical problems.

He gave up studying and was arrested for taking part in the socialist movement. After he was released he accomplished his studies under the influence of the great poet Carducci and afterwards he dedicated himself to teaching. At the University of Bologna he succeeded Carducci and had the chair in Italian Literature till the year he died in 1912.

His works are poetry and prose either in Italian or in Latin. He was given several awards and became popular outside Italy as well thanks to the Latin poems *Carmina*. His main pieces of work are *Myricae*, the *Canti di Castelvecchio*, the *Poemi* and *Odi ed Inni*.

His verses, apparently simple, contributed to renovate the Italian culture opening up to the European current of Symbolism.

Pascoli illustrated his poetry in *Il fanciullino*, in 1897. The poet is similar to a child as he is still able to perceive the mystery which lies behind the little things of daily life (such as the *myricae* which are humble little shrubs in the Mediterranean Maquis) and be happy and grateful for the great value every little thing can have.

This new sensitivity leads the poet to leave the positivistic certainties of Carducci's poetry behind and moves to the nostalgic and musical European Symbolism.

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Nacque a San Mauro di Romagna nel 1855 e compì i suoi studi ad Urbino, dove imparò ad amare la cultura classica.

Nel 1867 la sua vita fu sconvolta dall'uccisione, per mano di ignoti, del padre. Questo tragico evento segnò la fine della sua infanzia serena e fu seguito da altri lutti familiari e da gravi difficoltà economiche.



Interrotti gli studi, fu arrestato per la partecipazione a moti socialisti. Tornato in libertà, grazie all'interessamento del grande poeta Carducci, si dedicò al completamento dei suoi studi e, successivamente, all'insegnamento. All'Università di Bologna succedette al Carducci occupando la prestigiosa cattedra di Letteratura Italiana fino all'anno della sua morte, che avvenne nel 1912.

La sua opera è sia in poesia che in prosa e sia in lingua italiana che latina. Egli ottenne numerosi riconoscimenti e fama internazionale con la raccolta di poesie latine *Carmina*. Le sue opere principali sono *Myricae*, i *Canti di Castelvecchio*, i *Poemi* e *Odi ed Inni*.

I suoi versi, apparentemente semplici, hanno contribuito a rinnovare la cultura italiana, immettendola nella corrente europea del Simbolismo.

Pascoli ha illustrato la sua poetica nello scritto *Il fanciullino*, del 1897. Il poeta è simile ad un fanciullo, poiché è ancora in grado di percepire il mistero che si cela nelle piccole cose della realtà quotidiana (come le *myricae*, piccoli ed umili arbusti della macchia mediterranea) e di stupirsi per il valore simbolico che tutto può assumere.

Questa nuova sensibilità porta il poeta ad abbandonare le solide certezze della poesia carducciana, pervasa di pensiero positivistico, per accostarsi al Simbolismo europeo, ricco di musicalità, di evocazioni, di nostalgie.

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In the fog (1904)

I stared into the valley: it was gone—
wholly submerged! A vast flat sea remained,
gray, with no waves, no beaches; all was one.

And here and there I noticed, when I strained,
the alien clamoring of small, wild voices:
birds that had lost their way in that vain land.

And high above, the skeletons of beeches,
as if suspended, and the reveries
of ruins and of the hermit's hidden reaches.

And a dog yelped and yelped, as if in fear,
I knew not where nor why. Perhaps he heard
strange footsteps, neither far away nor near—

echoing footsteps, neither slow nor quick,
alternating, eternal. Down I stared,
but I saw nothing, no one, looking back.

The reveries of ruins asked: "Will no
one come?" The skeletons of trees inquired:
"And who are you, forever on the go?"

I may have seen a shadow then, an errant
shadow, bearing a bundle on its head.
I saw - and no more saw, in the same instant.

All I could hear were the uneasy screeches
of the lost birds, the yelping of the stray,
and, on that sea that lacked both waves and beaches,
the footsteps, neither near nor far away.

Translated by: Geoffrey Brock

Nella nebbia (1904)

E guardai nella valle: era sparito
tutto! sommerso! Era un gran mare piano,
grigio, senz'onde, senza lidi, unito.

E c'era appena, qua e là, lo strano
vocio di gridi piccoli e selvaggi:
uccelli spersi per quel mondo vano.

E alto, in cielo, scheletri di faggi,
come sospesi, e sogni di rovine
e di silenziosi eremitaggi.

Ed un cane uggiolava senza fine,
né seppi donde, forse a certe péste
che sentii, né lontane né vicine;

eco di péste né tarde né preste,
alterne, eterne. E io laggiù guardai:
nulla ancora e nessuno, occhi, vedeste.

Chiesero i sogni di rovine: - Mai
non giungerà? - Gli scheletri di piante
chiesero: - E tu chi sei, che sempre vai? -

Io, forse, un'ombra vidi, un'ombra errante
con sopra il capo un largo fascio. Vidi,
e più non vidi, nello stesso istante.

Sentii soltanto gl'inquieti gridi
d'uccelli spersi, l'uggiolar del cane,
e, per il mar senz'onde e senza lidi,
le péste né vicine né lontane.

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Cesare Pavese (1908 - 1950)



He was born in 1908 in Santo Stefano Belbo, in the area of the Langhe, hills of Piemonte region, which he loved deeply and went back to almost every summer of his life. He was obliged to move to Torino for his work and there he worked for Einaudi publisher which was just founded. In particular he devoted himself to translate and spread out the most important authors of the North-American literature.

Apart from his literature work he was very active in politics as well: he was put into prison because of his opposition to Fascism and, after that, in 1935 he was condemned to internal exile in Calabria. During this very hard period of time he started to write the diary *Il mestiere di vivere* which was published years later and the romance *Il carcere*.

When he went back to Torino he found out that the woman he loved had got married to somebody else. He felt a deep sadness and a great loneliness. In 1936 he published a book written in verses, *Lavorare stanca*, and the romance *Paesi tuoi*, in 1941. *La casa in collina*, *Prima che il gallo canti* and *La bella estate* are very important pieces of work written in prose in the 40s.

However, his work of art is *La luna ed i falò*, written in 1950 where he writes about the nostalgia of childhood and the places where he spent his first years. In those he tried to find himself in vain. In that very year he put an end to his life committing a suicide in a hotel room.

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Nacque nel 1908 a Santo Stefano Belbo, nelle Langhe, colline piemontesi che amò profondamente e dove tornò quasi ogni estate della sua vita. La sua attività lavorativa lo portò, tuttavia, a vivere a Torino, dove collaborò proficuamente con la casa editrice Einaudi, appena fondata. Si dedicò, in particolare, a tradurre e diffondere i più importanti autori della letteratura nord-americana.

Oltre all'attività letteraria, si impegnò anche in un'intensa attività politica: per la sua opposizione al fascismo fu arrestato e, successivamente, nel 1935, condannato ad un anno di confino in Calabria. Durante questo duro periodo iniziò a scrivere il diario (che sarà pubblicato postumo) *Il mestiere di vivere* ed il romanzo *Il carcere*.



Tornato a Torino, trovò la donna che amava sposata ad un altro: questa amara delusione accrebbe il suo senso di solitudine. Nel 1936 pubblicò un volume in versi, *Lavorare stanca*, e, nel 1941, il romanzo *Paesi tuoi*. Tra le opere in prosa sono da ricordare *La casa in collina*, *Prima che il gallo canti* e *La bella estate*, tutte scritte negli anni '40.

Ma il suo grande capolavoro è *La luna ed i falò*, del 1950, ispirato dalla nostalgia dell'infanzia e dei suoi luoghi, dove egli, invano, tenta di ritrovare se stesso. In quello stesso anno porrà fine alla sua tormentata esistenza suicidandosi in una camera di albergo.

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**In the morning you always come
back
(1950)**

The beam of light from sunrise
breathes through your lips
at the end of empty paths.
Gray light of your eyes
Sweet dewdrops of dawn
engulf the houses.
The city appears
The stones smell
You are life
the reawakening

Star lost
in the light of dawn,
the whispering breeze,
mild warmth, breath -
The night has reached an end.

You are the light and the morning.

Translated by: Chris Dolezalek

**In the morning you always come
back
(1950)**

Lo spiraglio dell'alba
respira con la tua bocca
in fondo alle vie vuote.
Luce grigia i tuoi occhi,
dolci gocce dell'alba
sulle colline scure.
Il tuo passo e il tuo fiato
come il vento dell'alba
sommergono le case.
La città abbrivdisce,
odorano le pietre
sei la vita, il risveglio.

Stella sperduta
nella luce dell'alba,
cigolio della brezza,
tepore, respiro
è finita la notte.

Sei la luce e il mattino.

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Sandro Penna (1906 - 1977)



Born in Perugia in 1906, he moved to Rome at the age of twenty. He didn't succeed in imposing himself for a long time and, in order to have enough to live, he did a lot a lot of activities such as journalist, translator and fine arts expert. In 1970 he gathered in a volume called *Tutte le poesie*, all the compositions he had written in the previous years.

He preferred not to deal with the strong problems of the contemporary world, seeking refuge in a quiet vision of the natural reality, which often recalls the classical poetry of the Greek lyric poets. He passed away in Rome in 1977.

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Nato a Perugia nel 1906, si trasferì a Roma poco più che ventenne. Non riuscendo ad affermarsi come poeta, per vivere svolse diverse attività: fu giornalista, traduttore ed esperto di arte. Nel 1970 riunì in un volume, intitolato *Tutte le poesie*, i componimenti che aveva scritto negli anni precedenti.

Preferì non affrontare le forti problematiche del mondo contemporaneo, rifugiandosi in una visione serena della realtà naturale, che ricorda sovente la poesia classica dei lirici greci. Si spense a Roma nel 1977.

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The black stairs of my tavern (1906)

The steps of my tavern
you descend all drenched with wind.

The beautiful fallen hair you have
on the living eyes in a remote firmament
of mine.

In the smoken tavern
now is the smell of port and wind.

Free wind which models bodies
and moves the steps of white sailors.

Translated by: Fiamma Ferraro

Le nere scale della mia taverna (1906)

Le nere scale della mia taverna
tu discendi tutto intriso di vento.

I bei capelli caduti tu hai
sugli occhi vivi in un mio firmamento
remoto.

Nella fumosa taverna
ora è l'odore del porto e del vento.

Libero vento che modella i corpi
e muove il passo ai bianchi marinai.

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Carlo Pisacane (1818 - 1857)



Carlo Pisacane is a tragically famous protagonist of the Italian Risorgimento and author of some political essays in which he enunciates very advanced theories about the importance of the social aspects of each movement finalised to the people liberation.

He was born in Naples in 1818 but he soon left the home town, forced to stay in backwardness conditions by the Bourbon Government, and travelled to France and England. Back to Italy, he fought in the First Independence War and took part to the so called “Roman Republic”. He wrote an essay “The Revolution” in which he stated the necessity of eradicating each form of inequity and exploitation in order to be able, then, to set up a real democracy.

To fulfil these ideals of democracy, he organised in 1857, an expedition in the island of Sapri, in order to enfranchise the peasants from the bourbons yoke. The population, semi-analphabet and unprepared, didn't understand the noble and generous purpose and slaughtered, together with the bourbon troops, all the young patriots.

Carlo Pisacane, frantic with sorrow for the tragic failure, took his life.

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Personaggio tragicamente famoso del Risorgimento italiano, autore di saggi politici nei quali egli espone una teoria avanzatissima sull'importanza degli aspetti sociali di ogni movimento finalizzato alla liberazione del popolo.

Nacque a Napoli nel 1818, ma ben presto abbandonò questa città mantenuta in condizioni di arretratezza dal governo borbonico, e viaggiò in Francia ed in Inghilterra. Tornato in Italia, combatté la Prima Guerra di Indipendenza e partecipò alla Repubblica Romana. Scrisse un saggio su “La rivoluzione”, affermando la necessità di eliminare prima ogni forma di ingiustizia e di sfruttamento per poter instaurare poi una vera democrazia.

Per realizzare questi ideali organizzò, nel 1857, una spedizione a Sapri, per la liberazione dei contadini dall'oppressione e dallo sfruttamento dei Borboni. Quella popolazione meridionale, ancora semianalfabeta ed impreparata, non comprese questo nobile e generoso intento e trucidò, unendosi all'esercito borbonico, tutti i giovani patrioti.

Carlo Pisacane, sconvolto dal dolore per questo tragico fallimento, si suicidò.

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Reasoning about progress (1849)

In his writings the author, who was a great patriot and sacrificed himself for his homeland, combines to the cause of the political freedom, the emancipation from misery, devoting himself to the sad conditions of peasantry from southern Italy, who were oppressed and sweated by the big landowners. In order to set them free, he will organize the Sapri expedition, in which he'll find death together with his 300 brothers-in-arms.

In order to give memory to this event the poet Mercantini has written a poem "La Spigolatrice di Sapri", a touching celebration of the heroic sacrifice of so many young lives.

In this passage taken from the essay "On Revolution" the author reasons about progress, saying that, despite the fact this word is well known by everybody, nobody understands its deep meaning.

He says that it's undeniable the fact that science finds out a lot of inventions which, applied to industry, trade and human beings, transform products, landscapes, fabrics and so on, improves the quality of life, shortens distances, transforms villages in superb towns, darkness in light..

What he wonders, anyway, is if the growing of the progress is able to distribute prosperity on everybody without exception; if the progress is able to raise the sense of dignity in men, if progress is able to guarantee freedom, to fight slavery, to allow men to express their opinion..

The answer is no...where is in fact the improvement of the human condition?

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

Ragionamento sul progresso (1849)

La parola progresso suona nella bocca degli uomini d'ogni condizione, d'ogni partito, ma è da pochissimi, anzi quasi da nessuno compresa. I sorprendenti trovati della scienza che, applicati all'industria, al commercio, al vivere in generale, trasformano in mille guise i prodotti, sono fatti innegabili: noi vediamo, ove erano gruppi di capanne, sorgere superbe città; campi aspri e selvaggi squarciati dall'aratro, e resi fecondi; selve, monti, mari, superati; rozzi velli trasformati in finissime stoffe; le intemperie vinte con l'arte; le tenebre cacciate da fulgidissima luce; il navigar contro i venti; il percorrere con portentosa celerità sterminate distanze; finanche il fulmine reso rapido messaggero dell'uomo; l'immensità dei cieli, le viscere della terra esplorate; gli astri, gli animali, i vegetabili, i minerali, tutti studiati, classificati, misurati... Se questo è il progresso, niuno può negarlo o non comprenderlo...

Ma cotesto accrescimento continuo del prodotto e dell'umano sapere, spande egualmente la prosperità su tutti? Suscita nell'uomo il sentimento del proprio diritto, della dignità? Garantisce la libertà, garantisce il popolo dall'usurpazione di pochi, rende forse impossibile, sotto ogni forma, la schiavitù, ed assicura l'indipendenza dell'uomo dall'uomo, o almeno ne libra su giusta lance le correlazioni? Ognuno che vuol manifestare francamente la propria opinione, ognuno che studia la storia, che osserva il presente, risponderà: no, l'apogeo della civiltà romana, il secolo d'Augusto fu il perigeo della libertà; i rozzi italiani dell'XI secolo erano liberi, e vilissimi piaggiatori quelli del civilissimo secolo di Lorenzo De' Medici; i Francesi dello splendido secolo di Luigi XIV non furono che spregevoli cortigiani. Ove riscontrasi,



adunque, il continuato miglioramento dell'umane
condizioni?

Da “La rivoluzione”

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Salvatore Quasimodo (1901 - 1968)



He was born in Modica, near Ragusa in 1901, but he left his Sicily when he was still young. For a while he lived in Florence where, his brother-in-law Elio Vittorini introduced him in the literary circles.

Afterwards he moved to Milan and there he lived for a long time, teaching Italian Literature at the Music Institute. His first poetical period has an hermetic taste, as in *Oboe Sommerso* written in 1932. In 1949 he published his translation *Lirici Greci* which is still considered of insuperable beauty, for its ability of expressing the lyricism present in the fragments of the Greek poets.

In 1942 he published *Ed è subito sera*: in this little poem we can find, besides the love for the classical culture, the moral and civil strain that, according to the poet, must animate each poet's work.

He passed away in Naples in 1968, few years after he had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.

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Nacque a Modica, vicino a Ragusa, nel 1901, ma si allontanò giovane dalla sua Sicilia. Visse per un certo periodo a Firenze, dove il cognato Elio Vittorini lo introdusse negli ambienti letterari.

Successivamente si trasferì a Milano, dove visse a lungo, insegnando Letteratura al Conservatorio. La sua prima fase poetica è di gusto ermetico, come *Oboe sommerso*, del 1932. Nel 1940 pubblicò una sua traduzione dei *Lirici greci* che è considerata ancor oggi di insuperata bellezza, per la sua capacità di esprimere il lirismo dei frammenti di tali poeti.

Nel 1942 pubblicò *Ed è subito sera*: all'amore per la cultura classica si aggiunge la tensione morale e civile che, secondo Quasimodo, deve animare ogni poeta.

Si spense a Napoli nel 1968, pochi anni dopo essere stato insignito del premio Nobel per la Letteratura.

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Man of my time (1947)

You are still the one with the stone and the sling,
Man of my time. You were in the cockpit,
With the malevolent wings, the meridians of death,
-I have seen you - in the chariot of fire, at the gallows,
At the wheels of torture. I have seen you: it was you,
With your exact science set on extermination,
Without love, without Christ. You have killed again,
As always, as your fathers killed,
as the animals killed that saw you for the first time.
And this blood smells as on the day
When one brother told the other brother:
"Let us go into the fields." And that echo, chill, tenacious,
Has reached down to you, within your day.
Forgot, O sons, the clouds of blood
Risen from the earth, forget your fathers:
Their tombs sink down in ashes,
Black birds, the wind, cover their heart.

Translated by: Mike Towler, April 1998

Uomo del mio tempo (1947)

Sei ancora quello della pietra e della fionda,
uomo del mio tempo. Eri nella carlinga,
con le ali maligne, le meridiane di morte,
- t'ho visto - dentro il carro di fuoco, alle forche,
alle ruote di tortura. T'ho visto: eri tu,
con la tua scienza esatta persuasa allo sterminio,
senza amore, senza Cristo. Hai ucciso ancora,
come sempre, come uccisero i padri, come uccisero
gli animali che ti videro per la prima volta.
E questo sangue odora come nel giorno
quando il fratello disse all'altro fratello:
- Andiamo ai campi. - E quell'eco fredda, tenace,
è giunta fino a te, dentro la tua giornata.
Dimenticate, o figli, le nuvole di sangue
salite dalla terra, dimenticate i padri:
le loro tombe affondano nella cenere,
gli uccelli neri, il vento, coprono il loro cuore.

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Gianni Rodari (1920 - 1980)



He was born near Novara on the Orta lake in 1920 in a family of modest social conditions. His father, a baker died when he was ten. He studied as primary school teacher in 1941 and began to write tales and rhymes for children.

In the meantime he was politically committed and promoted the same values of democracy, social justice and anti-racism he taught his pupils through his poems, extraordinary simple and deep. He died in Rome in 1980.

He has the merit of having deeply renewed the literature for childhood: his works aren't any more the usual tales for children but poems and novels animated by surrealistic characters.

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Nacque vicino a Novara, sul lago d'Orta, nel 1920, da una famiglia di modeste condizioni sociali. Suo padre, un fornaio, morì di polmonite quando egli aveva solo dieci anni. Divenne maestro elementare nel 1941 ed iniziò a scrivere novelle e filastrocche per l'infanzia.

Contemporaneamente si impegnava in politica, difendendo gli stessi ideali di democrazia, giustizia sociale ed antirazzismo che proponeva ai bambini con le sue poesie, straordinariamente semplici e profonde. Morì a Roma nel 1980.

Egli ha il merito di aver rinnovato la letteratura per l'infanzia, dedicando ai bambini non più le solite favolette, ma poesie e racconti animati da personaggi surreali.

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Sunless Naples (1947)

This poem is written to celebrate the city of Naples and it is written for children in Rodari's style. It is one of the carols and nursery rhymes Rodari has written in order to express ideals of antiracism, democracy and justice he strongly believed in. Rodari had the ability to write such simple rhymes expressing a very ethical content. In this context he speaks about Naples and the serious and critical situation the city has to go through.

His rhymes are a marvellous exploration of the worlds of creativity and imagination. The author's profound understanding of the child's unspoiled imagination shines through these collected reflections on the art of inventing stories. Rodari shows teachers how to stir young imaginations by building on simple words, phrases, and rhymes; juxtaposing seemingly unrelated words and images; creating "what if" scenarios; rewriting popular folk tales; speculating on "what happens next". Analysing the essential nature of stories, jokes, riddles, and poetry, Rodari delves deep into the mysterious heart of the creative process and vividly illuminates it for the reader.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

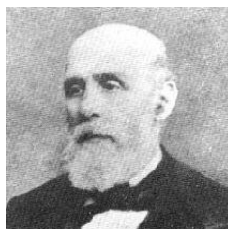
Napoli senza sole (1947)

Filastrocca del Pallonetto,
vicolo storto, vicolo stretto,
senza cielo e senza mare,
senza canzoni da cantare...
Chi farà musica e parole
per te, Napoli senza sole?

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Giovanni Domenico Ruffini (1807 - 1881)



Born in Genova in 1807, he was, together with his brothers Jacopo and Agostino, an ardent follower of Giuseppe Mazzini, the Italian patriot, philosopher and politician whose efforts helped bring about the modern Italian state in place of the several separate states, many dominated by foreign powers, that existed until the nineteenth century.

The three brothers took part to the political revolts of 1833 in order to fight the absolutism of the Savoy kingdom, but they were defeated. Jacopo was arrested and took his life in prison while Giovanni managed to escape in exile.

He fled to London where he wrote a novel, in part autobiographical, "*The Doctor Antonio*" in which the social reality of that time is well portrayed. When Italy achieved independence, Ruffini went back in his region, where he died in 1881.

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Nacque a Genova nel 1807 e fu, con i fratelli Jacopo ed Agostino, un fervente seguace di Mazzini, del quale essi condividevano gli ideali liberali.

Parteciparono ad i moti politici del 1833, nel tentativo di combattere l'assolutismo del Regno Sabauda, ma furono sconfitti. Il fratello Jacopo fu catturato e si suicidò in carcere, pur di non tradire gli altri patrioti, mentre Giovanni riuscì a fuggire in esilio.

Si rifugiò a Londra dove scrisse il bel romanzo, in gran parte autobiografico, "Il Dottor Antonio", nel quale è efficacemente rappresentata la realtà di quel tempo. Quando l'Italia raggiunse l'indipendenza gli fu possibile tornare nella sua Liguria, dove morrà nel 1881.

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Don Pasquale (1843)

Over the course of his career, the musician Gaetano Donizetti wrote 65 complete operas, and worked with at least 21 librettists. His co-librettist for *Don Pasquale* was poet, novelist and Italian patriot Giovanni Ruffini. Although Ruffini and Donizetti quickly established a cordial friendship, they had a rocky working relationship. Ruffini proclaimed the Maestro “a fine, good, and able fellow, without pretences, and simple in manner.” But the poet wasn’t so enthusiastic about the task set out for him

When Ruffini sent Donizetti verses that did not fit the existing music, the composer simply rewrote the text himself. Donizetti’s endless revisions tormented the poor poet. According to one story,

Ruffini slaved over five versions of a single rondo, only to hear Donizetti say, “an idea came to me and I decided to set your first version after all.” When finally confronted with the completed libretto, Ruffini complained that Donizetti had destroyed “that little bit of logical connection which I had studied to put into my pieces.”

Despite Ruffini’s reservations, he helped create a masterpiece. *Don Pasquale*’s libretto is economical, well-crafted, and hilarious, striking just the right balance between satire and compassion.

These humorous verses, give start to a lyric drama characterized, in addition to the wonderful music, by the narration of intriguing love events, with sly characters ready to swindle in order to allow the lovers to meet.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

Don Pasquale (1843)

Son nov'ore; di ritorno
il dottore esser dovuta.

(ascoltando)

Zitto!... Parmi... È fantasia...

Forse il vento che passò.

Che boccon di pillolina,
nipotino, vi preparo!

Vo' chiamarmi don Somaro
se veder non ve la fo.

Da “Don Pasquale” Atto I, scena I
opera di Gaetano Donizetti

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Umberto Saba (1883 - 1957)



He was born in Trieste in 1883; his mother was Jewish and she was deserted by her husband even before the author's birth. The young poet suffered this family situation so much that he refused the paternal surname, replacing it with the word Saba that in Jewish means "bread".

He didn't succeed in finishing regular studies and he soon began to work: he also worked as ship's boy on a merchant ship and was soldier during the first world war.

Ever since 1903 he began to write poems and, after the war, he bought an antiquarian bookshop. This activity allowed him to earn his living and to stay in touch with the environment he considered suitable for his literary interests. In 1921 he published the *Canzoniere*, in which he had collected the poems written since his youth without gaining, anyway, good remarks by the literary reviewers.

Because of the racial laws, he was compelled to take refuge in Florence, where Eugenio Montale helped and protected him. Some other editions of the *Canzoniere* were published in 1945 and 1945 and this time, they had a great success either by the public or the critics. These recognitions, anyway, didn't avoid him to fall in recurring bouts of depression until his death, in 1957.

His poetry has been highly influenced by his personal events and vicissitudes, from the psychoanalytical treatments to which he had to undergo, to the Central European environment of Trieste.

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Nacque a Trieste nel 1883 da madre ebrea, che fu abbandonata dal marito ancora prima che il figlio nascesse. Il giovane poeta soffrì molto per questa sua situazione familiare, tanto da rifiutare il cognome paterno, che sostituì con Saba, parola che in ebraico significa "pane".

Non riuscì a compiere studi regolari ed iniziò presto a lavorare: fu anche mozzo su una nave mercantile. Fu militare durante la prima guerra mondiale.



Fin dal 1903 aveva iniziato a scrivere poesie e, terminata la guerra, divenne proprietario di una libreria a antiquaria. Questa attività gli procurò i mezzi per vivere e l'ambiente adatto ai suoi interessi letterari. Nel 1921 pubblicò il suo Canzoniere, nel quale aveva raccolto le poesie scritte fin dalla giovinezza, senza ottenere, tuttavia, grande apprezzamento dai critici letterari.

A causa delle leggi razziali si rifugiò a Firenze, dove Montale lo protesse ed aiutò. Seguirono altre edizioni del Canzoniere, nel 1945 e 1948, che ottennero, finalmente, un grande successo di pubblico e di critica. Tali riconoscimenti non gli evitarono, tuttavia, di cadere ripetutamente, in forti crisi depressive, fino alla sua morte, avvenuta a Gorizia nel 1957.

La sua poesia è stata influenzata dalle sue vicende personali, dalle cure psicanalitiche alle quali si è dovuto sottoporre e dall'ambiente mitteleuropeo di Trieste.

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To My Soul (1921)

You delight in your unending misery.
Such, my soul, should be the worth of knowledge,
that your suffering alone should do you good.

Or is the self-deceived the lucky one?
He who cannot ever know himself
or the sentence of his condemnation?

Still, my soul, you are magnanimous;
yet how you thrill to phantom opportunities,
and so are brought down by a faithless kiss.

To me my misery is a bright summer
day, where from high up I can make out
every facet, every detail of the world below.

Nothing is obscure to me; it's all right there,
wherever my eye or my mind leads me.
My road is sad but brightened by the sun;

and everything on it, even shadow, is in light.

Translated by: Katherine Jackson

All'anima mia (1921)

Dell'inesausta tua miseria godi.
Tanto ti valga, anima mia, sapere;
sì che il tuo male, null'altro, ti giovi.

O forse avventurato è chi s'inganna?
né a se stesso scoprirsi ha in suo potere,
né mai la sua sentenza lo condanna?

Magnanima sei pure, anima nostra;
ma per quali non tuoi casi t'esalti,
sì che un bacio mentito indi ti prostra.

A me la mia miseria è un chiaro giorno
d'estate, quand'ogni aspetto dagli alti
luoghi discopro in ogni suo contomo.

Nulla m'è occulto; tutto è sì vicino
dove l'occhio o il pensiero mi conduce.
Triste ma sollegiato è il mio cammino;

e tutto in esso, fino l'ombra, è in luce.

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Vittorio Sereni (1913 - 1983)



He was born in Luino in 1913, a pleasant village at the borders between Switzerland and Lombardia. He studied in Milan and, just after having begun his activity as a teacher, he was recalled for military service because of the outbreak of the second world war and sent to Greece.

In 1941 he published his first collection of verses, *Frontiera* and, in 1943, he was taken prisoner and sent to Algeria for two years; this experience will give inspiration for the poems collected in *Diario d'Algeria*, published in 1947. At the end of the war he returned to Milan, where he devoted himself to the activities of teacher and translator until his death, in 1983.

His literary works are considered one of the most high expressions of lyric poetry of our times. His verses are characterized, in the content, by a strong moral tension and, in the style, by the research of an essential language, often linked to the concreteness of life and full of autobiographical references.

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Nacque nel 1913 a Luino, ridente cittadina al confine tra la Svizzera e la Lombardia. Studiò a Milano ed aveva appena cominciato la sua carriera di insegnante, quando fu richiamato alle armi, per lo scoppio della seconda guerra mondiale, ed inviato in Grecia.

Nel 1941 pubblicò la sua prima raccolta di versi, *Frontiera*, e nel 1943 fu fatto prigioniero ed inviato per due anni in Algeria, esperienza che gli ispirerà le poesie raccolte in *Diario d'Algeria*, del 1947. Terminata la guerra, tornerà a Milano, dove si dedicherà all'attività di insegnante e traduttore fino alla morte, avvenuta nel 1983.

La sua opera viene considerata una delle più elevate espressioni di poesia lirica del nostro tempo. I suoi versi sono caratterizzati, nel contenuto, da una forte tensione morale e, nella forma, dalla ricerca di un linguaggio essenziale, spesso legato alla concretezza della vita, con molti elementi autobiografici.

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The beach (1965)

They've all gone away -
the voice was blathering down the receiver
Then, knowingly: - They'll not return -.

But today
on this stretch of beach never visited before
those sunlight patches... Signals
of theirs, who hadn't left at all?
And when you turn they're quiet, as if nothing.

What's being wasted from day to day
is not the dead, but it's those
patches of the nonexistent, lime or ashes
ready to become light and movement.

Don't
be in doubt, - the sea's strength assails me -
speak they will.

Translated by: Marcus Perryman and Peter Robinson

La spiaggia (1965)

Sono andati via tutti -
Blaterava la voce dentro il ricevitore.
E poi, saputa: - Non torneranno più -

Ma oggi
Su questo tratto di spiaggia mai prima visitato
Quelle toppe solari... Segnali
Di loro che partiti non erano affatto?
E zitti quelli al tuo voltarti, come niente fosse.

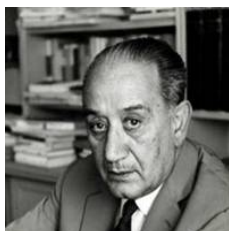
I morti non è quel che di giorno
In giorno va sprecato, ma quelle
Toppe di inesistenza, calce o cenere
Pronte a farsi movimento e luce.

Non
Dubitare, - m'investe della sua forza il mare -
Parleranno.

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Ignazio Silone (1900 - 1978)



Ignazio Silone was born in 1900 in Piscina dei Marsi in the region of Abruzzo, in a family of modest landlords which was destroyed by an earthquake in 1915. He abandoned his studies to commit himself to the political activity. First he joined the socialist party and then he took part in the foundation of the communist party in 1921 in Livorno.

He lived as if he was in exile during the fascist dictatorship and went on several trips to the Soviet Union denouncing the extremely sad conditions in which the Italians lived in those years. In 1930 after he got to know also Stalin's dictatorship, he left the communist party and moved to Switzerland where in 1933 he published the romance *Fontamara*, which was translated in 30 different languages and assured him worldwide popularity.

Afterwards he published *Vino e pane* and *Il seme sotto la neve*. In 1945, at the end of the war, he came back to Italy and took part in the constituent assembly as a representative of the socialist party. In those years he started to interpret the Socialism his own way in the light of the Christian beliefs which he went into deeper and deeper till his death happened in Geneva in 1978.

His works *Il segreto di Luca* and *Avventura di un povero cristiano* are quite meaningful from the faith point of view. In the latter the author goes through the Pope Celestino V's life who renounced the pontificate in order to live in poverty and asceticism.

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Ignazio Silone, il cui vero nome era Secondo Tranquilli, nacque nel 1900 a Pescina dei Marsi, in Abruzzo, da una famiglia di piccoli proprietari terrieri che fu distrutta dal terremoto del 1915. Egli abbandonò gli studi per dedicarsi all'attività politica, aderendo prima al Partito Socialista e poi partecipando alla storica fondazione del Partito Comunista nel 1921, a Livorno.

Visse da esule durante la dittatura fascista, compiendo numerosi viaggi nell'Unione Sovietica e denunciando le tristi condizioni di vita degli Italiani in quegli anni. Nel 1930, avendo conosciuto anche la dittatura di Stalin, uscì dal partito comunista e si stabilì in Svizzera, dove, nel 1933 pubblicò il romanzo *Fontamara*, che fu tradotto in trenta lingue e gli assicurò fama internazionale.



Successivamente pubblicò *Vino e pane* e *Il seme sotto la neve*. Nel 1945, terminata al guerra, rientrò in Italia e partecipò, come rappresentante del Partito Socialista, ai lavori dell'Assemblea Costituente. In questi anni iniziò una sua personale interpretazione del Socialismo alla luce dei valori cristiani, che egli approfondì fino alla morte, avvenuta a Ginevra nel 1978.

Molto significative, dal punto di vista della fede, le opere *Il segreto di Luca* ed *Avventura di un povero cristiano*. In questa ultima l'autore ripercorre la vicenda umana di Papa Celestino V che, per restare fedele alla sua scelta di povertà ed alla sua vocazione all'asceti, rinunciò al pontificato.

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from "Fontamara" (1933)

Fontamara is the most famous novel written by Silone. It has been translated into many languages and it describes a world of farmers, peasants who are poor and desperate, and cannot change their conditions of living. Fontamara is an underdeveloped village; its inhabitants will never take part in the external world. The vision is very pessimistic as it arises from those words above.

It is widely accepted that *Fontamara*, exercised extraordinary influence as a document of anti-Fascist propaganda outside Italy in the late 1930s. The persuasive force of the novel in that period was recently recalled by Michael Foot, the veteran British Labour politician, who wrote that

"ever since the murder of the socialist leader, Giacomo Matteotti, in 1924, no real excuse existed for those who could not publish or face the truth. But fiction can sometimes speak more strongly than fact. For some of us, *Fontamara* planted a more indelible impression than any other report from that scene of tyranny and terror."

Fontamara, it is clear, played a major role in discrediting Mussolini's regime in the eyes of a wide readership hitherto not reached, or not persuaded, by the reports from journalists in the less conservative press of the vacuousness

of Fascist rhetoric and the viciousness of its practice. But just as remarkable as the specific political role that the novel played in that time and context, and much less noticed by literary historians, is the way in which *Fontamara* was subsequently to prove itself to be highly polyvalent, not merely in the sense that it came to be interpreted in different keys, but also in that it has engaged with political history in a number of different ways, as it has come to be read at

da "Fontamara" (1933)

«In capo a tutti c'è Dio, padrone del cielo.

Questo ognuno lo sa.

Poi viene il principe di Torlonia, padrone della terra.

Poi vengono le guardie del principe.

Poi vengono i cani delle guardie del principe.

Poi, nulla.

Poi, ancora nulla.

Poi, ancora nulla.

Poi vengono i cafoni.

E si può dire ch'è finito.»



several distinct moments and locations over almost sixty years.

Ignazio Silone wrote *Fontamara* in Switzerland during 1930 and 1931, mostly in a sanatorium, after eight years of clandestine anti-Fascist activity, inside and outside Italy, as an important official of the Italian Communist Party. Although an Italian edition was published in Paris in 1934, and a few copies did circulate among anti-Fascists in Italy.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

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Sergio Solmi (1899 - 1981)



He was born in Rieti in 1899 and devoted himself, since he was still very young, to the poetic activity, choosing to keep independent with reference to the literary movements of his time. He actively collaborated to the Rivoluzione liberale of Gobetti, translated foreign works and wrote essays about the French Revolution, published in 1942.

He also edited a collection of science fiction novels, *Le meraviglie del possibile*, the preface of which has been very useful for the knowledge and dissemination of this literary genre.

The collections of his poems, such as *Fine di stagione*, 1933, are characterized by a classical, elegant and neat form, although pervaded by a strong intellectual and sentimental strain which recalls the Leopardi's poems.

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Nacque a Rieti nel 1899 e si dedicò, fin da giovane, all'attività poetica. Ha scelto di restare indipendente dalle correnti letterarie del tempo. Ha collaborato attivamente alla Rivoluzione liberale di Gobetti. Ha tradotto opere e scritto saggi sulla letteratura francese, pubblicati nel 1942.

Ha curato una raccolta di scritti di fantascienza, *Le meraviglie del possibile*, la cui prefazione è stata utilissima per la conoscenza e la diffusione di questo genere letterario.

Le raccolte delle sue poesie, come *Fine di stagione*, del 1933, sono caratterizzate da una forma classica, elegante e composta, anche se pervasa da una forte tensione intellettuale e sentimentale, che ricorda, talvolta, le liriche leopardiane.

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Prayer to life (1956)

This poetry celebrates life and all emotions that life brings along. The style is elegant and classical and the contrast between the equilibrium of the linguistic form and the content which is extremely deep and emotionally strong makes the experience of life even more vividly gone through. Solmi in his involving style sometimes recalls Leopardi's lyrics.

His poetry, on the one end is strictly linked to the linguistic history of the twentieth century (he is in fact in the middle of the path which, starting from the "crepuscular", leads to the "hermetics"); on the other hand is scarred by the deep trouble of a man who looks for an afterlife. The poet is the voice and the testimony of his overthrow times, by clarifying with determination, responsibilities and positions and by putting in his work, his consciousness, his judgement, his painful participation.

Solmi, in an interview, defined his ideal of poet like this: "a poetry integrally pertaining men, whose music is the breath of voice, whose rhythm is the game of muscles, the pulse of blood, the expanding of the chest in the breathing. A poetry forcefully defined, made by precise words, in the sentences of which we can find a feeling and a passionate and active thought. A poetry which can't refrain from tradition because tradition has been elaborated from the structure itself of the man in the course of history".

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

Preghiera alla vita (1956)

Perché più bruci, per meglio sentirti,
perché sempre il cuor mi divida
il tuo taglio assetato di lama,
perché la notte smanioso
invano a cercarti io mi dibatta
e mi raggiunga l'alba
come una morte amica,
tregua non darmi, mia vita,
lasciami l'umiliata povertà,
le nere insonnie, le cure ed i mali.
Lasciami il delirante desiderio
che si gonfia in miraggi
e il timido sangue che s'agita ad ogni
soffio.

Perché più bruci, per meglio sentire
questo tuo bacio che torce e scolora,
ogni mia fibra consuma al tuo fuoco,
ogni pensiero soggioga ed annulla,
ogni tuo dolce, la pace e la gioia,
negami ancora.

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Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa (1896 - 1957)



He was born in Sicily, in Palermo in 1896, into an aristocratic family; he married a princess interested in psychoanalysis studies and this surely contributed to his constant and sharp observation of the multiform human nature.

He took part to both the world wars and only in the last years of his life he devoted himself to the fiction, so that his masterpiece "*The Gattopardo*" had a posthumous publication.

His literary style recalls, in part, the Realism of Giovanni Verga (in particular the descriptions of their homeland, Sicily); yet, it also anticipates the Decadentism movement, as in his narration there is the sense of a slow but ineluctable and ruinous decline of the social class and island to which the author belongs, both doomed by their immobilism.

He died in Rome in 1957, after having seen the birth of the Italian Republic in 1946.

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Nacque in Sicilia, a Palermo, nel 1896, da una famiglia aristocratica, e sposò una principessa studiosa di psicanalisi, che certamente contribuì al suo costante atteggiamento di acutissimo osservatore della multiforme realtà umana.

Partecipò ad entrambe le guerre mondiali e solo negli ultimi anni della sua vita si dedicò alla narrativa, tanto che il suo celebre romanzo, "*Il Gattopardo*", è stato pubblicato postumo.

Il suo stile letterario ricorda, in parte, il Verismo del Verga (in particolare per le descrizioni della loro stessa terra di Sicilia), ma, ancor più, anticipa il Decadentismo per il senso di una lenta, ma inevitabile, fatale rovina della classe sociale e dell'isola alla quale l'autore appartiene, condannate entrambe dal loro immobilismo.

Mori a Roma nel 1957, dopo aver visto, nel 1946, la nascita della Repubblica Italiana.

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The leopard (1958)

The most important work of this writer is the novel “Il Gattopardo”, in which it is described the decaying beauty of a noble Sicilian family. The protagonist, the prince of Salina, watches helplessly the changes that history imposes to his island: from the annexation to the Piedmont kingdom to the prevailing of the middle class, represented by ordinary but rich people. The background of these events is Sicily, showed as a land rich in contrasts, flooded by sun and strong passions.

Most of the novel is set during the time of the Italian Risorgimento, specifically during the period when Garibaldi, the hero of Italian unification, swept through Sicily with his forces, known as the Thousands. As the novel opens in 1860, Garibaldi's Redshirts are about to topple the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, completing the unification of Italy. Don Fabrizio finds the corpse of a government soldier killed by the Redshirts on his property, forcing him to acknowledge the coming change in Sicilian society, even as his family continues its empty aristocratic life in blissful ignorance. We meet Tancredi Falconeri, the son of Don Fabrizio's sister. Tancredi is handsome and witty, with grand ambitions but no fortune behind him to allow him to fulfill his goals. With the family at their summer retreat in Donnafugata, Tancredi appears set to wed his cousin (and Don Fabrizio's daughter), Concetta, when he sees Angelica Sedàra, a girl of seventeen who has just returned to Donnafugata after four years at a finishing school in Florence. Formerly awkward and unpolished, Angelica is now a stunning beauty and exhibits a formal if somewhat superficial polish that more than suffices to catch Tancredi's eye. The two immediately begin a courtship that includes several walks through the unused and decaying rooms of the Salina family

Il Gattopardo (1958)

“...La mattina dopo il sole illuminò il Principe rinfrancato. Aveva preso il caffè ed in veste da camera rossa fiorata di nero si radeva dinanzi allo specchietto. Bendicò poggiava il testone pesante sulla sua pantofola. Mentre si radeva la guancia destra, vide nello specchio, dietro la sua, la faccia di un giovanotto, un volto magro distinto con un'espressione di timorosa beffa. Non si voltò e continuò a radersi. “Tancredi, cosa hai combinato la notte scorsa?”. “Buongiorno zio. Cosa ho combinato? Niente di niente: sono stato con gli amici. Una notte santa. Non come certe conoscenze mie che sono state a divertirsi a Palermo”.....”Ma perché sei vestito così? Cosa c'è? Un ballo in maschera di mattina?”. Il ragazzo era diventato serio: il suo volto triangolare assunse un'inaspettata espressione virile. “Parto zione, parto tra un'ora. Sono venuto a dirti addio”. Il povero Salina si sentì stringere il cuore. “Un duello?”. “Un grande duello, zio. Un duello con Franceschiello Dio Guardi. Vado nelle montagne a Ficuzza; non lo dire a nessuno, soprattutto non a Paolo. Si preparano grandi cose, zio, ed io non voglio restare a casa. Dove del resto mi acchiapperebbero subito se vi restassi”. ... “Sei pazzo figlio mio. Andare a mettersi con quella gente. Sono tutti mafiosi e imbrogliatori. Un Falconeri dev'essere con noi, per il Re”. Gli occhi ripresero a sorridere. “Per il Re, certo, ma per quale Re?”.



palace, providing the reader with a metaphorical rendering of the decline of the Italian aristocracy's importance and moral relevance.

As the novel progresses, Don Fabrizio finds himself in an existential crisis that none of his family members or confidants can understand; aristocracy was once its own reason for being, but with that gone, what is Don Fabrizio's purpose in life? Tancredi's marriage to Angelica serves as a symbol of the transfer of power from the patrician to the plebeian, from the privileged to the opportunistic. The text is littered with hints that Tancredi and Angelica's marriage was not altogether a happy one, but was a productive one for the ambitions of both of its participants.

As the novel winds to a close, we see Don Fabrizio in his death throes, contemplating not his own future but that of his family and his life. The novel ends in 1910 with the Salina line reaching its end with Concetta, now a spinster in her 70s, conversing with the widowed Angelica and ultimately deciding to discard long-held material possessions that were reminders of her family's past, long since rendered irrelevant by history.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

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Federigo Tozzi (1883 - 1920)



He was born in Siena in 1883 and his childhood was very sad for his mother's death and oppressed by his father's up-bringing which was tough and authoritarian. He grew up with a very reserved character and a tormented sensitivity which made it difficult for him to study regularly but for his devotion to literature.

When his father died, thank to the heritage received, was in the position to marry a very well educated lady as well as to have a house in the countryside where he could dedicated himself to the ancient and medieval authors among whom there was Santa Caterina.

In 1914 he moved to Roma where he met Pirandello and published his best romance *Con gli occhi chiusi* pervaded with autobiographical references and rich of psychological analysis of his characters which will be one of the major aspects of the great narrators in the following century. He died very young in 1920.

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Nacque a Siena nel 1883 e visse un'infanzia oppressa dalla figura paterna, rude ed eccessivamente autoritaria, e rattristata dalla morte della madre. Crebbe con un carattere chiuso ed una sensibilità tormentata, che gli impedirono di frequentare studi regolari, ma non di dedicarsi alla letteratura.

Alla morte del padre, grazie all'eredità ricevuta, poté sposare una ragazza colta e gentile, stabilirsi in una tranquilla residenza di campagne e dedicarsi serenamente allo studio degli autori antichi e del medioevo senese, fra i quali predilesse Santa Caterina.

Nel 1914 si trasferì a Roma, dove entrò in contatto con Pirandello e pubblicò il suo migliore romanzo *Con gli occhi chiusi*, pervaso di riferimenti autobiografici e ricco di analisi psicologiche dei personaggi, che saranno una delle maggiori caratteristiche dei grandi narratori del '900. Si spense prematuramente nel 1920.

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From “Three crosses” (1920)

This piece of writing is taken from “Tre Croci” a novel that Tozzi published in 1920. It was even more successful than the previous one ‘Con gli occhi chiusi’ which had actually more lyrical and elegant traits. This romance develops in very sad lines but it is epic and for this reason it is also very attractive for the readers. This piece of writing describes Siena, Tozzi’s home-town and it is the protagonist of many scenes where the characters move and act. Here we can identify the sadness coming from the conflicting relationship that Tozzi had with Siena which is fascinating but at the same time does not offer any opportunity to inhabitants and great men.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

Da “Tre croci” (1920)

“Il vento frusciava nei giardini e negli orti a piedi delle case, dentro la cinta delle mura di Siena. Si sentiva chiudere qualche persiana sbattendo; e c'era un piccolo eco affilato e rauco che ripeteva pazientemente in fondo agli orti quel rumore; come se andasse ad appiattirsi laggiù; dove gli archi della fonte di Follonica s'interrano fino a mezzo; impiasticciati di muschi che si sfanno con il tartaro dell'acquiccia. L'erta delle case, silenziose, morte, non sentiva le foglie di un gran tiglio, sotto la finestra della camera, staccarsi l'una dopo l'altra, senza che potessero smettere più”

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Trilussa (1871 - 1950)



He was born in Rome in 1871, in a poor family. He didn't like the classic and traditional culture and, since he was very young, he devoted himself to the poetry in dialect.

In his several poems collections (such as *Favole romanesche*, 1900, *Ommini e bestie*, 1908, *Lupi ed agnelli*, 1919, *La gente*, 1927) he passed from the moralizing tale, which recalls Esopo, to the witty and sometimes ironical criticism of his age customs.

One of his works is the commentary of about fifty years of Italian life (with some predilection for Rome) from the Giolitti's age to the Fascism until the post war period.

In his verses we can sometimes feel a subtle melancholy, from which he immediately runs away by turning to some ironical witticism. He became more and more famous also because he used to read his own verses in public, either in Italy or abroad. He died in Rome in 1950, few months after having had the honour to be appointed senator for life by the Republic President Einaudi.

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Nacque a Roma nel 1871, da famiglia di condizioni modeste. Non amò la cultura tradizionale e fin da giovane si dedicò alla poesia dialettale.

Nelle sue diverse raccolte di poesie (come *Favole romanesche*, del 1900, *Ommini e bestie*, del 1908, *Lupi ed agnelli*, del 1919, *La gente*, del 1927) passò dalla favoletta moraleggiante, che ricorda Esopo, alla critica arguta, talvolta ironica, dei costumi del suo tempo.

Egli ha commentato circa cinquanta anni della vita italiana (con una certa predilezione per Roma), dall'epoca di Giolitti, al fascismo, agli anni del dopoguerra.

Talvolta si avverte nei suoi versi una sottile malinconia, dalla quale egli subito sfugge ricorrendo a battute ironiche. Divenne popolarissimo, anche perché egli amava leggere personalmente i suoi versi, sia in Italia che all'estero. Morì a Roma nel 1950, pochi mesi dopo aver avuto l'onore di essere nominato senatore a vita da Einaudi.

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The injustices of the world (1927)

This poem is a statement of how unfair the world is in terms of how people who commit the same bad actions are treated by society depending on whether they are from high society or from very low class. The fortune of Trilussa, near the public, is exceptional. His poetry has been fully successful, in particular during his life when poetry, after having been symbolic and crepuscular, spoke a language very far from the comprehension of the readers.

Trilussa's poetry is evidently rooted in a middle-class mentality, but it is surely illustrated by values of prudence, moderation, common sense, as well as anti-intellectualism and prudery which, generally are associated to the middle-class mentality.

The centrality of the political theme, or of satire against politics, come from these values and it is easy to blame the poet for indifferentism. His modernity lies in the naturalness with whom, behind those subtle middle-class banalities and the disbelief and protest clichés, his poetry becomes the mouthpiece of an implicit mood, of the hopeless dissatisfaction and resignation, the flag of those who continue to have a nagging doubt that moderation and wisdom, even important, aren't enough.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

L'ingiustizzie der monno (1927)

Quanno che senti di' "cleptomania"
è segno ch'è un signore ch'ha rubbato:
er ladro ricco è sempre un ammalato
e er furto che commette è una pazzia.

Ma se domani è un povero affamato
che rubba una pagnotta e scappa via
pe' lui nun c'è nessuna malatia
che j'impedisca d'esse condannato!

Così va er monno! L'antra settimana
che Yeta se n'agnede còr sartore¹
tutta la gente disse: - È una puttana. -

Ma la duchessa, che scappò in America
còr cammeriere de l'ambasciatore,
- Povera donna! - dissero - È un'isterica!...

¹*Fuggì col sarto.*

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Giuseppe Ungaretti (1888 - 1970)



He was born in 1888 in Alessandria d'Egitto, of Italian parents, who came from Lucca. In 1912 he left Africa and moved to Paris in order to continue his studies at the Sorbonne University.

In the lively cultural circles of the French capital, he knew and got in touch with Apollinaire, Bergson and Picasso. At the looming of the first world war, he came back to Italy, where he sided with the interventionists, volunteered and was sent to fight on the Carso at first and at the French front later.

The tragic experience of the war and of the trench life will inspire him with the poems collected in *Il porto sepolto*, which later will come together in the *Allegria di naufragi*, in 1919.

The verses of this compositions are simple, bare and without punctuation, in contrast with the rhetoric of D'Annunzio which dominated at those times; for this they are considered as one of the most elevated expressions of the Hermetic movement .

Afterwards he went through a deep spiritual crisis but he overcame it, achieving a deeper Christian faith. In the collection of poems, the *Sentimento del tempo*, 1933, in which he faces the sorrow in its collective dimension he came back to the traditional metrics and use of the punctuation.

From 1936 to 1942 he taught Italian Literature in the University of San Paul, Brazil. In this period his nine years old son died and this tragedy will give him the inspiration for *Il dolore* (The sorrow), a collection of poems dedicated to the considerations about death and sorrow, in their individual dimensions. He lived, finally, some years of intense literary activity in Milan, where he passed away in 1970.

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Nacque nel 1888 ad Alessandria d'Egitto, da genitori italiani, originari di Lucca. Nel 1912 lasciò l'Africa e si trasferì a Parigi, per poter proseguire i suoi studi alla Sorbona.

Nel fervido ambiente culturale della capitale francese poté conoscere Apollinaire, Bergson e Picasso. Al profilarsi della prima guerra mondiale tornò in Italia, si schierò con gli



interventisti, si arruolò come volontario e fu inviato a combattere prima sul Carso e poi sul fronte Francese.

L'esperienza tragica della guerra e della vita in trincea gli ispirerà le poesie de *Il porto sepolto*, che poi confluiranno nell'*Allegria di naufragi*, del 1919.

I versi di questi componimenti sono semplici, scarni e privi di punteggiatura, in contrasto con la retorica dannunziana, dominante in quella epoca, e vengono considerati una delle più elevate espressioni dell'Ermetismo.

Successivamente attraversò una profonda crisi spirituale, che riuscì a superare tornando ad una più profonda fede cristiana. Nella raccolta di poesie *il Sentimento del tempo*, del 1933, in cui affronta il dolore nella sua dimensione collettiva, egli torna alla metrica tradizionale ed all'uso della punteggiatura.

Dal 1936 al 1942 insegnò Letteratura Italiana in Brasile, all'Università di S. Paolo. In questo periodo perse il figlio Antonietto di soli nove anni, esperienza che gli ispirò *Il dolore*, raccolta di poesie dedicate alla riflessione sulla morte e sulla sofferenza nella sua dimensione individuale. Visse infine intensi anni di attività letteraria a Milano, dove si spense nel 1970.

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Rivers (1931)

This mutilated tree gives
Me support, left in this pot-hole
It has the bitterness of a circus
Before or after the show.

I watch

The quiet passage of
Clouds over the moon.
This morning I stretched
Myself in an urn of water,
Like a relic, and rested.

The Isonzo scoured

Me like

One of its stones.

I pulled my four
limbs together,
And went, like an acrobat,
Over the water.

Crouched by my clothes
Fouled with war, I inclined
My head, like a Bedouin,
To receive the sun.

This is the Isonzo.

And it is there I
Most see myself

In the universe

A compliant
Thread.

My pain is
When I do not believe
Myself in harmony.
But those hidden
Hands give as they knead me
A rare joy.
I have relived

I fiumi (1931)

Mi tengo a quest'albero mutilato
Abbandonato in questa dolina

Che ha il languore

Di un circo

Prima o dopo lo spettacolo

E guardo

Il passaggio quieto
Delle nuvole sulla luna
Stamani mi sono disteso

In un'urna d'acqua

E come una reliquia

Ho riposato

L'Isonzo scorrendo

Mi levigava

Come un suo sasso

Ho tirato su

Le mie quattro ossa

E me ne sono andato

Come un acrobata

Sull'acqua

Mi sono accoccolato

Vicino ai miei panni

Sudici di guerra

E come un beduino

Mi sono chinato a ricevere

Il sole

Questo è l'Isonzo

E qui meglio

Mi sono riconosciuto

Una docile fibra

Dell'universo

Il mio supplizio

È quando

Non mi credo



The stages of my life.
The Serchio: from
Which have drawn, perhaps
For two thousand years
My country people, my father,
My mother.
This is the Nile
That has seen me be born,
And grow
And burn in ignorance on
Extending plains.
This is the Seine; and I mingled
In that muddiness learning each
Part of all myself.
These are my rivers confluent
In the Isonzo.
This is my nostalgia
That in each
One shines through me, now
It is night, and my life seems
A budding
Off of shades

Translation found in: www.ungarettionline.it

In armonia
Ma quelle occulte
Mani
Che m'intridono
Mi regalano
La rara
Felicità
Ho ripassato
Le epoche
Della mia vita
Questi sono
I miei fiumi
Questo è il Serchio
Al quale hanno attinto
Duemil'anni forse
Di gente mia campagnola
E mio padre e mia madre.
Questo è il Nilo
Che mi ha visto
Nascere e crescere
E ardere d'inconsapevolezza
Nelle distese pianure
Questa è la Senna
E in quel suo torbido
Mi sono rimescolato
E mi sono conosciuto
Questi sono i miei fiumi
Contati nell'Isonzo
Questa è la mia nostalgia
Che in ognuno
Mi traspare
Ora ch'è notte
Che la mia vita mi pare
Una corolla
Di tenebre

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Giovanni Verga (1840 - 1922)



Giovanni Verga is the most important and representative Italian Realist writer (in Italy called Verismo). Born into a liberal and noble family of Catania in Sicily, he lived for some periods in Florence and Milan but, later, he preferred to come back to his home town where he died in 1922.

Animated by patriot feelings, he volunteered in the Garibaldi troops and fought for the Unity of Italy.

Devoted to literature, he wrote his first works according to the Romanticism rules: in 1871 he wrote “*Storia di una capinera*”, the story of an impracticable love which will bring the hero into madness and death.

Later, anyway, he will join to the literary movement of the Verism (Realism) and, probably as a reaction to the excess of sentimentalism adopted previously, he will adopt the literary model of the author’s “impersonality” that is the ability of describing the reality without expressing any personal feeling.

The works which mainly give expression to this literary model are two famous novels (“*The Malavoglia*” and “*Mastro don Gesualdo*”) and a lot of short stories whose characters are humble, suffering and defeated by the hardness of life (for example the protagonist of the short story “*Rosso Malpelo*”, a character who works, slaves and dies in a solfatara mine, as his father before him).

In his works, the author tackles the social problems which troubled the first decades of the Italian Kingdom and brought to death the king Umberto I, killed by an anarchist in 1900 because of the excessive crudeness with whom the workers revolt had been repressed. The style of his works is sober and intense at the same time, and the rhythm recalls the Sicilian inflections, the dialects of that island beloved and described by Verga in its most painful aspects.

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È lo scrittore che più d'ogni altro rappresenta il Verismo in Italia. Nacque a Catania nel 1840 da una famiglia di origini nobili e di sentimenti liberali, visse per alcuni periodi a Firenze e Milano, ma poi preferì tornare nella sua città natale, dove morì nel 1922.

Animato da ideali patriottici, si arruolò nelle truppe di Garibaldi e combatté per l'unità d'Italia.

Dedicatosi alla letteratura, scrisse le sue prime opere aderendo al Romanticismo: nel 1871 scrisse la “Storia di una capinera”, storia di un amore impossibile, che porterà la protagonista alla follia ed alla morte.

Ma, successivamente, egli aderirà alla corrente letteraria del Verismo, e, quasi come forma di reazione all'eccessivo sentimentalismo del periodo precedente, adotterà il canone letterario della “impersonalità” dell'autore, che deve descrivere la realtà senza esprimere alcun sentimento proprio, ma facendolo scaturire dalla narrazione stessa.

Le opere che esprimono questo ideale letterario sono due romanzi (“I Malavoglia” e “Mastro don Gesualdo”) e numerose novelle, che hanno come protagonisti personaggi umili, spesso sofferenti e vinti dalla durezza della vita (come il protagonista della novella “Rosso Malpelo” che lavora, fatica e muore nella miniera, come suo padre).

Lo stile di queste opere è sobrio ed intenso ed il ritmo riprende la cadenza dei dialetti siciliani, di quel isola che l'autore amò e volle descrivere nei suoi aspetti più dolenti.

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The Malavoglia
(The house by the Medlar Tree)
Chapter I
(1881-1882)

There was a time when the Malavoglia were as thick as the stones on the Trezza road. You could find them even at Ognina and Aci Castello, all seagoing folks, good, upright, the exact opposite of what you would think from their nickname. And this is as it should be. In the parish register they were in truth called Toscano but they didn't mean a thing, for ever since this world was a world they'd been known from father to son as Malavoglia at Ognina, Trezza, and Aci Castello, and they had always had their boats in the water and their own roof tiles in the sun. But now at Trezza all that was left on them was master 'Ntoni, branch of the Malavoglia who lived in the house by the medlar tree and kept the *Provvidenza* moored on the beach below the wash shed, alongside Uncle's Cola *Concetta* and Master Fortunato Cipolla's big trawler.

The squalls that had driven the other Malavoglia here, there, and everywhere had passes over the house by the medlar tree and the boat moored below the wash shed without doing too much damage; and Master 'Ntoni to explain the miracle, used to lift his clenched fist, a fist made like a chunk of walnut, and say: "To pull an oar the five fingers must work together".

He also used to say: "Men are made like the fingers of a hand: the thumb must act as a thumb and the little finger must act like a little finger".

And Master 'Ntoni family was truly set out like the fingers of a hand. First came the old man himself, the thumb, who commanded when to feast and when to fast; then his son Bastiano, called Bastianazzo because he was so big and burly as the St. Christopher painted under the arch of the

I Malavoglia - cap I
(1881-1882)

...Un tempo i Malavoglia erano stati numerosi come i sassi della strada vecchia di Trezza; ce n'erano persino ad Ognina, e ad Aci Castello, tutti buona e brava gente di mare, proprio all'opposto di quel che sembrava dal nomignolo, come dev'essere. Veramente nel libro della parrocchia si chiamavano Toscano, ma questo non voleva dir nulla, poiché da che il mondo era mondo, all'Ognina, a Trezza e ad Aci Castello, li avevano sempre conosciuti per Malavoglia, di padre in figlio, che avevano sempre avuto delle barche sull'acqua, e delle tegole al sole. Adesso a Trezza non rimanevano che i Malavoglia di padron 'Ntoni, quelli della casa del nespolo, e della *Provvidenza* ch'era ammarrata sul greto, sotto il lavatoio, accanto alla *Concetta* dello zio Cola, e alla paranza di padron Fortunato Cipolla.

Le burrasche che avevano disperso di qua e di là gli altri Malavoglia, erano passate senza far gran danno sulla casa del nespolo e sulla barca ammarrata sotto il lavatoio, e padron 'Ntoni, per spiegare il miracolo, solea dire, mostrando il pugno chiuso – un pugno che sembrava fatto di legno di noce – Per menare il remo bisogna che le cinque dita s'aiutino l'un l'altro. Diceva pure, - Gli uomini son fatti come le dita della mano: il dito grosso deve far da dito grosso, e il dito piccolo deve far da dito piccolo.

E la famigliuola di padron 'Ntoni era realmente disposta come le dita della mano. Prima veniva lui, il dito grosso, che comandava le feste e le quarant'ore; poi suo figlio Bastiano, Bastianazzo, perché era grande e grosso quanto il San Cristoforo che c'era dipinto sotto l'arco



fish market in the city of Catania; and big and burly as he was he'd put about directly when ordered, and wouldn't ever blow his nose without his father say-so. In fact he had taken Maruzza for a wife when he'd been told to take her. Then came La longa, a tiny woman who kept busy weaving, salting anchovies and bearing children like a good housewife. And last the grandchildren, in order of age. 'Ntoni, the elder, a loafer of twenty, who was still getting clouts from his grandfather; and then a few kicks lower down to straighten him when the clouts had been too hard. Then Luca who, his grandfather always said, had more good sense than his older brother; and Mena, short for Filomena, who was nicknamed Saint Agata because she was forever at the loom and you know what they say: Woman at the loom, hen in the coop and mullet in January. After Mena came Alessio, Alessi for short, a little snot-nose who was the splitting image of his grandfather; and finally Lia, short for Rosalia, who was not yet fish, flesh or fowl. On Sundays, when they walked into church, one behind the other, it looked like a procession...

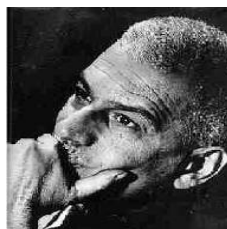
Translated by: Raymond Rosenthal

della pescheria della città; e così grande e grosso com'era filava diritto alla manovra comandata, e non si sarebbe soffiato il naso se suo padre non gli avesse detto "soffiati il naso" tanto che s'era tolta in moglie la Longa quando gli avevano detto "pigliatela". Poi veniva la Longa, una piccina che badava a tessere, salare le acciughe, e far figliuoli, da buona massaia; infine i nipoti, in ordine di anzianità: 'Ntoni, il maggiore, un bighellone di vent'anni, che si buscava tutt'ora qualche scappellotto dal nonno, e qualche pedata più giù per rimettere l'equilibrio, quando lo scappellotto era stato troppo forte; Luca, "che aveva più giudizio del grande" ripeteva il nonno; Mena (Filomena) soprannominata "Sant'Agata", perché stava sempre al telaio, e si suol dire "donna di telaio, gallina di pollaio, e triglia di gennaio"; Alessi (Alessio) un moccioso tutto suo nonno colui!; e Lia (Rosalia) ancora né carne né pesce. - Alla domenica, quando entravano in chiesa, l'uno dietro l'altro, pareva una processione...

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Elio Vittorini (1908 - 1966)



He was born in Siracusa in 1908 and followed his father who was a railwayman in all his journeys. He grew up with a deep passion for travelling and adventures. During his teenage he escaped from home several times interrupted his studies and started to work in Gorizia in a construction site.

In 1927 he married Rosa Quasimodo, the great poets' sister. Since 1930, he lived in Firenze, worked for *Nazione*, the daily newspaper of the city, and started studying literature again as self-taught. He dedicated himself to English and American authors that he translated and spread out with Pavese's contribution too.

When the war broke out in 1936, he fought on the Republicans' side also writing provoking articles against Franco. This caused his expulsion from the Fascist party. In 1938, after he moved to Milano, he joined the Communist party and from 1943 onward he took part in the fights for Liberation.

In these years he wrote *Conversazione in Sicilia* which is one of the most beautiful narrative works in 1900 for his high style, and *Uomini e no* which is a romance speaking about his own experience in the Resistance.

His literature activity open to foreign poems and prose and his desire to renovate the Italian culture, caused Togliatti's disapproval so that he felt obliged to abandon the party.

He worked very hard till his death which happened in 1966 and collaborated with several publishers (Bompiani, Einaudi, Mondadori) and founded some magazines, *Politecnico* and *Il Menabò* which he ran with Calvino, so that he could spread out the new emerging authors of those times.

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Nacque a Siracusa nel 1908 e, seguendo il padre ferroviere nei suoi numerosi spostamenti, crebbe acquisendo precocemente l'amore per i viaggi e le avventure. Durante la sua adolescenza fuggì più volte da casa, interrompendo gli studi e cominciando a lavorare a Gorizia in un cantiere edile.



Nel 1927 sposò Rosa Quasimodo, sorella del grande poeta. Dal 1930 visse a Firenze, lavorando alla Nazione, il quotidiano della città, e proseguendo gli studi letterari da autodidatta. Si dedicò con passione agli autori inglesi ed americani, che tradusse, contribuendo alla loro diffusione insieme a Pavese.

Nel 1936, allo scoppio della guerra in Spagna, si schierò con i Repubblicani e scrisse accesi articoli contro Franco, che gli causarono l'espulsione dal Partito Fascista. Nel 1938, trasferitosi a Milano, si iscrisse al Partito Comunista e dal 1943 partecipò alle lotte per la Liberazione.

In questi anni scrisse *Conversazione in Sicilia*, una delle opere di narrativa più belle del '900 per l'elevatezza di stile, e *Uomini e no*, romanzo che racchiude le sue esperienze della Resistenza.

La sua attività letteraria, aperta anche alle opere straniere, ed il suo desiderio di rinnovare la cultura italiana, lo esposero alla disapprovazione di Togliatti, rigido censore, tanto da indurlo ad abbandonare il Partito Comunista.

Lavorò instancabilmente fino alla morte, avvenuta nel 1966, collaborando con più case editrici (Bompiani, Einaudi, Mondadori) e fondando nuove riviste (il Politecnico e Il Menabò, che diresse insieme a Calvino), animato anche dal desiderio costante di far conoscere nuovi giovani autori.

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**from “Conversations in Sicily”
extract from Chapter I (1938-39)**

“That winter I was in the grip of abstract furies. I won't be more specific, that's not what I've set out to tell. But I have to say that they were abstract, not heroic, not living; they were furies, in some way, for all doomed humanity. This went on for a long time, and I went around with my head hung low. I saw posters for the newspapers blaring their ads and I hung my head; I saw friends for an hour or two without saying a word, and I hung my head; and I had a girlfriend or wife waiting for me, but even with her I didn't say a word, even with her I hung my head. Meanwhile it rained, and days passed, months passed; I had holes in my shoes and water seeped in, and there was no longer anything else but this: rain, massacres in the ad posters for the newspapers, water seeping through the holes in my shoes, mute friends, life in me like a muffled dream, and a frozen hopelessness.”

Translated by: Alane Salierno Maso

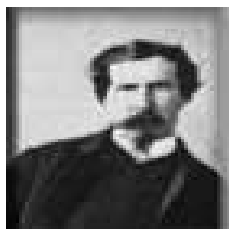
**da “Conversazioni in Sicilia”
estratto da Capitolo I (1938-39)**

Io ero, quell'inverno, in preda ad astratti furori. Non dirò quali, non di questo mi son messo a raccontare. Ma bisogna dica ch'erano astratti, non eroici, non vivi; furori, in qualche modo, per il genere umano perduto. Da molto tempo questo, ed ero col capo chino. Vedevo manifesti di giornali squillanti e chinavo il capo; vedevo amici, per un'ora, due ore, e stavo con loro senza dire una parola, chinavo il capo; e avevo una ragazza o moglie che mi aspettava ma neanche con lei dicevo una parola, anche con lei chinavo il capo. Pioveva intanto e passavano i giorni, i mesi, e io avevo le scarpe rotte, l'acqua che mi entrava nelle scarpe, e non vi era più altro che questo: pioggia, massacri sui manifesti dei giornali, e acqua nelle mie scarpe rotte, muti amici, la vita in me come un sordo sogno, e non speranza, quiete. Questo era il terribile: la quiete nella non speranza.

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Cristiano Banti (1824 - 1904)



Born near Pisa in 1824 he was trained near the Academy of Fine Arts of Siena, where he mainly devoted himself to the heroic and historical subjects, according to the classical style.

Later he moved to Florence, he joined the Macchiaioli movement and began to paint the nature from life, painting in open air and taking his inspiration from the Tuscan country beauty. He mainly portrayed country life scenes, characterized by strong chromatic contrasts.

In the last period of his life, which ended in 1904, his painting became more intimist and descriptive of the different moods.

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Nacque nei pressi di Pisa nel 1824 e si formò all'Accademia di Siena, dedicandosi a soggetti eroici o storici, secondo la tradizione classica.

Trasferitosi a Firenze, si legò al gruppo dei Macchiaioli ed iniziò a dipingere la Natura dal vero, recandosi all'aria aperta ed ispirandosi alla bellezza della campagna toscana. Ritrasse scene di vita contadina, caratterizzandole con forti contrasti cromatici.

Nell'ultimo periodo della sua vita, che si concluse a Firenze nel 1904, la sua pittura divenne più intimistica, descrittiva dei diversi stati d'animo.

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In the street to the church (1905)

The painting represents women and children of Tuscany countryside who, in the intense light of a summer afternoon, move on the way to the church in order to take part to the Vesper. Their gait is solemn and gives dignity to those humble peasant lives. The painter dwells on their intense faces, as he would transmit the characters feelings and opinions.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

In via per la chiesa (1905)

Il quadro ci presenta donne e bambine della campagna toscana che, nella luce intensa di un pomeriggio estivo, si incamminano verso la chiesa per partecipare alle funzioni del Vespro. Il loro incedere è solenne ed infonde dignità a quelle umili vite contadine. Il pittore sembra soffermarsi sui loro volti dalle espressioni intense, quasi a volerci trasmettere i sentimenti e le convinzioni profonde di cui appaiono ricche.

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Luigi Bechi (1830- 1919)



This painter had an artistic evolution similar to the one of the other Macchiaioli, since he had been, at the beginning of his work, devoted to the traditional painting, linked to the historical themes of the past; later he abandoned this kind of style in order to draw the nature from life.

In this he was helped by Diego Martelli who gladly hosted him in his estate in Castiglioncello, where Luigi had the opportunity to paint sea landscapes and the work of the sandmen.

He loved to paint the contemporary reality and stood out amongst the other Macchiaioli, thanks to his intimism.

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Questo pittore ebbe un'evoluzione artistica simile a quella di molti altri Macchiaioli, poiché fu inizialmente dedito alla pittura tradizionale, legata ai temi storici del passato, ma in seguito l'abbandonò per ritrarre la natura dal vero.

Fu in questo aiutato da Diego Martelli, che lo ospitava volentieri nella sua tenuta a Castiglioncello, dove poté ritrarre paesaggi marini ed il lavoro dei renaioli.

Amò ritrarre la realtà contemporanea e si distinse dagli altri Macchiaioli per il suo intimismo.

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Sandman in Castiglione (1864)

The scene of the sandman who, observed by his wife, is loading the sea sand onto his cart, can be categorized in the particular attention the Macchiaioli put in the humble classes heavy work. Anyway the presence, in the painting, of several patches of shade announce the evolution of the painter towards a kind of depictions more intimist and less linked to the social problems.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

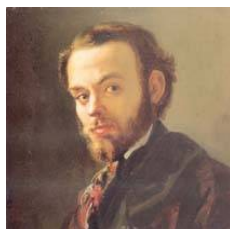
Renaiole a Castiglione (1864)

La scena di questo renaiole che, osservato dalla moglie, carica di sabbia del mare il suo carro, si colloca nella particolare attenzione del Verismo, tanto caro ai Macchiaioli, verso la fatica delle classi più umili. Tuttavia la presenza di tante zone d'ombra ci preannuncia l'evoluzione che il pittore avrà negli anni successivi, dedicandosi a rappresentazioni di tipo più intimistico e meno legate alle problematiche sociali.

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Giovanni Boldini (1842 - 1931)



Born in Ferrara in 1842, he studied fine arts in that town, under the guidance of his father Antonio. He moved in Florence where, after having attended the Academy of fine arts in order to continue his studies, he began to frequent the Macchiaioli meetings.

Anyway, he took part only for a period to the movement and he moved to Paris, a town beloved by the artist, where he lived all life long. He died in 1931.

This artist is famous in particular for his extraordinary mastery in the painting of feminine portraits and for his ability in giving to his pictures the sense of movement.

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Nacque a Ferrara nel 1842 e vi studiò pittura sotto la guida del padre Antonio. Si trasferì a Firenze, dove frequentò prima l'Accademia delle Belle Arti e, successivamente, le riunioni dei Macchiaioli al Caffè Michelangiolo.

Egli, tuttavia, aderì solo per un certo periodo a questo movimento artistico, trasferendosi poi a Parigi, città che amò moltissimo e nella quale visse fino alla sua morte, nel 1931.

Questo pittore è famoso per la sua straordinaria maestria nel dipingere ritratti e nel conferire il senso del movimento.

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Portrait of Carlotta Aloisi Papudoff (1869)

The upper-class atmosphere of the painting, with the refined yellow silk tapestry and the rich golden frames of the pictures, contrasts with the bored and lazy manner of the portrayed lady. The artist, influenced by the French school painting, gives a great brilliance to his paintings and shows a particular artistry in the painting and matching of different colours and fabrics. What's more it results very interesting the representation of the state of mind of the depicted subjects; in fact his ability of representing the psychological

Ritratto di Carlotta Aloisi Papudoff (1869)

L'atmosfera signorile di questo quadro, con le raffinate tappezzerie di seta gialla e le ricche cornici dorate dei quadri, contrasta con l'atteggiamento annoiato, quasi indolente, della signora ritratta. L'artista, influenzato dalla pittura francese, conferisce una grande luminosità ai suoi quadri e dimostra una particolare maestria nel dipingere ed accostare tessuti diversi fra di loro, come le sete ed i pizzi. Tuttavia è ancora più interessante lo studio dello stato d'animo del soggetto, che ha reso



aspects of his characters has brought great fame to Boldini.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

famoso Boldini per la capacità di intuizione psicologica
sempre presente nei suoi ritratti.

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Odoardo Borrani (1832 - 1905)



Born in Pisa in 1832, he studied at the Academy of fine arts in Florence where he began his painting activity, devoting himself, according to the classical tradition, to historical subjects of the past.

When he knew the Macchiaioli, frequenting the Caffè Michelangiolo, he began to paint with them outdoors, showing a great chromatic sensibility.

In addition to the naturalistic work, he liked to portray the contemporary history with scenes full of love of his country, represented sometimes in the privacy of the homes.

He passed away in Florence in 1905.

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Nacque a Pisa nel 1832 e si formò all'Accademia delle Belle Arti di Firenze, dove iniziò la sua attività dedicandosi, secondo la tradizione classica, a soggetti storici del passato.

Quando conobbe i Macchiaioli, frequentando il Caffè Michelangiolo, iniziò a dipingere con loro all'aria aperta, mostrando una grande sensibilità cromatica.

Oltre alle opere di tipo naturalistico, amò rappresentare la storia contemporanea, con scene piene d'amore patrio vissuto talvolta anche nell'intimità delle pareti domestiche.

Si spense a Firenze nel 1905.

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Sewers of red shirts (1863)

The painting shows the link between the Macchiaioli and the history of that period. The scene is set in a middle-class sitting-room, in which some young women are sewing the red shirts for the soldier who would have fought with Garibaldi in the famous "expedition of the Thousand". The atmosphere, clear and accurate, is pervaded by a tender melancholy, due either to the fear for the possible failure of the action, or to the consciousness to be in the evening of that kind feminine industriousness doomed to be killed by the progress rhythms.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

Cucitrici di camicie rosse (1863)

Questo quadro ci presenta il legame tra i Macchiaioli e la Storia a loro contemporanea. La scena si colloca in un salotto borghese, in cui si sono riunite alcune giovani donne a cucire le camicie per i soldati che avrebbero seguito Garibaldi nella spedizione dei Mille. L'atmosfera, limpida ed accurata, è pervasa da una tenera malinconia, in parte dovuta all'immediato fallimento dell'impresa, in parte al vicino tramontare di quella gentile operosità femminile che non avrebbe retto ai nuovi ritmi imposti dal progresso.

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Vincenzo Cabianca (1827 - 1901)



He is one of the Macchiaioli painters who arrived in Florence from other regions, fascinated by the cultural ardour and the atmosphere breathed in the town.

He was born in Verona in 1827 and there he had begun the study of fine arts, later pursuing it in the Academy of Venice.

Once reached the group of Tuscan Macchiaioli, he abandoned the traditional style and devoted himself to the sea landscapes and sunny scenes, painted with vigorous chromatic sensitivity.

Later he moved to Rome, where he died in 1901, turning himself to the watercolour and reproducing more soft and smooth colours.

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È uno dei Macchiaioli che sono giunti a Firenze da altre regioni, attratto dal clima di fervore culturale che vi si respirava.

Era nato a Verona nel 1827 e vi aveva iniziato lo studio della pittura, proseguendolo poi all'Accademia di Venezia.

Entrato a far parte del gruppo dei pittori toscani, abbandonò lo stile tradizionale e si dedicò a paesaggi marini e scene assolate, che raffigurò con una vigorosa sensibilità cromatica.

Trasferitosi a Roma, dove morì nel 1901, si dedicò all'acquarello, rendendo i suoi colori più fluidi e morbidi.

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The spintress (1862)

The pictorial composition represents the three ages of the human life on the background of a flayed wall of an humble country house. Even though the atmosphere is linked to the Naturalism and its social aspects, we can observe some symbolic elements such as the light which brightens childhood and youth and the shadow on the old age. The symbol the spindle from which the thread of life unravels is even more meaningful.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

La filatrice (1862)

Questa composizione pittorica ci presenta le tre età della vita umana sullo sfondo del muro scortecciato di un'umile casa contadina. Sebbene l'ambiente sia legato al verismo ed alle sue scelte sociali, si notano anche alcuni elementi simbolici, quali la luce che illumina l'infanzia e la giovinezza e l'ombra che scende sulla vecchiaia. Ancor più significativo il simbolo della conocchia dal quale scende e si dipana il filo della vita.

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Giovanni Fattori (1825 - 1908)



Born in Livorno in 1825, he is considered the major representative of the Macchiaioli movement. He frequented for long the Caff  Michelangiolo in Florence; later he travelled to Paris (where he got acquainted with Monet), to London, to Dresda and to Philadelphia, broadening this way his artistic horizons and remaining, at the same time, very tied to the landscapes of his Tuscany.

He used to paint his pictures with strong contrasts light-shade and blazing chromatic areas. In particular his favourite subjects were the military life scenes linked to the Italian independence wars, the Maremma landscapes and the life in the countryside.

He joined the Realism, sharing the concept of Art as representation of nature and social engagement.

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Nacque a Livorno nel 1825 ed   considerato il maggior rappresentante del gruppo dei Macchiaioli. A Firenze frequent  a lungo il Caff  Michelangiolo; successivamente si rec  a Parigi (dove conobbe Manet), a Londra, a Dresda ed a Filadelfia, ampliando i propri orizzonti artistici, ma restando sempre legato ai paesaggi della sua Toscana.

Egli costruiva i propri quadri con forti contrasti luce-ombra ed accese zone cromatiche. Am  rappresentare scene di vita militare, legate alle Guerre d'Indipendenza, paesaggi della Maremma ed il lavoro dei campi.

Ader  al Realismo e ne condivise la concezione dell'Arte come rappresentazione della Natura ed impegno sociale.

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The macchiaiole (1865)

The scene represents a moment of the humble life of some farm workers that, gathered the hay for animals, get moving home, at nightfall. The characters have been chosen in marked contrast to that period predilection for the depiction of the great characters of history. The great care with whom the characters have been painted and placed in the landscape, recall the academic studies made by the author

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

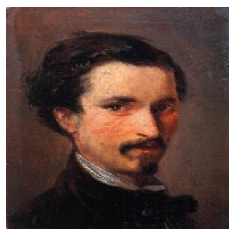
Le macchiaiole (1865)

Questa scena rappresenta un momento dell'umile vita di alcune contadine che, raccolto il fieno per gli animali, si avviano verso casa al calar della sera. I personaggi sono stati scelti in contrasto con la predilezione per i grandi della Storia, tipica delle Accademie di pittura. Tuttavia la cura con cui le figure sono state dipinte e collocate nel paesaggio ricorda proprio gli studi accademici compiuti dall'autore.

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Silvestro Lega (1826 - 1895)



Born near Forlì in 1826, he studied at the Academy of fine arts in Florence where he was trained according to the classical models. Heated by a deep patriotism and republican ideals, he volunteered and fought for the independence of Italy.

In Florence he got in touch with the Macchiaioli and joined them, settling in Piacentina, on the hills which surround the town, where this group of painters drew the nature from life.

His work is so linear and bright that it recalls the Tuscan painting school of the 1400. His paintings are today deemed of great value, but he closed his life in Florence in 1895, in humble economical conditions, supported and hosted by his faithful friends.

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Nacque vicino a Forlì nel 1826 e studiò all'Accademia delle Belle Arti di Firenze, dove ricevette una formazione classica. Animato da profondo patriottismo e da ideali repubblicani, si arruolò come volontario e combatté per l'Indipendenza d'Italia.

A Firenze conobbe i Macchiaioli e si unì al loro gruppo, trasferendo successivamente il suo studio a Piacentina, sui colli intorno alla città, dove questi giovani pittori ritraevano la natura dal vero.

La sua pittura è particolarmente lineare e luminosa, tanto da ricordare la scuola toscana del 1400. Le sue opere oggi sono considerate di grandissimo valore, ma egli concluse la sua vita a Firenze, nel 1895, in modestissime condizioni economiche, sostenuto ed ospitato da amici fedeli.

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The education at work (1863)

The picture depicts a simple and harsh domestic life scene, on the background of the Tuscany countryside which is in sight by the window. The two feminine figures, a young girl and Virginia Battelli (the woman the painter deeply loved) are dedicated to a typical feminine work, very common in the domestic tradition the painter liked to depict, maybe foreseeing that very soon this kind of work would have been surpassed by the new paces of modern life.

L'educazione al lavoro (1863)

Questa pittura ci presenta un ambiente domestico semplice ed austero, sullo sfondo della campagna toscana dei dintorni di Firenze, che si intravede dalla finestra aperta. Le due figure femminili, quella della bambina e quella della giovane Virginia Batelli, profondamente amata dal Lega, sono dedite ad uno di quei lavori femminili cari alla tradizione domestica che il pittore amava e che ha voluto ritrarre, quasi presagendo



Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

che presto sarebbero stati superati dai ritmi di vita
imposti dall'incalzare dei tempi nuovi.

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Telemaco Signorini (1835 - 1901)



Born in Florence in 1835, he studied painting in the Academy of Fine Arts of that town, according to the classical style. Later, he drifted apart and he joined the Macchiaioli painters who met at the Caff  Michelangiolo.

Heated by deep patriotic feelings, he fought for the independence of Italy in the army of Giuseppe Garibaldi. He travelled for a long time in the major European Countries, dwelling in Paris, where he got in touch with Degas.

Influenced by the Impressionism, he represented in a wonderful way nature scenes flooded of light but, since he was very responsive to the social problems, he also portrayed some sorrow backgrounds such as madhouses and prisons. He lived the last part of his life in Florence where he died in 1901.

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Nacque a Firenze nel 1835 e vi studi  pittura secondo lo stile classico all'Accademia delle Belle Arti. Se ne distacc  per unirsi al gruppo dei Macchiaioli che si riunivano al Caff  Michelangiolo.

Animato da profondi sentimenti patriottici, combatt  per l'Indipendenza d'Italia al seguito di Garibaldi. Viaggi  a lungo nei maggiori paesi europei, soffermandosi in particolare a Parigi, dove conobbe Degas.

Influenzato dall'Impressionismo, rappresent  felicemente scene naturalistiche inondate di luce, ma, essendo molto sensibile alle problematiche sociali, ritrasse anche ambienti di dolore, come il manicomio e la prigione. Visse il suo ultimo periodo nella sua Firenze, dove mori nel 1901.

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**She couldn't wait
(1867)**

The picture portrays the painter's atelier in which a young and elegant woman is depicted while writing a short and impatient greeting. The atmosphere, sophisticated and cultured, is different from the rural scenes, preferred by most of the Macchiaioli; it rather recalls, the wide-ranging European Naturalism.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

**Non potendo aspettare
(1867)**

Questo quadro raffigura l'atelier dello stesso pittore nel quale, una donna giovane ed elegante è dipinta nell'atto di scrivere un breve ed impaziente saluto. L'ambiente, colto e mondano, si distacca dalle scene contadine predilette da molti dei Macchiaioli e richiama, piuttosto, il più ampio respiro del Naturalismo europeo.

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Federico Zandomeneghi (1841 - 1917)



Born in Venice in 1841 he began in that town the painting studies, attending the Academy of fine arts. He was a passionate patriot and took part to the expedition of “the thousand” with Giuseppe Garibaldi. Because of his participation to the liberation revolts he was imprisoned by the Austrians.

However he managed to escape and he settled in Florence, where he joined the Macchiaioli group, becoming a close friend of Cabianca and Martelli. He adopted the social themes of the Verism, by portraying humble people such as beggars and street cleaners.

Afterwards he settled in Paris, where he was influenced by the Impressionism and where he died in 1917.

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Nacque a Venezia nel 1841 e vi iniziò lo studio della pittura frequentando l'Accademia delle Arti. Fu un fervente patriota e partecipò alla spedizione dei Mille con Giuseppe Garibaldi. A causa della sua partecipazione ai moti liberali fu imprigionato dagli Austriaci.

Riuscito ad evadere si stabilì a Firenze, dove divenne amico di Cabianca e Diego Martelli, unendosi al gruppo dei Macchiaioli. Aderì alle tematiche sociali del Verismo, ritraendo personaggi umili, come spazzini e mendicanti.

Si stabilì a Parigi, dove fu influenzato dall'Impressionismo e dove morì nel 1917.

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The reader (1870)

The picture depicts one of the painter's friend, hosted in Diego Martelli's estate. The feminine figure is reading and her shape stands out, with her white dress and the little yellow umbrella, on the background of a raw wall and a blue sky, creating this way some strong contrasts.

The young woman acquires a particular importance either for her central position in the painting or for her intellectual activity which distinguishes her from the peasants, often

La lettrice (1870)

Il quadro ci presenta un'amica del pittore, ospite anch'ella nella tenuta di Diego Martelli. La figura femminile è intenta nella lettura e si staglia, con il suo abito bianco ed il suo ombrellino giallo, sullo sfondo di un muro grezzo e di un cielo azzurro, creando forti contrasti cromatici.

La giovane donna acquista una particolare importanza, oltre che per la posizione centrale all'interno della tela,



painted by the Macchiaioli.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

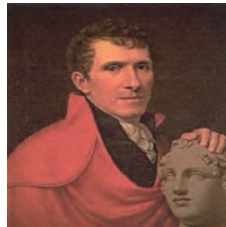
Translated by: Norma Patelli

per la sua attività intellettuale, che la distingue dalle contadine spesso ritratte dai Macchiaioli.

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Antonio Canova (1757 - 1822)



This great sculptor of Veneto is the most important representative of Neoclassicism and gave a noticeable contribution to spread this movement around the major European countries with the beauty of his works. He was born in Possagno in the province of Treviso in 1757 and he grew as an artist in the Venetian environment.

Thank to his earnings coming from his first works, which made him immediately well-known, he moved to Roma where he could study classical art more deeply. He stayed in Roma for a long time as this city, which already had many ancient beautiful works of art, became the centre of the European neoclassical movement. He attended a nude school at the Accademy of France.

As the Neoclassicism was dominated by Napoleon, Antonio Canova was elected to depict the Emperor and some of his relatives, such as the beautiful Paolina Borghese Bonaparte. However, he never had subservient manners towards powerful figures who commissioned works from him, still conducting a very simple and independent lifestyle. This moral integrity of his raised so much respect from the people of his time, that governors who succeeded Napoleon honoured him so much that they gave him back all his works Napoleon had taken away from Italy.

His splendid smooth white marble sculptures are inspired by Winckelmann's principles. This neoclassical theorist claimed the ideal of beauty characterised by 'simple nobility and quiet magnitude'. The figures are the expression of eternal and ideal beauty through a very refined technique which gives emphasis to their perfection.

The subjects Canova prefers to depict are characters from the myth but he also devoted his work to funerary monuments of a rare beauty such as the one dedicated to Maria Cristina from Austria. These marble compositions, which inspire such moving feelings, pre-announce the romantic sensitivity and remind us of the fact that in those very years Foscolo celebrated the importance of sepulchres as a means to pass on examples of civil virtues to the posterity.

A few years after his death, which happened in Venezia in 1822, his remains were taken to Possagno, his hometown, and were put into the temple he wanted to be built on his expenses as an evidence of his generosity his faith and love for arts.

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Questo grande scultore veneto è il più illustre rappresentante del Neo-classicismo e contribuì, con la straordinaria bellezza delle sue opere, a diffondere questo movimento nei maggiori paesi europei. Egli nacque a Possagno, in provincia di Treviso, nel 1757 e si formò artisticamente in ambiente veneziano.

Con i proventi delle sue prime opere, che lo resero presto famoso, si trasferì a Roma, dove gli fu possibile approfondire lo studio dell'arte classica e dove amò risiedere a lungo, poiché questa città, che conservava tanti tesori dell'antichità, divenne il centro artistico di tutto il movimento neo-classico europeo.

Completò la sua preparazione frequentando anche la Scuola del nudo all'Accademia di Francia.

Poiché il Neo-classicismo era dominato dalla figura di Napoleone, Antonio Canova fu scelto per raffigurare sia l'Imperatore che alcuni suoi familiari, come la bellissima Paolina Borghese Bonaparte, ma non assunse mai atteggiamenti servili nei confronti dei personaggi potenti che gli commissionarono opere d'arte, conservando sempre uno stile di vita semplice ed indipendente.

Questa sua integrità morale gli procurò una stima tale da superare gli sconvolgimenti politici di quei tempi turbolenti ed anche i governanti che succedettero a Napoleone lo onorarono a tal punto da consentirgli di ottenere la restituzione di molte opere d'arte che l'Imperatore aveva trafugato all'Italia.

Le sue splendide sculture, di marmo bianco e perfettamente levigato, sono ispirate ai canoni dell'archeologo Winckelmann, teorico del Neo-classicismo, che proponeva l'ideale di una bellezza caratterizzata da “nobile semplicità e quieta grandezza”.

Le figure si presentano come espressioni di una bellezza ideale ed eterna, ottenuta grazie ad una tecnica raffinata che ce le mostra in tutta la loro perfezione.

I soggetti prediletti dal Canova sono mitologici, ma egli si è dedicato anche a monumenti funebri di rara bellezza e poesia, come quello dedicato a Maria Cristina d'Austria.

Tali composizioni marmoree, che ispirano a chi le contempla una dolente commozione, preannunciano la sensibilità romantica e ci ricordano che, in quegli stessi anni, Foscolo celebrava l'importanza dei sepolcri per tramandare ai posteri esempi di virtù civili.

Pochi anni dopo la sua morte, avvenuta a Venezia nel 1822, le sue spoglie furono riportate a Possagno, il suo piccolo paese natale, e deposte nel tempio che aveva fatto erigere a proprie spese, lasciandoci una ultima testimonianza della sua generosità, della sua fede e del suo amore per l'arte.

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Paolina Borghese Bonaparte (1804-1808)

The statue, which is kept near the Borghese Gallery in Rome, was commissioned to the Canova, by the Prince Camillo Borghese, husband of Paolina Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon. The sculptor exalted the beauty of the character, by representing her with through typical classical features.

The Carrara marble has been handled by the artist with careful techniques and precious wa; this allowe him to give a soft brightness and a particular smoothness to a cold material.

Comments by: Anna Maria Rossi

Translated by: Norma Patelli

Paolina Borghese Bonaparte (1804-1808)

Quest'opera, che si trova a Roma, nella Galleria Borghese, fu commissionata al Canova dal Principe romano Camillo Borghese, marito di Paolina Bonaparte, sorella di Napoleone. L'artista ha esaltato la bellezza del personaggio raffigurandola con i tratti tipici dell'antica classicità romana. Il marmo di Carrara della statua è stato trattato dallo scultore con tecniche accuratissime e cere pregiate, con le quali egli abitualmente conferiva alla superficie del marmo, di per sé fredda, una morbida lucentezza ed una particolare levigatezza, che lo rendono particolarmente gradevole allo sguardo.

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Lithuanian Literature

Overview

1795-1918, that is all the 19th century in Lithuania is marked with the occupation of three opposing forces. The western part of Lithuania was under German influence and the rest of the country was oppressed by Polish and Russians. Consequently, Lithuanian culture was developing in the oppressive environment. In the 19th century modern Lithuania was being developed not by denationalized noblemen, its ethnical cultural heritage was established by peasants, farmers and intellectuals. This period provided great influence for national identity.

The 19th century in Lithuanian history is a period of national resistance and armed battles (namely, the uprisings in 1831 and 1863) during which Lithuanians were fighting for their rights to statehood, language and culture as well as striving to slip the collar of the press suppression which evoked the appearance of book carriers illegally distributing books written in Lithuanian language.

In 1918 Lithuania regained its independence thus for 22 years (up to 1940) bringing up a new generation of writers influenced by the national Lithuanian school.

The year of 1940 brought soviet occupation which lasted for 50 years and made a great impact on Lithuanian authors holding them under the influence of communist ideology and restraining them with censorship. Meanwhile, the literature of emigrants was emerging in the form of nostalgic creation, resulting from the solitude in the multicultural world.

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Apžvalga

Nuo 1795 metų iki 1918 metų, tai yra visą XIX amžių, lietuvių tauta buvo okupuota trijų priešišku jėgų. Mažosios Lietuvos teritorijoje reikėjo atsispirti vokiečių kultūrai, o Didžiojoje Lietuvoje pasipriešinti lenkinimui ir rusinimui. Būtent priešindamiesi svetimųjų priespaudai, lietuviai sukūrė savo kultūrą. XIX a. gimė nauja, moderni jaunoji Lietuva, kurią sukūrė ne nutautėję bajorai, o valstiečiai, žemdirbiai ir iš jų kilę naujieji inteligentai, išsaugoję etninę lietuvių kultūrą. Šiuo metu subrendo lietuvių tautinė sąmonė bei savimonė. XIX a. – tai kultūrinio pasipriešinimo bei ginkluotų kovų laikotarpis Lietuvos istorijoje, kuomet teisė į savą valstybingumą, kalbą ir kultūrą buvo ginama 1831 bei 1863 metų sukilimuose, o taip pat keturiasdešimt metų priešinantys lietuviškos spaudos draudimui. Būtent šiuo laikotarpiu, kai knygos lietuviškais rašmenimis buvo uždraustos, Lietuvoje atsiranda knygnešiai, nelegaliai platinantys lietuvišką spaudą.



1918 – 1940 m. Lietuva išgyvena Nepriklausomybės laikotarpį, kurio metu atsirado nauja rašytojų karta, užaugusi ir mokslus baigusi savoje, lietuviškoje mokykloje.

Po 1940-tųjų metų prasideda ir penkiasdešimt metų tęsiasi sovietinė okupacija, kurios metu lietuvių kūrėjus įtakoja komunistinė ideologija, o kūrybos laisvę varžo valdžios cenzūra. Tačiau tuo metu formuojasi ir išeivijos literatūra. Žmonių, kurie dar tėvų buvo išvežti iš Lietuvos kūryboje atsispindi tėvynės ilgesys bei noras suprasti, ką reiškia būti lietuviu daugiakultūriniame, atviraime pasaulyje.

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Aistis Jonas (1904 – 1973)



Jonas Aistis was born in central Lithuania. He studied Lithuanian literature at the University of Kaunas and received a grant from the Lithuanian Ministry of Education to study French literature at the University of Grenoble in France from 1936 to 1940. His doctoral dissertation examined the linguistic structure of Gospel translations into ancient Provencal. From 1944 to 1946, he worked in the Nice, France, archives and in the Paris National Library. He came to the United States in 1946, served for a number of years as chairman of the Lithuanian Writers' League and worked at the Library of Congress until his death in 1973. Aistis published ten books of poetry. He also wrote literary criticism and edited several anthologies of poetry.

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Poetas ir eseistas Jonas Aistis (tikroji pavardė Aleksandravičius) gimė 1904 m. Kampiškėse, Kauno rajone. 1927 m. baigė Kauno „Aušros“ gimnaziją. Kauno Vytauto Didžiojo universitete studijavo lituanistiką. Nuo 1936 m. Grenoblio universitete (Prancūzijoje) studijavo prancūzų kalbą ir literatūrą. 1944 – 45 m. dirbo Nicos archyve ir Paryžiaus nacionalinėje bibliotekoje, o 1946 m. Jonas Aistis persikėlė į JAV, kur Marianapolio kolegijoje dėstė lietuvių kalbą. Savo kūryboje Jonas Aistis rėmėsi romantizmo atgaivinta katarsio teorija: lyrika gimsta iš kančios. Lūdesys ir grožis – neatskiriamos lyrikos vertės sąvokos. Šis poetas parašė dešimt poezijos knygų, taip pat rašė literatūros kritiką ir išleido kelias poezijos antologijas. Mirė Jonas Aistis 1973 m. Vašingtone (JAV), o 2000 m. perlaidotas Rumšiškėse (Lietuva).

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**ONE DROP OF BLOOD
(1948)**

One drop of blood would have cleansed you,
But in your misery you missed it,
And though we drew our strength from the old times –
Our promises remained unfulfilled...

One single word would have protected you,
But in your misery you missed it,
And though we swore we'd die for our homeland –
Our promises remained unfulfilled...

Translated by: Jonas Zdanys

**VIENAS KRAUJO LAŠAS BŪT TAVE
NUPLOVĘS
(1948)**

Vienas kraujo lašas būt tave nuplovęs,
O varge jo vieno tu pasigedai,
Nors stiprybę sėmėm iš didžios senovės –
Liko netesėti mūsų pažadai...

Vienų vienas žodis būt tave apgynęs,
Bet varge jo vieno tu pasigedai,
Nors visi žadėjom mirti už tėvynę –
Liko netesėti mūsų pažadai...

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Baltakis Algimantas (born 1930)



Born in the village of Leliūnai in 1930. In 1954, he graduated from the department of history and philology at Vilnius University. The same year he joined the editorial staff of *Pergalė* (Victory), a cultural and literary monthly, becoming editor-in-chief in 1964. He also worked as Secretary of the official Lithuanian Writers' Union. His first book of verse came out in 1955. The poet is remarkable for his trusting frankness about the main issues of his generation and his ironical confessions. His poems are marked by an impulsiveness of feeling and melodious form close to the tradition of Salomėja Neris. Baltakis has established himself as a pensive poet of city life.

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Gimė poetas, kritikas ir vertėjas 1930 m. Leliūnuose, Utenos rajone. Lituanistikos studijas Vilniaus universitete Algimantas Baltakis baigė 1954 m. Šis poetas priklauso vadinamajai „trisdešimtųjų metų gimimo kartai“, kuri atgaivino pokario metais nuskurdintą lietuvių poeziją. Vieni geriausių poeto eilėraščių yra romansiniai meilės eilėraščiai. Vėliau kultivuotas buitinis eilėraščių tipas. Poeto kūryboje dominuoja atviras, logizuotas kalbėjimas, o taip pat dažnos šnekamosios kalbos orientacijos.

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HOW MUCH A MAN NEEDS (1966)

I cannot complain of my life. It is true.
I know folk who love me, and I love them too.

There's many a hand I can heartily press.
There's someone who gives me a gentle caress.

How much does man need? Just some bread, white or
brown,
A drink of pure water, a home of his own.

A job to be busy with day after day.
Some warmth just to while a cold winter away.

How much does man need? Just some grass where to lie.
One sky little star in the star-studded sky.

Of all seas and oceans which roll without rest
One frolicsome wave splashing over your breast.

How much does man needs? Just a blue peaceful sky
For twittering birds but not bombers to fly.

Of all the world's roads that may lie before you
One doesn't need many, one only will do.

In order to love both the heaven and earth
One needs a true friend when in need and in mirth.

How much does man need? I'm still racking my brain...
So much and so little... It's hard to explain...

Translated by: Lionginas Pažūsis

AR DAUG ŽMOGUI REIKIA (1966)

Gyvenimu skūstis tikrai negaliu.
Mane daug kas myli, aš daug ką myliu.

Turiu aš kam ranką širdingai paspaust.
Turiu prie ko galvą nuvargęs priglaust.

Ar daug žmogui reikia? Tik duonos riekės,
Tik vandens tyro, tik savo kertės.

Tik darbo, kurs mielas. Šiek tiek šilumos.
Ir tai – tik todėl, kad nebotum žiemos.

Ar daug žmogui reikia? Žolės po medžiu.
Žvaigždėlės vienos tarp daugybės žvaigždžių.

Beribėje jūroje reikia bangos,
Užtyškančios tau ant krūtinės nuogos.

Ar daug žmogui reikia? Padangės taikios,
Kurioj ne bombonešiai – paukščiai lekios.

Tarp daugelio žemės vingiuotų kelių –
Vienintelio kelio. Nereikia kelių...

Kad žemę mylėtum, nekeiktum dangaus,
Dar reikia – nors vieno – bičiulio brangaus.

Ar daug žmogui reikia? Aš galvą suku...
Ir maža, ir daug... Atsakyti sunku...

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Baltrušaitis Jurgis (1873 – 1944)



Born into a peasant family in the village of Paantvardžiai, Jurgis Baltrušaitis went to secondary school in Kaunas and from 1893 to 1899 studied mathematics and history at Moscow University. Together with S. Polyakov he founded the Scorpion publishing house in 1899. From 1920 to 1939 Baltrušaitis was the ambassador of Lithuania to the USSR. In 1939 he was transferred to a diplomatic post in France and was in Paris when World War II began. His first poems written in Russian were published in 1899. Baltrušaitis published two books of verse in Russian, continuing the philosophical tradition of Russian Symbolist lyrics. His first poem in Lithuanian was published in 1927. It was especially notable for its concentrated thought, restrained lyricism and combination of Symbolist poetics with old Lithuanian rural vocabulary.

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Poetas Jurgis Baltrušaitis gimė 1873 m. Pasandravyje, Jurbarko rajone. Mokėsi Kauno gimnazijoje, studijavo Maskvos universitete, gamtos mokslų fakultete. Gyvendamas Maskvoje Jurgis Baltrušaitis įsijungė į rusų simbolistų judėjimą, o kartu su rašytoju S. Poliakovu 1900 m. įkūrė leidyklą „Skorpion”.

1920 m. Jurgis Baltrušaitis paskirtas Lietuvos Respublikos atstovu Maskvoje. Rašyti poetas pradėjo rusiškai, pirmieji jo eilėraščiai paskelbti 1899 m. Lietuviški eilėraščiai pasirodė gyvenimo pabaigoje. Lietuviškoje kūryboje poetas filosofiškai apsvarsto žmogaus būtį, jo vietą visatos sąrauge. Palyginus su rusiškąja, lietuviškoji poetinė kalba yra konkretesnė, nors nevengiama ir abstrakčių sąvokų. Lietuviško simbolizmo fone Jurgio Baltrušaičio poezija originali dėl to, kad orientuojama į senąją lietuvių literatūrą.

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TO THE CRUCIFIED HOMELAND (1918)

An orphan's fate, to stray and stumble
On ways of blood and fire, is thine...
Yet in your wordless grief, my humble,
Believing heart, await the Sign...

Hail beats the crop, stark lightnings cleave it,
The ancient shields are sighs and groans,
Yet He who built this land, believe it,
Makes wine of tears and bread of stones.

You labor painfully and slowly
Through fruitless days of blight and sleet,
Yet trust and deem divine the lowly,
Mute stigmata of bleeding feet.

And though the pain seem daily greater
And blessing bitter from above,
Lift up the mind to the Creator
For the last victory of love.

Translated by: Ants Oras

NUKRYŽIUOTAI TĖVYNEI (1918)

Dalia tavoji – našlaitystė,
Ugnis ir kraujas – tau vadai...
Tačiau, širdie, kentėk nebyliai,
Tikėk ir ženklų lauk tvirtai...

Rauda, dejonė – tavo skydas,
Kai lauką niokoja kruša,
Tik ar nevirs vynu ir duona
Šių tavo ašarų naša?

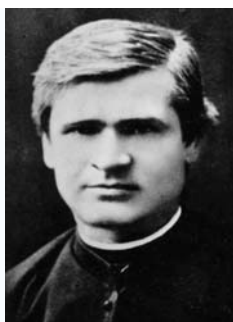
Nors nuo beprasmių mirksnio smūgių
Labai kelionė tau įskaus,
Priimk žaizdas ant savo kojų
Kaip ženklą, duotą iš dangaus...

Ir sielvarto, ir netekimo
Kartėlio lauk nei dovanos
Ir eik išvien su Amžinybe,
Kol žemė Meile suliepsnos!

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Baranauskas Antanas (1835 – 1902)



Baranowski was born in the village of Onykszta, to a humble peasant family of distant szlachta origin. Early in his youth his parents sent him to a local bi-yearly parochial school. After finishing his studies there, Baranowski initially stayed in the parochy as a helper. After that he was sent to a bi-yearly school for communal writers in Rumyszki. There he started writing his first poems in Polish language. In 1853 he finished the school and started working as a writer and chancellor in various communes of the area. During his work he met Karolina Proniewska, a locally-renown writer, with whom he shared passion for the poetry of Adam Mickiewicz. With time, under notable influence of other notable Polish poet of the epoch, Juliusz Słowacki, Baranowski's poetry improved in style. Thanks to the friendship with Proniewska, in 1856 her family sponsored Baranowski's entry into Catholic seminary of Wornie (Lithuanian Varniai). It was there where Baranowski started writing poems in Lithuanian language as well. One of his juvenile works he wrote during that time under notable influence of Mickiewicz, *Anykščių šilelis* (*Forest of Onykszta*), is considered to be one of the classics of Lithuanian poetry of 19th century.

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A. Baranauskas gimė Anykščiuose, valstiečių šeimoje. Po mokyklos baigimo A. Baranauskas tapo pagalbininku parapijoje, vėliau jis buvo nusiųstas mokytis į Rumšiškės. Toliau mokėsi Varnių kunigų seminarijoje. 1862 m. baigė Peterburgo dvasinę akademiją. Iki 1864 m. studijavo Miuncheno, Romos, Leveno universitetuose. 1866 - 1884 m. - Kauno kunigų seminarijos profesorius. Svarbiausius poezijos kūrinius parašė 1857 - 1863 m. Patriotinės poeto ir dvasininko aspiracijos, maištinga nuotaika bei emociingas protestas prieš imperinės Rusijos priespaudą atsispindėjo giesmėse ir poemose: „Dainų dainelė“ (1857), „Kelionė Petaburkan“ (1858-1859), „Pasikalbėjimas Giesminyko su Lietuva“ (1859), „Dievo rykštė ir malonė“ (1859), „Ko gi skaudžia man širdelė“ (1863). Reikšmingiausias A. Baranausko kūrinys - romantinė poema „*Anykščių šilelis*“, kuriame apdainuojama gimtojo krašto gamta, idealizuojama Lietuvos senovė, kaip kontrastas jo laikotarpio realijomis atskleidžiamas gamtos ir žmogaus dvasinis ryšys, protestuojama prieš tautinį lietuvių tautos engimą. Po 1863 m. sukilimo nuslopavimo patyrusį daug netekčių poetą užgožė dvasininkas, abejingas lietuviybės idėjoms.

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THE FOREST OF ANYKŠČIAI (1858)

(excerpt)

How fine are forest sounds, not only scents!
The forest hums, resounds with eloquence,
While midnight brings a silence that is so
Profound you hear each leaf and flower grow,
Hear tree to tree in gentle whispers call,
Each star through heaven move, each dewdrop fall.
The heart is hushed. Such peace reigns everywhere
The soul soars heavenward in quiet prayer.
But when the new day dawns with gleaming brow
And blades of grass, dew-laden, earthward bow
The forest wakens, night-time silence flees
And day again resumes its melodies.
That rustle? It's a leaf the breeze has stirred
Or, stirring in its nest, a waking bird.
That crackling? It's a homebound wolf who, loath
To hunt by day, breaks through the undergrowth.
A captured duck the fox bears to his lair,
A badger scurries from his burrow there,
A roe bounds past, a squirrel neatly takes
A flying leap onto a bough that shakes,
A stoat or marten rummages about...
The forest creatures are all up and out.
Who taps? A woodpecker up in a tree.
Who splutters there? An angry snipe, you see.
Who whispers? It's an adder you hear hiss
Or it's the river laps her bank in bliss.
Who's talking? By the water gabbling geese.
A stork its long beak snapping without cease.
On marshes ducks are landing one by one.

ANYKŠČIŲ ŠILELIS (1858)

(ištrauka)

Ai siaudžia gražiai miškas, netil kvėpia gardžiai,
Siaudžia, užia ir skamba linksmi, dailiai, skardžiai.
Vidūnaktį teip tyku, kad girdi, kaip jaunas
Lapas arba žiedelis ant šakelių kraunas.
Girdi, kaip šakom šnibžda medžių kalba šventa,
Kaip žvaigždėlės plevėna, gaili rasa krinta.
Del to ir širdij visos pajautos nutilsta,
Ramum tykumu malda dūšia dangun kilsta.
Ė kai jau dienos brėkstant rytai šviesa tvinksta,
Rasos pilnos žolynų žemyn galvos linksta,
Tada šilas nubunda, visa yra tylą,
Prasideda pamažu šventa dienos byla.
Kas te šlama? – Ė vėju papūstas lapelis,
Ėgi gūžtojų nubudęs sujuda paukštelis.
Kas te treška? – Ė vilkas: dieną mat ažuodžia,
Iš naktinės medžioklės par pakrūmes skuodžia.
Ėgi lapė ant ola, žasioką intskandus,
Ėgi barsiukas bėga, išlindęs iš landos;
Ėgi linksmutė stirna par pušyną striuoksi;
Ėgi pušin iš pušies voverytė liuoksi;
Ėgi mat širmuonėlis ir kiaunė juodoja,
Ir visoki žvėreliai po mišką ūlioja.
Kas te taukši? – Ė stuobri kapoja genelis.
Kas mikena? – Ėgi mat perkūno oželis.
Kas te šnibžda? – Ė šnypščia iš kelmo piktoja,
Ėgi srove teškėna upelė Šventoja.
Kas te kalbas? – Ė žąsys paupėj gageną;
Ėgi mat lizde storkus pamiškėję klegena;
Ėgi antys „pry! pry! pry!“ priskrydę ant liūną;



The whooping hoopoe asks his wife and son:
"What-what-what-what to bring you? Speak in turn!
What-what? A grain of wheat? A fly? A worm?"
The cuckoo glancing round cuckoos for us
And laughs and chuckles, weeps and makes a fuss.
The forest rings. The oriole teases Eve:
"Eve, Eve, believe me! You this field must leave!"
The snipe call by the stream. Then in a throng
Of voices birds galore burst into song.
More calls and melodies from more throats gush:
The chaff-chaff, tomtit, siskin and the thrush,
The magpie, jay - each adding its own tune,
They laugh, lament and some play the buffoon.
The nightingale calls louder than the rest
In song full-throated, varied, full of zest,
Forever changing, ever reaching to
The heart as Lithuanian folk songs do.
Each rustling, stirring leaf too joins the surge
Of sound in which these varied voices merge
To sing a most melodious roundelay
In perfect harmony, no note astray.
The ear though not distinguishing each voice
Delights, as in far fields our eyes rejoice
When flowers in profusion intertwine
To make a single carpet woven fine.

Translated by: Peter Tempest

Ėgi kukutis klausia savo pačią, sūnų:
„Ką, ką, ką jum atneštie? Ką jūs kalbat niekus?
Ką, ką, ką, ką? ar grūdus? ar musias? ar sliekus?“
Ėgi mat gegutėlė dairo ir kėtojas,
Čia kūkuodama verkia, čia kvatojas.
Skamba tik skamba miškas: čia volungė levą
Trotina: „leva, leva, neganyk po pievą!“
Čia paupėj „ri-u! ri-u! ri-u!“ tilvikas sušuko,
Čia vėl balsų visokių – lyg trūkė pratrūko.
Vis kitoki balseliai, vis kitokios bylos:
Dagiliai, pečialandos, strazdeliai, čižylos,
Kėkštai, šarkos ir kitos vis saviškai gieda:
Toj juokias, toj vaitoja, ė toj niekus klieđa.
Ė už visus viršesnis lakštingalės balsas:
Pilnas, skardus, griaudingas ir, teip sakyt, skalsus:
Skamba, ūžia par krūmus ir vis kiteip mainos,
Ir vis dūšion intsmenga – lyg Lietuvos dainos.
Tie visoki balseliai teip krūvon suplaukia,
Tartum kožnas lapelis čilba, kliauga, šaukia,
Ir sutartinę taiso, ir teip gražiai dera:
Siaudžia tik, tartum siaudžia – rentavimo nėra.
Anei tų balsų ausis skyrium nepažįsta,
Lyg kad ant žalios pievos žolynai pražysta,
Ir visokie žiedeliai teip terp savęs pinas, -
Kad iš tolo tik regis gražus margumynas.

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Bložė Vytautas (born 1930)



Vytautas Bložė, born in the town of Baisogala in central Lithuania, was the son of a pharmacist, who also owned land. Bložė's poetry deals honestly with issues such as partisan warfare, mass deportation, subjugation of the will, while at the same time remaining true to art. Much of his subject matter is drawn from his experiences living in hiding in war-torn Lithuania. He has published thirteen collections of poems, has translated Spanish, Chinese, Japanese, Greek, Russian and Polish poetry into Lithuanian. Among others, he has translated the work of Lermontov, Pushkin, Nekrasov, Schiller, Vallejo, Cavafy, and Heine. In 1991 Bložė received the Lithuanian National Prize for his book *Nocturnes*. Bložė is considered to be one of the most important innovators in modern Lithuanian poetry, and his work has influenced generations of younger writers.

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Poetas ir vertėjas Vytautas Petras Bložė gimė 1930 m. Baisiogaloje, Radviliškio rajone. Mokėsi Kėdainių, Šeduvos gimnazijose. Studijavo Vilniaus pedagoginiame institute rusų filologiją. 1951 – 56 m. dirbo Grožinės literatūros leidyklos redaktoriumi. 1991 m. Bložė gavo Nacionalinę kultūros ir meno premiją, taip pat apdovanotas už poezijos vertimus į lietuvių kalbą.

Ankstyvosios poezijos centre – tragiška pokario situacija, o vėlesniojoje kūryboje stiprėja epinis pradas – eilėraščio centras dažnai tampa tarsi tam tikru pasakojimų branduoliu, kuris suskyla į buitinius, mitinius, istorinius ar fantastinius minipasauius.

Vytautas Bložė išvertė M. Lermontovo, A. Puškino, H. Heinės, R. M. Rilės ir kt. garsių autorių kūrybos – eilėraščių, poemų, dramų. Yra parašęs tekstų dainoms.

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HORSES WADE IN THE NEMUNAS (1964)

horses wade in the Nemunas
they drink flowing fog
they drink the morning
floating on the Nemunas

stones from ruins
rest on the bottom
rolling for ages
from the high banks

fires sleep on the bottom
old swords rust
pressed in the shallows
moans of the drowned are quiet

horses wade in the Nemunas
they drink flowing fog
they drink the morning
floating on the Nemunas

Translated by: Jonas Zdanys

ARKLIAI BRENDĄ Į NEMUNĄ (1964)

arkliai brenda į Nemuną
geria tekančią rūką
geria ryto aušrą
plaukiančią Nemunu

dugne ilsisi
griuvėsių akmenys
amžių nuritinti
nuo aukštųjų krantų
miega dugne gaisrai
rūdią seni kalavijai
seklumų prislėgtos
tyli skenduolių aimanos

žirgai brenda į Nemuną
geria tekančią rūką
geria ryto aušrą
plaukiančią Nemunu

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Bernardas Brazdžionis (1907 – 2002)



Born in the village of Stebeikeliai in northeastern Lithuania, Brazdžionis left Lithuania with his parents, living temporarily in the United States until 1914. After his return to Lithuania, he completed his secondary and higher education, studying Lithuanian Literature and Linguistics. After graduating from the Lithuanian State University in Kaunas he worked as an editor of a number of literary publications. Brazdžionis began publishing poetry while still a high school student; later, as an University student, Brazdžionis's poetry became increasingly popular. Brazdžionis was forced to flee Lithuania during the Second World War and eventually resettled in the United States in 1949, where he actively participated in Lithuanian émigré life publishing many volumes of poetry, as well as books for children. He was also an editor of the magazine *Lithuanian Days* in Los Angeles. Brazdžionis' poetry, written in exile, dealt with themes of loyalty and love for the motherland, and often was set to music and sung at patriotic gatherings. Bernardas Brazdžionis is considered by many to be the patriarch of Lithuanian émigré poetry.

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B. Brazdžionis gimė Biržų apskr. Pumpėnų vals., Stebeikėlių km. Nuo 1908 m. su tėvais gyveno JAV. 1914 m. grįžo į Lietuvą. 1921 - 1929 m. baigė Biržų gimnaziją. 1929 - 1934 m. Vytauto Didžiojo universitete Humanitarinių mokslų fakultete studijavo lietuvių kalbą ir literatūrą. 1944 m. pasitraukė į Vakarų. Ravenbsurge dalyvavo išeivijos lietuvių kultūriniame gyvenime. 1947 m. redagavo lietuvių rašytojų metraštį „Tremties metai“. 1949 m. atvyko į JAV. Gyvendamas Bostone, dirbo „Lietuvių enciklopedijos“ Visuotinės literatūros skyriaus redaktorium, 1949 - 1950 m. redagavo vaikų laikraštį „Eglutė“. Gyveno Los Andželo mieste. Mirė 2002 m. liepos 11 dieną, palaidotas Petrašiūnų kapinėse. Pirmajame poezijos rinkinyje atsispindi esminis visos kūrybos bruožas – religinė problematika, katastrofiniai motyvai. Vėlesniuose rinkiniuose ryški poeto pranašo pozicija. Išeivijoje išleistuose rinkiniuose svarbiausia tema išlieka pavergtos tautos likimas.

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JOURNEY INTO NIGHT (1932)

My sister told me, "You are not my brother."
My brother told me, "You are not my brother."
Where can I find a sister – where, a brother,
Who am, to sister and to brother, alien?

High up the Alps, deep-chasmed in the snows,
St.Bernard's chapel hunches, hoar with years.
A cold and lonely toller nods beside the bell
And, sleeping, dreams and angel, lowering, awoke him.

He walks now, searching for me – downhill: through night
And day, through wind and snowdrift, thaws and freezing.
He seems to brush my brow – his good soft hand upon me;
He seems to touch my face – my heart he quickens.

Here below, my heart will sleep. Above, awaken. Its sun
obscured,
Its beating stilled, this heart had verged on death.
Through fog – a tale: all, all is a trek through fog. And life
itself
Ascends through fog – a journey into night.

Translated by: Demie Jonaitis

KELIONĖ Į NAKTĮ (1932)

Sesuo man tarė: - tu ne mano brolis.
Ir brolis tarė: - tu ne mano brolis - - -
O kur aš mielą seserį, o kur aš mielą brolių
rasiu ir seseriai ir broliui tolimas?

Yra ten Alpėse giliai po sniegu
sena ir užpustyta san-bernardinų koplytėlė,
pas varpą vienišas ir šaltas varpininkas miega,
miega sapnuodamas, kad angelas atėjo ir pakėlė...

Ir eina jis manęs ieškodamas pakalnėn
per naktį ir per dieną, per vėją, per pusnį, per atlydžius ir
šaltį, -
rodos, jau kaktą palietė, uždėjo ranką gerą, švelnią,
rodos, jau veidą palietė, rodos, jau širdį palietė ...

Čia ji užmigs. Ten ji nubus, čia širdžiai saulės trūko,
o taip, o taip - širdis pradėjo nebeplakti...
Per rūką pasaka, viskas, viskas per rūką,
per rūką ir gyvenimas - kelionė į naktį.

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Degutytė Janina (1928 - 1990)



Born in Kaunas, she graduated from the department of history and philology at Vilnius University in 1955. From 1958 to 1961 she worked as an editor for the Vaga Publishers in Vilnius. Her books of verse are marked by a romantic view of the world, improvisation in verse structure and emotional exclamatory phrases. She is also known as an author of several books of verse for children.

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Janina Degutyte - lietuvių lyrikos romantikė - Salomėjos Nėries melodingojo lyrizmo tradicijos tęsėja ir modifikuotoja, gamtos lyrikos, gamtinės miniatiūros kūrėja. J. Degutyte gimė 1928 m. Kaune. Vilniaus universitete studijavo literatūrą (baigė 1955 m.). 1958-1961 m. dirbo grožinės literatūros leidykloje redaktore. J. Degutyte buvo romantinio pasaulėvaizdžio ir romantinio stiliaus poetė. Poezijos kūrinys jai buvo monologinis kalbėjimas didžiausio susijaudinimo būklėje. Vėliau poezija prisipildė gamtos vaizdų ir muzikos. Gamta tapo pagrindiniu poetės motyvu. Poetė išleido daugybę eilėraščių rinkinių, knygų vaikams, išvertė A. Barto, V. Briusovo, E. Verhaereno, R. Rilkės kūrinių, parašė pjesių lėlių teatrui. Poetė mirė 1990 m. vasario 8 d.

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Bygones cannot be bygones.
Only streets and squares
have forgotten the smell of fire.
Only fields
have forgotten the taste of blood.
Iron forsaken still bleeds with rust.
Bygones cannot be bygones.
Time's not a beast, it cannot
lick its wounds
with a rough moistened tongue.
We bear its wounds within.
Hidden by commonplace words,
a reticent pause, half-smile, half-prayer...
Hidden in a yellowing letter
or a visionary tombstone...
The wounds we hide with a baby's palm,
with our daily, unyielding routine,
with Chopin or Bach...
We wish they were soothed by a kiss...
They don't heal, though. They bleed
at the touch of a thoughtless hand...
And in peace now and then
they bloom out into glimmering roses
or poems...

Translated by: Lionginas Pažūsis

Niekas nepraeina.
Tai tik gatvės ir aikštės
pamiršo gaisro kvapą.
Tai tik laukai
pamiršo kraujo skonį.
Pamesta geležis kraujuoja rūdim.
Niekas nepraeina.
Laikas - ne žvėris, kuris
drėgnu šiurkščiu liežuviu
užlaižo savo žaizdas.
Mes jo žaizdas nešame savyje.
Paslėptas po kasdieniniais žodžiais,
tylėjimu, pusiau šypsniu, pusiau malda...
Paslėptas senam pageltusiam laiške,
įsivaizduojamo (nerasto) kapo akmeny...
Mes pridengiam jas vaikiškais delnukais,
griežtu pareigų tvarkaraščiu,
Šopenu ar Bachu...
Norėtume, kad jas nuimtų pabučiavimu...
Bet jos gyvos – neatsargiai
palietus, vėl plūsta krauju...
O paskui - ramybėj –
iš jų išsiskleidžia degančios rožės
ar poemos...

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Kirša Faustas (1891 – 1964)



Faustas Kirša was born in 1891 in the village called Senadvaris (Zarasai district), where he finished his secondary education. By 1918, the year Lithuania proclaimed itself an independent republic, he had published his first book of poems. After a second book of poems and some spirited contributions as writer and organizer to revive the theatre and art scenes, he received a grant to resume formal studies at the University of Berlin. At the close of World War II, he was obliged to move into Germany and spent the first postwar years in a refugee camp at Lübeck, where he was active in revitalizing émigré cultural life, work he managed to continue after relocating to the United States. He died in Boston. Kirša started with the first and still ranks among the best of the post-Symbolists who came into their own in that sweet but unsettling twenty-year interim of newfound independence. His poetry was sporadically arrived at, or so he claimed, yet it was vigorous and expert beyond the range of his intensely unique lyric meditations also to include didactic and satiric verse of verve and polish.

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Faustas Kirša gimė 1891 metais Senadvaryje (Zarasų rajone). Poetas mokėsi Kauno ir Maskvos gimnazijose, Vilniuje baigė pedagoginius kursus, o vėliau klausė paskaitų Berlyno universitete. Bendradarbiavo įsteigiant satyrinį teatrą, kūrė tekstus jo spektakliams. 1944 m. pasitraukė į Vokietiją, gyveno Liubeko mieste ir aktyviai dalyvavo emigrantų kultūriniame gyvenime. 1949 m. poetas Faustas Kirša emigravo į JAV, Bostono mietę ir mirė. Pirmąjį savo kūrybos rinkinį poetas išleido 1918 m. Šiame rinkinyje išryškėjo svarbiausi Kiršos poezijos bruožai – abstraktumas ir neapibrėžtumas. Poezija kūrėjui yra tarsi galimybė kalbėti apie amžinasias tiesas; eilėraštis dažnai tampa tiesiog idėjos deklaracija. Vėlesniuose rinkiniuose eilėraštis labiau meditacinis ir retoriškas. Emigracijos laikotarpiu rašytuose eilėraščiuose pasirodo lyrinė intonacija.

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SPECK OF MIST

Such a yearning comes at sunset,
Earth's weight you more clearly sense:
Like the sullen mist, you shudder,
Bear and suffer pangs intense...

There are new bright spots, new glances,
New flames in the ashes grey...
You too, go as humbly crawling
As the mist, through hill and vale!

If – though but a speck – you glisten,
Singing shall your sorrows drown...
You shall read the palm the mist is
Lifting and its witchcraft crown!

Translated by: Peter Tempest

RŪKO DULKĖ

Saulei leidžiantis taip ilgu,
Sunkią žemę taip jauti:
Niūria ūkana suvirpi
Ir virpėdamas kenti...

Naujos dėmės, nauji žvilgsniai,
Naujos ugnys pelenuos...
Slink ir tu, kaip rūko dulkė,
Menkas kloniuos ir kalnuos.

Kas pajėgs ir dulce šviesti,
Tas ilgėdamos dainuos!..
Ūkanų iškeltam delne
Burtus spės ir vainikuos!..

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Kudirka Vincas (1858 – 1899)



Vincas Kudirka was a Lithuanian poet and doctor, and the author of the Lithuanian national anthem. He is now regarded in Lithuania as a national hero. He began by studying history and philosophy in Warsaw in 1881; he changed to medicine the following year. During his studies, he was arrested as a subversive for having a copy of *Das Kapital*, was expelled from university, and later reintegrated. He graduated in 1889, and worked later as a doctor. Kudirka begun writing poetry in 1888. Simultaneously he became more active in the Lithuanian nationalist movement. Together with other Lithuanian student at Warsaw, he founded the secret society *Lietuva* ("Lithuania"). The following year the society began publishing the clandestine newspaper *Varpas* ("Bell"), which Kudirka directed and wrote in for the next 10 years. Kudirka gave a great impulse to Lithuanian culture, and published a collection of Lithuanian popular songs. He was also a famous satirical writer.

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V. Kudirka gimė Vilkaviškio apskrityje, Paežerių kaime, pasiturinčio ūkininko šeimoje. 1871 m. baigęs pradžios mokyklą, įstojo į Marijampolės gimnaziją. Tėvo verčiamas V. Kudirka įstojo į Seinų kunigų seminariją. Čia jis mokėsi du metus ir buvo pašalintas dėl „pašaukimo stokos“. 1889 m. baigė Varšuvos universiteto Medicinos fakultetą. 1888 m. jis įkūrė Varšuvos lietuvių studentų nelegalią draugiją "Lietuva". Draugija 1889 m. pradėjo leisti "Varpą", kurį V. Kudirka kelerius metus redagavo. 1890 – 1894 m. V. Kudirka dirbo gydytoju Šakiuose. Tuo metu jis jau sirgo tada dar nepagydoma liga – džiova. V. Kudirka mirė 1899 m. lapkričio 6 d. Naumiestyje (nuo 1934 m. - Kudirkos Naumiestis), kur ir palaidotas. Kudirkos kova su carizmu už Lietuvą buvo optimistinė tragedija: jėgos nelygios, dirbo beveik vienas, bendradarbių ir skaitytojų turėjo mažai, tačiau net savo priešus privertė jį gerbti, nes kultūrą, laisvą mintį gynė kultūringai.

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THE NATIONAL SONG (1898)

Lithuania, our dear homeland,
Land of worthy heroes,
May your sons draw strength and vigour
From your past experience.

May your children always proudly
Choose the paths of virtue,
May your good and gains of people
Be the goals they work for.

May the sun over this land
Scatter all the gloom and dark,
Truth and light, shining bright,
Guide our steps forever.

May our love for our native land
Keep on burning in our hearts,
For the sake of this land
We shall stand together.

TAUTIŠKA GIESMĖ (1898)

Lietuva, Tėvyne mūsų,
Tu didvyrių žeme,
Iš praeities Tavo sūnūs
Te stiprybę semia.

Tegul Tavo vaikai eina
Vien takais dorybės,
Tegul dirba Tavo naudai
Ir žmonių gėrybei.

Tegul saulė Lietuvoj
Tamsumas prašalina,
Ir šviesa, ir tiesa
Mūs žingsnius telydi.

Tegul meilė Lietuvos
Dega mūsų širdyse,
Vardan tos Lietuvos
Vienybė težydi!

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Mačernis Vytautas (1920 – 1944)



Vytautas Mačernis was born in the village of Šarnelė near the city of Plungė in northwestern Lithuania. He studied philosophy and English literature at the Kaunas and Vilnius universities. After the close of the universities in 1943, he lived in a small town in the countryside until he died in 1944. Mačernis wrote several cycles of poetry, none of which was published during his lifetime. In his poems themes of alarm and grief, and of pining for stable human values, prompted by the approaching and, later, raging battles of World War II, are combined with a poetic view of his homeland, severity of classical form and a profound lyricism.

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Gyvendamas gimtajame Žemaitijos kaime Vytautas Mačernis užaugo ir sukūrė daugumą savo eilėraščių. Mokydamasis gimnazijoje pradėjo rašyti pirmuosius eilėraščius. Gimnazijoje jis vis toks pats susikaupęs, į kažką įsigilinęs, minties ir proto žmogus. 1939 m. pradėjo studijuoti anglų kalbą (mokėjo 7 kalbas) Vytauto Didžiojo universitete. Įsijungė į jaunų literatų veiklą, svajojo apie savąjį žurnalą. 1940 m. persikėlė į Vilniaus universitetą, po dviejų semestrų pagrindine savo specialybe pasirinko filosofiją. 1943 m. dėl karo uždarius universitetą, V. Mačernis grįžo tėviškėn. 1944 m. spalio 7 d. atsitiktinė sviedinio skeveldra atėmė jauno ir talentingo poeto gyvybę. Jis palaidotas tėviškės kalnelyje, kurį buvo labai pamėgęs, tarp aukštų pušų, eglių ir ąžuolų.

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VISIONS INTRODUCTION (1939)

An angry evening has come to the earth,
So very alien and restless.
Only the wanderer wind tosses about outside the window
And like a traveler knocks at the door.

But I shall never let him in –
I will shut the door even more securely,
I, full of unrest, longing for something,
Drowned in the gravity of the evening, think:

Of this earth and plowed-up hills,
Those cabins built of thick timbers,
And men, passing from generation into generation,
Those men, young and full of promise.

I see the golden harvest of their summers,
The ripe nights of the month of May,
The fields after harvest, the seed, free-falling,
And the agony of creative men.

It is they who flutter in the shadows of this evening,
Becoming clear through gestures and power,
And slowly they are born again,
Born again through me.

Translated by: Leta Januševičiūtė-Kelertienė

VIZIJOS ĮŽANGA (1939)

Į žemę piktas vakaras atėjo,
Toks baisiai svetimas ir neramus,
O ten už lango blaškosi klajoklis vėjas
Ir lyg keleivis beldžias į duris.

Bet aš vidun jo niekad neįleisiu,
Duris užversiu dar tampriau –
Aš pilnas nerimo, kažko pasiilgęs baisiai,
Paskendęs vakaro rimty, mąstau

Apie šią žemę ir kalvas suartas,
Ir iš storų sienų pastatytus šiuos namus,
Ir žmones einant iš kartos į kartą –
Tuos žmones jaunus, pranašius.

Menu jų vasaros auksinį derlių,
Gegužės mėnesio naktis brandžias,
Laukus, priėjus pjūčiai, grūdą berlų
Ir kuriančių žmonių kančias.

Tai plazda jie šio vakaro šešėliuos,
Ryškėja mostai ir galia
Ir pamažu atgimsta vėlei,
Atgimsta vėlei per mane...

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Mackus Algimantas (1932 – 1964)



Algimantas Mackus was born in Pagėgiai in western Lithuania, and was forced to flee Lithuania along with his parents during the Soviet occupation of Lithuania. Mackus had worked as a journalist for the émigré community's radio and edited a magazine associated with this program. Mackus had published three collections of poetry; a fourth was published post-humously. His poetry has been characterized by Lithuanian émigré critics as being complex and at the same time easily accessible, yet however one might try to describe Mackus' work, it was clear that he had been able to break with traditional Lithuanian literary bonds and create a new style that combined elements of the past with ideas absorbed while living abroad. However, it is the tragic nature of Mackus' life – exiled at an early age, forced to live abroad in countries where he found no place for himself, while at the same time being too young to clearly remember the homeland, and an early tragic death – which has turned him into a symbol of a lost generation for many Lithuanians at home and abroad. Mackus died tragically at the age of 32 in a car accident in Chicago.

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Poetas Algimantas Mackus gimė Pagėgiuose, Vakarų Lietuvoje. Prasidėjus Sovietiniais okupacijai poetas su tėvais pasitraukė į Vakarų Europą, nuo 1949 m. gyveno JAV. Studijavo Ruzvelto universitete. Dirbo Mackus lietuviškoje radijo stotyje „Margutis“ ir buvo to paties pavadinimo laikraščio redaktorius. Žuvo poetas autokatastrofoje, būdamas 32 metų amžiaus. A. Mackus buvo ryškiausias bežemių kartos atstovas. Pirmajame tradicinės lyrikos kupiname rinkinyje išsakomi tėvynės ilgesio, tremties ir skausmo motyvai. Antrajame rinkinyje tremtis traktuojama kaip iššūkis Dievo ir tiesos supratimui. Poetas tiesogiai neišsižada Dievo, tačiau kalba apie nesusitikimą su juo, apie situaciją, kai Dievas nebedalyvauja žmogaus gyvenime. Tokiu požiūriu poetas išreiškia negalėjamą pateisinti beprasmės žmogaus mirties. Mackui būdinga neornamentuotos kalbos stilistika padarė stiprią įtaką Lietuvos poezijai.

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IN TRIUMPH

And death won't be won over.
Dead men don't turn back
once their elbows prop rubble,
with the north moon's north eye
to shine on the body that was.
Bones may be gathered, but not put together
like a word, letter by letter.
The soul left behind, but no soul left.
And death won't be won over.

And death won't be won over.
Women cry out for sex as for rain,
in earth turned arid and flat.
Bones glaring white dry out, down
to the size of scant summer dust.
Dust may be gathered, not enough to cover
the waist of a body crushed.
The body left over, and none of it left.
And death won't be won over.

And death won't be won over.
Nor are the men ever to come home.
Though clocks keep the beat of a pulse
beyond time, there shall be beds
set up for the night in empty rooms.
With none to return, and all gone,
the doors shut blind.
Time left behind, and no time left.
And death won't be won over.

Translated by: Vyt Bakaitis

[\[Index\]](#)**TRIUMFALIŠKOJI**

Ir mirtis nebus nugalėta,
Vyrų numirę neatsigrįš,
alkūnėm graiučius parėmę.
Šiaurės mėnulio šiaurės akis
spindės virš buvusio kūno.
Kaulus surinks, bet jų nesudės
kaip žodžio – raidės prie raidės.

Siela paliks, bet sielos neliks.
Ir mirtis nebus nugalėta.
Ir mirtis nebus nugalėta.
Moterys šauks lyties kaip lietaus
lygioj išdžiūvusioj žemėj.
Kaulai balti sausrojų sutrupės
į smulkų vasaros dulkę.
Dulkes surinks, bet jos neuždengs
sutraišyto kūno liemens.
Kūnas paliks, bet kūno neliks.
Ir mirtis nebus nugalėta.

Ir mirtis nebus nugalėta.
Vyrų daugiau negrįš į namus.
Už laiko laikrodžiam plakant
pulso ritmu, tuščiuos kambariuos
bus nakčiai klojamos lovos.
Niekas negrįš, bet viska išnyks,
Duris aklinau uždarys.
Laikas paliks, bet laiko neliks.
Ir mirtis nebus nugalėta.

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Maironis (1862 – 1932)



Born in a peasant family on the Pasandravis estate (his real name was Jonas Mačiulis), Maironis went to secondary school in Kaunas, studied literature for a time at Kiev University, graduated from the Kaunas Seminary in 1888 and from the St. Petersburg Catholic Theological Academy in 1892. He was a professor at the Academy, rector of the Kaunas seminary and lectured on literature at Kaunas University. His first poem was published in 1885. Maironis' poetry set the basic standards for modern Lithuanian poetry.

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Gimė 1862 m. lapkričio 2 d. Pasandravio dvare, Šiluvos valsčiuje, netoli nuo Tytuvėnų (Raseinių raj.) laisvų valstiečių šeimoje, mirė 1932 m. birželio 28 d. Kaune. 1883-1884 m. studijavo literatūrą Kijevo universiteto istorijos ir filologijos fakultete. 1892 m. baigė Peterburgo dvasinę akademiją. Dėstė Kauno kunigų seminarijoje, buvo jos rektorius, Peterburgo dvasinės akademijos profesorius; nuo 1903 m. – teologijos daktaras. Pirmuosius eilėraščius jaunas poetas rašė lenkų kalba. Vėliaus šiuos savo bandymus jis sunaikino. Reikšmingiausia Maironio kūrybos dalis – lyrika. Nemažai eilėraščių virto liaudies dainomis, kurioms muziką parašė J. Naujalis, Č. Sasnauskas.

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TRAKAI CASTLE (1895)

With lichen and mould overgrown all around
A time-honoured castle there looms!
Its true high-born rulers now sleep below ground,
Yet Trakai outlasted their tombs.
While centuries run, its grim ruins grow older,
Deserted and lonely, they gradually moulder.

When over the castle the wind bursts to moan
The lake lying round climbs its walls:
A wave rides a wave, and a mouldering stone
Works loose and submissively falls.
The towers keep crumbling and day after day
So many a heart fill with gloom and dismay.

Old castle! Long centuries echoed your name!
Great men rose to glory with you!
You saw the Great Vytautas' power and fame,
His regiments on a review.
Where is now your might that was dazzling with glory?
Where is your antiquity lauded in story?

You walls, dark and ruinous, covered with grime,
Defenceless, unpeopled and dumb!
I tenderly fancy your most precious time
You've had in the centuries' run!
Invaluable time! Shall we see your revival?
Or shall you like youth just in dreams find survival?

Each time when through Trakai I happen to go
With pain my heart bitterly cries.
A sorrowful tear down my cheek starts to flow
And suddenly clouds my blue eyes.

TRAKŲ PILIS (1895)

Pelėisiais ir kerpe apaugus aukštai
Trakų štai garbinga pilis!
Jos aukštus valdovus užmigdė kapai,
O ji tebestovi dar vis.
Bet amžiai bėga, ir griūvančios sienos
Kas dieną nyksta apleistos ir vienos!..

Kai vėjas pakyla ir drumzdžias vanduo,
Ir ežeras veržias platyn, -
Banga gena bangą, ir bokšto akmuo
Paplautas nuvirsta žemyn.
Taip griūva sienos, liūdnesnės kas dieną,
Graudindamos jautrią širdį ne vieną.

Pilis! Tu tiek amžių praleidai garsiai!
Ir tiek mums davei milžinų!
Tu Vytauto didžio galybę matei,
Kad jojo tarp savo pulkų!
Kur tavo galia garsi palikimais?
Kur ta senovė, brangi atminimais?

Nutilusios sienos, apleistos visų,
Be sargo, ginklų, be žmogaus!
Kiek primenat jūs man brangiausių laikų
Ant vieškelių amžių plataus!
Laikai brangiausi! Ar mums dar sugrįšite?
Ar vien minėsme kaip savo jaunystę?

Kada tik keliu važiauvau pro Trakus,
Man verkė iš skausmo širdis;
Gaili ašarėlė beprolovė skruostus
Ir mėlynas temdė akis!



In vain my poor heart tries to seek consolation,
All round I see darkness and bleak desolation.

Translated by Lionginas Pažūsis

Ir veltui dvasią raminti norėjau,
Aplinkui vien tamsią naktį regėjau.

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I'LL VANISH LIKE SMOKE (1895)

I'll vanish like smoke drifting up in the air,
And no one will miss me at all!
Like thousands who lived once and sank in despair,
Whose names now can no one recall!

Like waves of the seas or a man's restless thought
This world's deeds are changing with time!
Where's Sardis? Or Athens? The Romans who sought
To reach in their works the sublime?

Then what is my misery or inspiration?
Those flashes revealing my soul?
A stir of my blood or my heart's trepidation –
The grave soon will swallow it all!

My songs soon will die! Yet a fond aspiration
Will make other poets fly high!
The same distant star will arouse admiration,
They'll suffer bedazzled like I!

And what is the glory in song so exalted?
A shadow that's tuning along!
When man is no more, all the dreams he has haunted
Will fade soon like thick crimson dawn

Translated by Lionginas Pažūsis

IŠNYKSIU KAIP DŪMAS (1895)

Išnyksiu kaip dūmas, neblaškomas vėjo,
Ir niekas manęs neminės!
Tiek tūkstančių amžiais gyveno, kentėjo,
O kas jų bent vardą atspės?

Kaip bangos ant marių, kaip mintys žmogaus,
Taip mainos pasaulio darbai!
Kur Sardės? Atėnai? Ar Rymo garsaus
Kur vyrai ar jų veikalai?

O kas mano kančios? Ar tas įkvėpimas?
Tie dvasios sumirgę žaibai!..
Tik kraujas sujudęs, širdies tik plakimas,
Kuriems nebužilgo - kapai!

Užmirš mano giesmes! Poetai kiti
Ieškos įkvėpimo brangaus;
Ir jiems ta žvaigždė švies iš tolo skaisti,
Bet vėl kaip mane ji apgaus!

Ir kas ta garbė, giesmėmis apdainuota?
Šešėlis, kurs bėga greta!
Išnyko žmogus: ir svajota-sapnuota
Išblyško kaip ryto aušra!

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Marcinkevicius Justinas (born 1930)



Justinas Marcinkevicius is an intellectual Lithuanian poet and playwright. He was born into a peasant family in March 10, 1930 in Vazatkiemis, Prienai district. In 1954 he graduated from Vilnius University History and Philology Department with degree in Lithuanian language and Literature. During the times of Soviet totalitarianism he was one of the authors who defended the cultural self-awareness of his nation. Justinas Marcinkevicius wrote and keeps writing his poems in romantic and modern style. In his poems he brought back humanistic ideas, also he valued the esthetic side of literature and continued on the romantic and lyric poetry tradition. He is also known as a poetry translator.

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Poetas, dramaturgas, prozininkas Justinas Marcinkevičius gimė 1930m. kovo 10 dieną, Vazatkiemyje, Prienų rajone. 1954 m. baigė lituanistikos studijas Vilniaus universitete. Pagrindinė poeto kūrybos tema - Lietuva, jos istorija ir dabartis, gamta ir kultūra, žmogus tėvynėje ir pasaulyje, jo egzistencinė problematika: laimė, pareiga, kančia, baimė, ištikimybė, dora, gerumas. Poeto kūryba du kartus apdovanota Lietuvos valstybine premija, visuomeninė veikla - Lietuvos Santarvės premija (1994).

Justino Marcinkevičiaus kūryba atskiromis knygomis išleista vokiečių, rusų, anglų, bulgarų, vengrų, norvegų, estų, rumunų, serbų, latvių, slovaku, armėnų, čekų, uzbekų, gruzinų, moldavų, kirgizų, ukrainiečių ir kitomis kalbomis. Eilėraščių ciklai skelbti italų, prancūzų, ispanų, suomių ir kitomis kalbomis įvairiuose almanachuose, žurnaluose.

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LOVE IS LIKE THIS (1975)

In the bright glow of evening skies
How divine is your aspect, my homeland!

So come kneel and be silent awhile –
let this space now fill up with your presence,
because love is like this. Through the heart
your own blood rushes calling:

-----my homeland,
our cradle of fortunes, your aim
I've been seeking in vain
for a lark's nest you are
in the boundless expanse of the fields!
My heart melts when I look
at the blossoming apple-tree
a child fast asleep
and your eyes often gleaming in mist.
Yet I'm seeking a flower
to remind me of you,
bearing scents of my childhood
and that balmy evening –
so drowsy and warm.

What a treasure it is to have you
ever bending your gaze over me.
I have faith, hence my words –
oh, my words! – they are bandages
Always stuck fast to your wounds.

Translated by: Lionginas Pažūsis

TOKIA YRA MEILĖ (1975)

Vakarinio dangaus šviesoje
koks gražus tavo veidas, gimtine!

Atsiklaupk ir tylėk – tegul
ši erdvė prisipildo tavęs,
nes tokia yra meilė. Per širdį
eina šaukdamas kraujas:

----- gimtine,
likimų lopšy, tavo tikslo
ieškojau nerasdamas –
vieversio lizdas –
arimų platybėse – tu!
Taip gera žiūrėti
į žydinčią obelį,
miegantį vaiką
ir į tavo akis ūkanotas.
Bet ieškau gėlės,
kuri primintų tave,
kurioje visą laiką kvėpėtų
vaikystė ir vakaras –
šiltas, mieguistas.

Štai: laimė turėti tave,
visados virš manęs pasilenkusią.
Iš čia mano žodžiai –
o, mano žodžiai! Kaip tvarsčiai,
prilipę prie tavo žaizdų.

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Martinaitis Marcelijus (born 1936)



Born in the village of Paserbentis near the city of Raseiniai, Marcelijus Martinaitis studied at the Kaunas Polytechnic Institute. Also he studied history and philology at the University of Vilnius. During the period of national rebirth in Lithuania he was an important member of "Sajudis", political organization. Martinaitis has published ten collections of poetry and two collections of essays. A modern outlook on folklore, paradox and the grotesque is typical of Martinaitis's poetry. In his poetry Martinaitis draws extensively on the ethnographic wealth of the spiritual experience of the country folk. His most popular collection *The Ballads of Kukutis* is a black comedy that attempts to describe the internal and external conflict between the mindset and outward reactions of an ancient pagan farmer suddenly having found himself within the de-humanizing bureaucratic structures of post-war Soviet occupation.

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M. Martinaitis, poetas, eseistas, vertėjas gimė 1936 m. Paserbentyje (Raseinių r.). 1964 baigė Vilniaus universitetą, dirbo laikraščių ir žurnalų redakcijose, nuo 1980 dėsto Vilniaus Universitete. Buvo Sąjūdžio narys. Nacionalinės premijos laureatas (1998). Poetas save suvokia kaip agrarinės kultūros atstovą, išgyvenusį tos kultūros žlugimą. M. Martinaitis savo kūryboje, pasiremdamas archetipiniu mąstymu, iš buities detalių bando rekonstruoti senąją baltų pasaulėjautą ar žemdirbių civilizacijos kontūrus ir pagrindinius jos ženklus (žemė, namai, Dievas, ryšys su mirusiais), gamtos ritmu pagrįstą laiko tėkmės ir būties dėsnių suvokimą. Naivia sąmone prisidengus, intelektualiai apmąstoma gyvenimo vertė ir prasmė, kuriama savita, liaudišką etika pagrįsta vertybių sistema: vertę gauna naivumas, sugebėjimas pagailėti, ašara, skaudėjimas. Vienas garsiausių poeto kūrinių – „Kukučio baladės”.

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LAMENTING LADYBUG. A SUMMER DREAM

In the morning,
as the sun was rising
Ladybug died.

They carried her held up high
in a glass drop.

Along the way, reapers
stood barefoot, hats in hand.
They scythes flashed.

In front twelve horsemen rode.
Their horses walked with lowered heads
as if in an etching.
And you couldn't see where the road ended.

Beside the hearse
walked a lame girl –
she was ladybug's sister.

Twelve wailers,
those twelve
black veiled nights
followed wailing:

"Sun, sun,
grow reeds
to raise Ladybug."

The sun sharpened the scythes –
the scythes cut the reeds –
twelve horsemen rode –
dew fell –

Translated by: Laima Sruoginis

RAUDA BORUŽEI. VASAROS SAPNAS

Rytą,
patekant saulei,
mirė boružė.

Ją vežė iškeltą aukštai
stikliniam laše.

Pakelėj be kepurių stovėjo
basi šienpjoviai.
Žybčiojo dalgiai.

Priekyje dvylika raitelių jojo.
Kaip nupiešti jų žirgai
ėjo nuleidę galvas.

Ir nesimatė, kur baigiasi kelias.
Šalia katafalko
ėjo mergaitė raiša -
ji buvo boružės sesuo.

Raudotojų dvylika
tų dvylika

juodai gobturuotų naktų
paskui raudodamosėjo:

"Saulele, saulele,
auginki smilgelę
boružei pakilt".

Saulę ant dalgų galando -
dalgiais pakirto smilgelę -
dvylika raitelių jojo -
krito rasa ---

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Mieželaitis Eduardas (1919 - 1997)



Eduardas Mieželaitis was born into a worker's family in 1919 in the village of Kareivskiai. In 1939 – 1941 he studied law at the universities of Kaunas and Vilnius. During the war, he served as a war correspondent. His first book of verse, called „Lyrics” appeared in 1943. He is the one of the most prolific of Lithuanian's modern poets. Since his first books of verse in which he showed himself to be an emotional lyric poet, close to the tradition of Salomeja Neris, he has produced more than a score of books. E. Miezelaitis died in 1997 in Vilnius.

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Eduardas Mieželaitis gimė darbininkų šeimoje 1919 m. Kereiviškėse. Nuo 1939 m. iki 1941 m. poetas studijavo teisę Kaune ir Vilniuje. Karo metu tarnavo kaip karo korespondentas. Pirma poezijos knygą Eduardas Mieželaitis išleido 1943 m. Jo lyriška poezija pasižymi jausmingumu ir yra artima Salomėjos Neries eilėms. Mirė poetas 1997 m. Vilniuje.

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ASHES

The brown pieces of bone underfoot here lying –
like old splinters of bullets attacked by decay –
were once two tiny feet that went leaping and flying
in the fields after butterflies flitting away;
they were two little hands which were gently caressing
their mother's soft shoulders and velvety breast;
they were two big strong hands which were soothingly
blessing
their small children to wish them a good night's rest.
And the colourless ashes by breezes here scattered
were eyes that once sparkled or glared distrust,
were lips that once smiled, craved for kisses and chattered,
and suppressed bitter sufferings too... This grey dust
hides the hearts that were grieving, rejoicing and seething,
and the brains that were throbbing and burning with strife,
facing desperate plight, they were twisting and wreathing
like the letters when children first chalk the word „life...”
And the hair that now lies in a heap over there
once was gracefully curled; in a leisurely hour
it would often be fondled and plaited with care,
maybe somebody kissed it and set there a flower...
All the tremors of hearts, dreams of happy tomorrow,
gloomy eyes, smiling lips, all good cheer and blame
have been turned into ashes... These people were
swallowed
in the ovens of death by a merciless flame...
...Look, from out of blue heaven a bird downward dashes...
Its grey wing in the sunshine surprisingly glows
as it swoops low above the barbed wire and the ashes
to alight by a blood-red late-flowering rose...
I am still overwhelmed by the pain I am feeling
and a tear has lodged somewhere deep in my breast,

PELENAI

Šitie kaulų rudi trupinėliai po kojų –
tarsi kulkų skeveldros suėstos rūdžių, -
buvo mažos kojytės – jos šokavo, bėgiojo
paskui baltą drugelį laukų takučiu;
buvo trapios rankutės – jos spurdėjo ir pynės
apie motinos kaklą, krūtis ir pečius;
buvo didelės rankos, kurios prie krūtinės
prispaudusios glaudė mažus vaikučius.
Ir pilki pelenai, čia nešiojami vėjo, -
buvo akys, jos žaidė ir žvelgė liūdnai;
buvo lūpos – šypsojos, bučiavos, kalbėjo
ir kentėjo kančias... Šie pilki pelenai –
buvo širdys, jos džiaugė, nerimo ir kentė;
buvo smegenys, jos, kaip raidė prie raidės
lentoje parašytame žody „gyventi”,
raitės, rangėsi, vijosi iki mirties...
Ir plaukai, kurių liko čia didelis kalnas,
kitados garbanojos; galbūt kitados
juos šukavo ir glostė, ir pynė juos delnas,
ir kažkas juos tikriausiai bučiavo žieduos...
Ir širdžių virpesys, ir laimingos svajonės,
ir akių liūdesys, lengvas lūpų šypsny –
pelenai... pelenai... Nes prarijo tuos žmones
krematorių krosnių siaubinga ugnis...
Lekia paukštis pro šalį... Suspurda, suošia
sužibėjusiu saulėje pilku sparnu
ir užgauna pražydusią kruviną rožę
tarp spygliuotų vielų, kruvinų pelenų...
Ir skaudu, kaip retai man gyvenime būna...
Ašarėlė įstrigus kažkur gomury –
tarsi kulkos skeveldra, įsmigus į kūną,
kurios skausmą nešioti ir jausti turi...



like a shell splinter deep in a wound never healing
that is fated to torture and give me no rest...
I cannot tear my gaze from the faraway flashes
when the cloudy horizon I anxiously scan
and I cry, as I clutch a small handful of ashes:
Stop now, once and for all, killing man!..

Translated by: Lionginas Pažūsis

Negaliu savo žvilgsnio nukreipti į šalį
nuo kažkur besiniaukiančio žydro dangaus.
Ir sakau, pelenų šių išskėlęs žiupsnelį:
pagaliau nežudykit žmogaus!..

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Nėris Salomėja (1904 – 1945)



Salomeja Neris was born in a peasant family in the village of Kirsai. Her real surname was Bacinskaite – Buciene. In 1928 Neris graduated from Kaunas University, where she studied German and Lithuanian. For several years she work as a teacher. In the first verse collections, „Early in the morning” (1927) and „Prints in the sand” (1931), a romantic view of the world was expressed with emotional sighs and notes of lyrical tenderness. Her poetry is marked by the delicacy and lightness of its verbal fabric, an affinity with folk poetry in the impulsiveness and flexibility of its phrases, by rhythmic harmony and classic lucidity.

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Salomėja Nėris, kurios tikroji pavardė yra Bačinskaitė – Bučienė, gimė valstiečių šeimoje Kiršų kaime. Lietuvos universitete studijavo lietuvių literatūrą bei vokiečių kalbą ir literatūrą. O taip pat pedagogiką. Kelis metus dirbo mokytoja Pirmuosiuose kūrybos rinkiniuose „Anksti rytą” bei „Pėdos smėly” eilėraščiai yra labiausiai veikiami romano poetikos, būdingi kategoriški priešybių gretinimai. S. Nėries poezijos tradicija – viena gyvybingiausių lietuvių poezijoje. Jos įtaka jaučiama E. Mieželaičio, P. Širvio, J. Degutytės kūryboje. Poezijos vertimų knygos išleistos latvių, baltarusių, ukrainiečių, turkmėnų, bulgarų, čekų, anglų kalbomis.

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HOMELAND (1941)

Despoiled and blood-drenched by the foe
You rise before my eyes.
Many a hundred miles I'll go
To see your stirring skies.

When blossoms from your apple – tress
Or leaves in autumn fall,
I'll go to you, though on my knees
Throug rain and cold I'll crawl.

Today the heavy clouds of war
Enshroud your lovely face...
How are your towns I see no more?
Grim ruins take their place.

You wring your hand in grief and pain:
Where are my sons, my loyal guards?
In empty homesteads chill winds reign
And moles dig up the yards.

Over the Nieman night drags on
But it shall not last long.
I'll come to you one day at dawn
To soothe you with my song.

Translated by: Lionginas Pažūsis

TĖVYNĖ (1941)

Sukrūvinta ir apiplėšta
Ji stovi man akyse.
Šimtus aš mylių eisiu pėsčia,
Kol gyvą pamatysiu.

Žydės ten sodai, svyros vaisiai
Ar lapai kris pageltę, -
Aš keliais į tavę pareisiu
Per lietu, gruodą, šaltį...

Šiandieną dangsto karo dūmai
Man tavo veidą šviesų...
O tavo miestai, dalūs rūmai? –
Pilki, šalti griuvėsiai.

Didžiam skausme rankas užlaužus:
O kur vaikai geriausi?
Tuščių namuos jų – vėjai daužos,
Darželiuos kurmiai rausias.

Ne daugel kartų saulė leisis
Mūs Nemunėlio juostoj, -
Aš greit sugrįšiu, aš pareisiu...
Dainom tavę paguosiu.

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Vincas Mykolaitis-Putinas (1893 – 1967)



Vincas Mykolaitis-Putinas, poet, novelist, dramatist, translator, and literary historian, was born in a peasant family in the village Pilotiškieiai near the city of Marijampolė. He studied at the Seiniai seminary and was ordained a priest in 1915; twenty-one year later, in 1936, he was relieved of his priestly duties and excommunicated for marrying one of his students, a step he anticipated in his famous autobiographical novel *In the Shadow of the Altars*. Mykolaitis-Putinas studied at the Catholic Theological Academy in Petrograd from 1915 to 1917. Later he went abroad to study and continued his philosophical and literary education in Germany. From 1923 to 1939 he was a lecturer and professor of literature at Kaunas University. Later he taught modern literature at the University of Vilnius.

His first book of poetry, *Red Flowers*, appeared in 1917 and bordered on Symbolism. Putinas introduced an element of drama into Lithuanian intellectual poetry. The themes of closeness to the soil and of the eternal nature of existence mark his verse collections. Lyrical and philosophical meditation on the essence of human existence dominates his poetry.

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Vincas Mykolaitis-Putinas gimė 1893m. sausio 6d. Pilotiškių kaime, Marijampolės apskrityje, ūkininkų šeimoje. Mokėsi Marijampolės gimnazijoje. Baigęs 4 klases, 1909m. V. Mykolaitis-Putinas įstojo į Seinų kunigų seminariją ir 1915m. įsišventino kunigu. Pastoracinio darbo nedirbo ir 1915-1917m. toliau mokėsi Petrapilio dvasinėje akademijoje. 1918-1922m. Friburgo universitete studijavo filosofiją, filosofijos ir meno istoriją, literatūrą. 1923-1929m. V. Mykolaitis-Putinas dėstė Lietuvos universitete naująją lietuvių literatūrą, visuotinės literatūros įvadą ir estetiką. 1935m. oficialiai atsisakė kunigystės ir šio laikotarpio išgyvenimus perteikė romane „Altorių šešėly“.

Ankstyvojoje Putino lyrikoje tęsiama Maironio tradicija. Eilėraščiai kupini gyvenimo džiaugsmo, gamtos ir meilės nuojautų, kūryboje ryškėja simbolizmas. Vėlesniuose eilėraščiuose vyrauja žmogaus egzistencijos tragizmas. Visai vėlyvajai lyrikai būdingos monumentalios poezijos formos, eilėraščių ciklai, laisva intonacija, proziško žodžio junginys su pakilais kalbėjimo tradicija.

Mirė poetas 1967m. birželio 7d. Kačerginėje, prie Kauno, palaidotas Vilniuje.

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TO THE EARTH

You, sinful Earth, possess such strenght and beauty!
Your flowers rival those of Paradise.
It's hues drawn from your depths rainbows are using,
It's from your breast that I my life derive.

Of sunset's scarf your dark brow you're divesting,
The warm spring night's intoxicating you:
I sense your throbbing heart, your fragrant tresses
That turn the head as meadow flowers do.

Red poppies at your feet were straightway swooning,
The reddish clouds above thinned out like mist,
The stars assembled and the moon stopped moving
When on that autumn night my lips you kissed.

You I embraced as no one could embrace you,
My turbulent desires in you struck root.
I'll rise, like a magic plant, to starry spaces,
But it's your life shall feed the growing shoot.

Translated by: Peter Tempest

ŽEMEI

Graži ir galinga esi, nuodėmingoji žeme!
Tu praneši dangų savųjų žiedų skaidrumu.
Iš tavo gelmių sau vaivorykštės metmenis semia -
Iš tavo krūtinės ir aš sau gyvybės imu.

Nuo juodbruvo veido saulėleidžio skarą nutraukus,
Tu šiltą pavasario naktį manim apsvaigai:
Jaučiu tavo plakančią širdį ir kvepiančius plaukus,
Kaip galvą svaigina, lyg žydinčių pievų ūkai.

Raudonos aguonos nulinkę tau vyto prie kojų,
Ant tavęs rausvi debesynai pakriko lengvai, -
Susitelkę žvaigždės ir mėnuo padangėj sustojo,
Kai šiltą pavasario naktį mane bučiavai.

Aplėbiau tave, kaip nė vienas aplėbt negalėtų.
Jaugau tavin chaotingų geismų šaknimis.
Kaip pasakos augalas kilsiu lig ruimų žvaigždėtų,
O kraunamas žiedas tavąja gyvybe išmis.

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Radauskas Henrikas (1910 – 1970)



Henrikas Radauskas was born in 1910 in Krakow (Poland). He returned to Lithuania in 1921. He graduated from the Panevėžys Teachers Institute in 1929, was a schoolmaster for one year, and studied Lithuanian, German, and Russian languages and literatures in the University of Kaunas. By 1944 he had been forced to flee to Germany, where he found himself in Berlin's Soviet occupied zone, later he managed to escape to the English zone. There Radauskas continued his literary career. At that time Radauskas was influenced by French impressionist art, baroque and rococo music, Rilke, Verlaine, Mallarme, the Polish poet Tuwim, and the Russian symbolists. Later Radauskas emigrated to the United States. In 1959 Radauskas went to work in the Congress library in Washington, where he remained among books, paintings, poems and friends until his death in August 1970.

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Henrikas Radauskas gimė 1910 m. Krokuvoje (Lenkija). Poetas mokėsi Panevėžio gimnazijoje ir mokytojų seminarijoje, Vytauto Didžiojo Universitete studijavo lituanistiką, germanistiką ir rusistiką. 1944 m. Radauskas pasitraukė į Vokietiją, o po penkerių metų persikėlė į JAV. Eilėraščius poetas pradėjo publikuoti periodikoje nuo 1929 m., o pirmąjį poezijos rinkinį „Fontanas“ išleido 1935 m. Šiame rinkinyje išryškėja poeto kūrybos principas – polemėnis santykis su lyrine poezijos tradicija. Esminiai Radausko kūrybos bruožai – estetizmas, antilyrizmas, estetiinė distancija, poetinė tikrovės transformacija. Eilėraštinės kūrybos kuriamas ne kaip jausmų ar idėjų išraiška, o kaip dinamiškas poetinis pasakojimas, kuris paneigia realybės dėsnius, kuriame susipina ironija ir egzistencijos tragizmas. Ypatingai šie poeto kūrybos bruožai sustiprėja vėlyvojoje kūryboje.

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ARROW IN THE SKY

I am an arrow that a child shot through
An apple tree in bloom beside the sea;
A cloud of apple blossoms, like a swan,
Has shimmered down and landed on a wave;
The child is wondering, he cannot tell
The blossoms from the foam.

I am an arrow that a hunter shot
To hit an eagle that was flying by;
For all his strength and youth, he missed the bird,
Wounding instead the old enormous sun
And flooding all the twilight with its blood;
And now the day has died.

I am an arrow that was shot at night
By a crazed soldier from a fort besieged
To plead for help from mighty heaven, but
Not having spotted God, the arrow still
Wanders among the frigid constellations,
Not daring to return.

Translated by: Theodore Melnechuk

STRĖLĖ DANGUJE

Aš – kaip strėlė, kurią paleido vaikas
Į baltą obelį žaliajame pajūry,
Ir debesis žiedų, tarytum gūlbė,
Mirgėdamas į bangą nusileido,
Ir stebis vaikas ir negali putų
Atskirti nuo žiedų.

Aš – kaip strėlė, kurią stiprus ir jaunas
Medžiotojas į praskrendantį arą
Paleido, bet į paukštį nepataikė
Ir sužeidė didžiulę seną saulę
Ir visą vakarą krauju užpylė,
Ir numirė diena.

Aš – kaip strėlė, kurią, netekęs proto
Kareivis prieš apsuptą tvirtovę
Paleido naktį į galingą dangų
Prašyt pagalbos, bet, neradus Dievo,
Strėlė klajoja tarp šaltų žvaigždynų,
Nedrįsdama sugižt.

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Rastenis Kęstutis (born 1950)



Kęstutis Rastenis was born in Utena, Lithuania. In 1968 he finished Tauragnai secondary school. In 1973 graduated from Vilnius university history department. In 1978 completed doctorship studies in history of philosophy in Institute of Philosophy, Sociology and Law. He was working in Mintis publishing house as senior scientific editor.

Rastenis is a member of Lithuanian Writers' union. He translated from English into Lithuanian philosophical books: “An Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding” by D. Hume, “Leviathan” by T. Hobbes, “Nations and Nationalism” by E. Gellner, and others.

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Poetas ir kritikas Kęstutis Rastenis gimė Utenoje, baigė Vilniaus universiteto istorijos fakultetą. Dirbo Partijos istorijos institute, Knygų rūmuose, „Minties“ leidykloje, Kūltūros ir meno institute. Poeto K. Rastenio poezija santūri, dažnai jai būdinga klasikinė forma, vyrauja egzistencinio nerimo, harmonijos ilgesio motyvai. Paskelbė poezijos knygų, spektaklių recenzijų, išvertė filosofų E. Gellerio, T. Hobbeso ir kt. veikalų.

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[\[Index\]](#)**ALONE IN THE NIGHT IN FINLAND**

Let's be all things mad.
As foolish as...
Let's make the very abyss of your eyes itself distinct
That black August night –

Let's reveal the web of vision
Which – once caught – shall never allow us to be free of it
Let's open the room of your hope –
You'll find a cup of treasures within.

Let's... Let's go! Men and women,
Wives and children... All of us, let's go,
Let's make love in the shadow of war.
The threat of war – it stuns us –

There is no consolation. Only there
In the outskirts of sepulchral cities suspense grows.
The last tram near Helsinki's station runs off
And you are left to stand alone in the night in Finland.

Translated by: unknown**VIENAS NAKTY SUOMIJOJ**

Tebūna viskas beprotiška,
Lygiai kaip ir kvaila -
Tegu išryškėja tavo akių bedugnė
Tą tamsią rugpjūčio naktį -
Tegu atsiskleidžia vizijų tinklas,
Kurian sugauti jau niekad nepaspruksim -
Tegu atsiveria tavo vilties kambarys -
Jame surasi brangenybių kraitę.
Tegu. Tegu eina vyrai ir moterys,
Žmonos ir vaikai. Visi jie tegu eina,
Tegu mylisi karo šešėly -
Karo grėsmė - ji mus pribloškia -
Nėra jau jokios paguodos. Tik ten
Miestų gūdžių pakrašty lūkestis auga
Nuvažiuoja paskutinis tramvajus pro Helsinkio stotį -
Ir lieki nakty Suomijoje vienas stovėti.

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Sruoga Balys (1896 – 1947)



Poet Balys Sruoga was born in a peasant family. In 1915-1918 he studied at the universities of Petrograd and Moscow and in 1921-1924 did Slavonic studies at Munich University where he received the degree of Doctor of Philology. From. He was one of 47 Lithuanian intellectuals arrested as hostages during the World War II. Sruoga was held at the Stutthof concentration camp from 1943 till 1945. After the war he worked as a professor at Vilnius University. His poems first appeared in 1911. Influenced by Russian Symbolism, he introduced in Lithuanian poetry Verlaine's kind of verse in which the predominant note is one of free play of emotions and understatement. Sruoga wrote historical plays of a lyrical nature. The best known book of Balys Sruoga is called “Forest of the Gods”. It’s a book of reminiscences of the Stutthoff concentration camp. He also published studies in the field of folklore, the history of the Lithuanian theatre and Russian literature.

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Poetas, dramaturgas, kritikas, vertėjas ir publicistas Balys Sruoga gimė valstiečių šeimoje, Baibokų kaime, Biržų rajone. Studijavo literatūrą Petrogrado, Maskvos ir Miuncheno universitetuose. Pirmuosius eilėraščius pradėjo spausdinti 1911 m. Poetinėje Sruogos kūryboje ryškėjo individuali problematika, noras sukurti ką nors naujo. Sruogos eilėraščiai yra sugrupuoti į ciklus pagal simbolizmo tradiciją, improvizaciniai, grindžiami muzikiniu skambesiu, trumpalaikė nuotaika, perteikia beribiškumo ir laisvės jausmą. Vėliau poetas laikė save romantiku, o į jaunystės lyrikos dalį žiūrėjo skeptiškai. Meno esmė, Sruogos supratimu, visuotinumas ir kosmiškumas, savitas sielos gyvenimas, tautos dvasia, kuri ryškiausiai atsisipindi liaudies dainose. Garsiausias Balio Sruogos kūrinys yra romanas “Dievų miškas” kuriame aprašomas gyvenimas Štutgofo koncentracijos stovykloje.

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SONG OF MIST

The smooth oar lifts no spray,
The soft breeze dies away,
There's joy in store today.

The waves a silence binds,
The rowboot softly glides,
The road of mourners winds.

If but a sigh you'd spare!
Did you not hear, or care,
When storms beset me there?

From yearning I was lost,
By gales my heart was tossed,
In mist my dreams were crossed.

The oar slips through the air,
My heart weeps in despair,
Unheeded is my prayer.

Translated by: Peter Tempest

ŪKANOTOJI

Tylus irklo palietimas,
Vėjo mirštančio dvelkimas,
Kažkoks laimės nujautimas - -

Tyli bangos vainikuotos,
Tyliai slenka, tyliai luotas - -
Kelias liūdinčių vingiuotas - -

Iš tavęs nors garsą vėjo!
Negirdėjai, neskaudėjo,
Kaip mane audra lydėjo?

Tai ilgėjimos pašėlo,
Sieloj viesulą sukėlo,
Su ūkais sapnus suvėlo - -

Irklas tyliai vėl iškrinta - -
Siela verkia, siela junta –
Neišgirsta malda šventa - -

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Širvys Paulius (1920 – 1979)



Poet Paulius Širvys was born into a peasant family in the village of Padustelis in 1920. He graduated from a farming school in 1940 and from the Institute of Literature in 1957. He fought in World War Two and twice escaped from captivity. His verse was first published in 1947. Širvys' lyrical poems are permeated with Lithuanian folklore traditions and melodious poetic patterns. His books of verse, "Native Birches Rustle" (1956), "Longing Is a Song" (1972) and others, are marked by the lyrical quality of his wartime memories, sincerity of expression and the sad melodiousness of folk song. A few poems of this poet became a well known songs.

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Poetas Paulius Širvys gimė 1920 m. Padustėlyje (Zarasų raj.). Baigė žemės ūkio mokyklą, įstojo į Vilniaus karo pėstininkų mokyklą. Dalyvavo Antrajame pasauliniame kare, du kartus pateko į vokiečių nelaisvę ir pabėgo. Baigė Maskvos M. Gorkio literatūros instituto aukštuosius literatūros kursus. 1956 m. poetas išleido eilėraščių rinkinį „Ošia gimtinės beržai“, o 1972 m. – penkiolikos kūrybinių metų rinkinį „Ilgesys – ta giesmė“. Poeto kūrybai būdingas melodingas, tautosakiškas eiliavimas, atspindintis prieškario neoromantikų tradiciją. Svarbiausios Širvio poezijos temos – karas, tėviškė ir meilė. Ne vienas poeto eilėraštis tapo gerai žinoma daina.

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THE DANCE WAS OVER

The dance was over.
All sank in darkness.
In maple shadows
Rustled the night.

The rose I brought you
Was doomed to wither.
Love too was sharing
The flower's plight.

I saw you shunning
My pleading glances
But kept on gazing
Into your eyes.

And then I trembled
In fear and frenzy
And grew as dreary
As autumn skies.

I felt my heartstrings
Broke with a snapping.
We sat in silence
Alien, withdrawn.

I still remembered
The dreams we cherished
When cocks were crowing
At early dawn.

Where have you vanished
Love's sighs so pleasing,

PAMINTOS GĖLĖS

Baigėsi šokis.
Blėso žibintas.
Klevų šešėliuos
Ošė naktis.

Gėlės – nuskintos.
Gėlės – pamintos.
Gėlių ir meilės –
Viena lemtis.

Aš pažiūrėjau
Į tavo veidą.
Į tavo šaltas
Gilias akis.

Ir sudrebėjau,
Rankas nuleidau.
Ir apsiniaukiau
Kaip ta naktis.

Kažkas užgeso
Manoj krūtinėj
Sėdėjom tylūs
Ir svetimi.

O buvo dienos –
Svajonę pynėm,
Ir mums giedojo
Gaidžiai pirmi.

Ne to jau naktys,
Ne tie ir žodžiai.



Deep as the rustle
Of forest pines?

There are no bridges
Left for retreating.
Goodbye, my lassie,
Sweet love of mine.

The one I cherished
Tonight was buried.
We were not able
To get along.

A white star tumbled
Over the forest
Suddenly ending
My love and song.

Translated by: Lionginas Pažūsis

Pakirptas auksas
Piukių kasų.

Neliko nieko,
Mergaitė sodžiaus,
Iš mūsų meilės
Dienų šviesių.

Kur tos naktelės,
Atsidusimai –
Gilūs kaip šilo
Tyli daina?

Neliko tiltų
Atgal gimimui.
Sudie, mergaitė
Mano jauna.

Kurią mylėjau –
Šią naktį mirė
Tu nebebūsi
Daugiau man ta.

Kažkur sudužo
Į tamsią girią
Daina ir meilė
Nesuprasta.

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Tysliava Juozas (1902 – 1961)



Juozas Tysliava was born in a peasant family in the village of Geisteriškiai. From 1922 to 1929 he studied literature and journalism at Kaunas and Paris universities. A member of the “Four Winds”, a Lithuanian avant-garde group, in Paris he joined an international modernist group and in 1928 published a multi-language journal “Muba”. In 1932 he went to the United States. His work was first published in 1918. Tysliava published volumes of verse, “Will-o'-the-wisos” (1922), “In the Niemen's Embrace” (1924), “Into the Distance” (1926), combined the traditions of integral lyricism with urban themes and a dynamic expressiveness.

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Juozas Tysliava gimė valstiečių šeimoje, Geisteriškių kaime. Tarnavo Lietuvos savanorių gretose, o pasitraukęs iš kariuomenės dirbo redakcinį darbą laikraščiuose. Studijavo Kauno ir Paryžiaus universitetuose. Paryžiuje išleido eilėraščių rinkinį prancūzų kalba. Nuo 1932 m. poetas gyveno JAV, kur buvo aktyvus lietuvių bendruomenės veikėjas. Savo kūryboje Tysliava originaliai sujungė neoromantinius, modernistinius bei avangardistinius lietuvių poezijos ieškojimus, būdingus trečiajam dešimtmečiui. Poetas davė pradžią žaidybinės kilmės estetikai, kūrybos atvirumui ir dinamikai. Jis savaip tiesė naujus kelius radikalioms lietuvių poezijos reformoms.

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DEAR LITHUANIAN (1925)

My countryman, dear Lithuanian
Brought up in meadows and in leafy dales,
To lead a new life is my invitation,
A life loud with the song of radio-nightingales.

I offer you a long asphalted highway
With streetlamps to escort you through the night.
Forget all you have lost in forest byways!
New forests full of trams will hum for your delight.

Here every morning lorry and mill hooters
Such entertaining concerts shall provide,
You will no longer care who was it used to
Instil in you love for the countryside.

My countryman, dear Lithuanian!
Don't sulk if aeroplanes you cannot hear.
Remember how the carwheel crushed your father
The day his shy horse bolted, struck with fear.

The train will teach you that in sooty tunnels
Steel windows must be raised without delay.
And when you climb a tower at the top of it
Observe well what you have to do next day.

At four p.m. tomorrow cine-radio
Intend your Heavenly Father to present.
You'll be delighted and an Eldorado
Without a guide you'll find within yourself.

Translated by: Peter Tempest

LIETUVI (1925)

Lietuvi, mano mylimas lietuvi,
Užaugęs pievose ir girių duburiuos,
Kviečiu dabar tave į naują būvį,
Kur radijo lakštingalos tau amžių amžius suoks.

Tau duosiu ilgą asfaltuotą gatvę,
Kinematografas (dešimtoji mūza) vakarais tave čia
palydės.
Lietuvi, užsimiršk, ką giriose esi praradęs, -
Tramvajų giriose tau naujos girios pražydės.

Rytais mašinų, fabrikų švilpukai
Tau šičia tokius koncertus supūs,
Kad tu ir žinot nebežinosi, kas įbruko
Į atmintį tau pievas, praeities kapus...

Lietuvi, mano mylimas lietuvi,
Nenusimink, jei tavo laivas anapus debesų pasibaidys.
Atsimeni, kaip tavo tėvui buvo
Karšta, kai pakinkytą juodbėrį išgaskino gaidys?

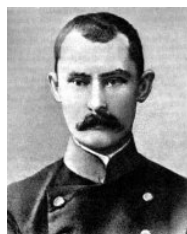
Tave čia traukinys, įlindęs gyvate į požemį,
Parodys, kaip gyventi tarp dienos ir nakties.
Kai tu turėsi naujo žmogaus požymį,
Keliai į ateitį tau patys nusities.

Rytoj, tą pačią valandą, kai kino radijo
Parodys tavo tėvą danguje,
Tu džiaugsiesi suradęs susiradęs
Be vado Eldorado žmoguje.

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Vaičaitis Pranas (1876 – 1901)



Pranas Vaicaitis was born into a peasant family in the village of Santakai in 1876. In 1900 graduated in law from St. Petersburg University. He worked in the library of the Russian Academy of Sciences. His first verses were published in the illegal liberal journal „Varpas“ (Bell) in 1896. In his ballads on historical themes and poems describing social contrasts he used a syllabic stress to achieve emotionally-charged melodiousness. In the history of Lithuanian literature Vaicaitis figures as an eminent democratic poet of the late 19th century.

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Pranas Vaičaitis gimė 1876 m. Santakų kaime (Šakių rajone). Mokėsi Peterburgo Universitete, Teisės fakultete. Gyvendamas Peterburge poetas aktyviai dalyvavo lietuvių draugijų veikloje, bendradarbiavo leidžiant draudžiamą lietuvių spaudą. Nuo 1897 m. prasidėjo poeto politinis persekiojimas. P. Vaicaitis pusantrų metų prasikankino ypatingoje policijos priežiūroje ir kartu su tėvu buvo nubaustas administracine tvarka. Nuo 1900 m. poetas dirbo Peterburgo Mokslų akademijos bibliotekoje, bet greitai susirgo džiova ir grįžo į Lietuvą. Sirgdamas nemažai rašė. Jo poezijoje galima išskirti kelis tematinius branduolius: tėviškės meilė ir ilgesys bei rūpestis gimtosios šalies padėties ir tautos likimo. Mirė poetas 1901 m. tėviškėje.

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THERE IS THE LAND WHERE RIVERS FLOW (1897)

There is a land where rivers flow
Through humming forests merrily
And babble gaily as they go
While tuneful skylarks sing in glee.
There people shed abundant sweat
In summer, working heavily,
And threadbare clothing - shred on shred -
Covers their bodies scantily.
And yet they treat with all their heart
A guest with hospitality -
With food and drink all piping hot
Without undue formality.
The slender lasses of that land
Are fairer than in any song.
That land is Lithuania,
But I was there not very long...
Inviting folk to sleep, the sun
Beneath the skyline hides away;
Poor Lithuanians then sing
After the labours of the day,
And pretty girls with faces bent
Towards the rue, at evening hours
Water it, breathing in its scent,
And pluck the lily's fragile flowers.
A warm, soft evening I recall
After a torrid summer day;
With peace and calm it fills my soul,
While songs rise somewhere far away.
A distant bell sends heavy chimes,
Pure clear and loud they come to me.
I cannot sleep, although the birds

YRA ŠALIS, KUR UPĖS TEKA (1897)

Yra šalis, kur upės teka
Linksmi tarp girių užiančių
Ir meiliai tarpu savęs šneka
Prie giesmininkų vėversių.
Ten prakaitas aplieja žmones
Prie vasaros darbų sunkių
Ir prastas aprėdas marškonis
Apdengia sąnarius visų.
Bent tave meiliai pavaišina,
Kaip tik nueisi į svečius,-
Ten tave myli, valgydina,
Kiek paleidžia išteklis.
Ir grakščios tos šalies merginos
Ten žydi vis kuo nopusiau...
Šalis ta Lietuva vadinasi –
Bet aš neilgai ten buvau...
Atsimenu, kada į guolį
Saulutę prašo vakarai
Ir gieda lietuviai varguoliai,
Nes pabaigti dienos darbai...
Kaip tąsyk mergos veidą skaistų
Prie rūtų lenkia kvepiančių,
Dainuodamos jas meiliai laisto,
Lelijų skinas žydinčių.
Atsimenu, kaip vakars šiltas
Po vasaros kaitrios dienos
Ir oras, ramumu išpiltas,
Nenorom traukia prie dainos,
Kaip tąsyk varpas sunkiai gaudžia
Ir užgirdėt toli toli...
Seniai jau paukščiai medžiuos snaudžia,



Long since sleep fast in every tree.
Like river waters flow my thoughts,
My spirit bathes in perfect bliss,
And Nature seems to say to me:
How lovely Lithuania is!
My country! What a lovely land
I left and lost so suddenly!
No words are there that could express
My anguish flowing turbidly!

Translated by: Dorian Rottenberg

Bet pats užmigti negali...
Kaip vandens upės mislys teka,
Idėjos reiškiasi galvoj,
Gamta su tavim, rodos, šneka:
„Gražu, gražu mūs Lietuvoj...“
O tėviške! kaip mielas kraštas,
Kurio taip netekau ūmai, -
To neišreikš nė vienas raštas,
Tą pasakys vieni jausmai...

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Venclova Tomas (born 1937)



Tomas Venclova began publishing poems while still in his teens. On graduating Vilnius University, he stayed on to teach there. Because of his outspoken membership in Lithuanian Helsinki Group, which monitored Soviet violations of human rights in Lithuania, Venclova was threatened with a number of sanctions, but finally was allowed to emigrate. He has settled in the United States and is currently teaching at Yale. Venclova's spirited re-engagement with the modes and subjects of a cosmopolitan classical tradition has influenced a substantial generation of Lithuanian poets. His dry witty style is marked by a highly controlled irony that holds out an effective resilience against the bleak eventuality of his appraisals.

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Poetas, vertėjas, literatūros tyrinėtojas ir publicistas Tomas Venclova gimė Klaipėdoje. Dar būdamas paauglys jau pradėjo spausdinti eilėraščius. Baigė Vilniaus universiteto lituanistikos fakultetą, dirbo istorijos institute, dėstė Vilniaus universitete. Buvo Lietuvos Helsinkio grupės, kovojusios už žmogaus teises, narys, emigravo į JAV, dirba Yale'io universitete. Pagal paties Venclovos pateiktą poezijos tyrinėjimuose taikomą tipologiją, jo poezija priklauso disciplinuotos poezijos tipui. Poetas žavisi realybės formomis, jam poezija – pasaulio išsakymas, chaotiškiems jo pavidalams suteikiantis formą. Paskutiniųjų Venclovos rinkinių pagrindinė ašis – tremties motyvas ir su juo susijusi ištuštėjusio pasaulio tema.

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DIALOGUE IN WINTER

Step into this landscape. It is still dark.
On the far side of the dunes drones the empty road.

The continent wars with the seas –
It is invisible, but brimming with voices.

A traveler or an angel left
This light snow-dusted track,
And the shore's reflection in the black window
Reminds us of the sterile Antarctic.

The deep sea still foams, is not yet frozen.
The sands have blown for more than just a mile.
Here the bridge becomes distinct, here obscure
As the severe cavity of winter grows and spreads.

There are no telegrams, no letters,
Only photographs. The transistor doesn't work.
It is as if a candle, dripping wax,
Stamped and sealed this dangerous time.

How damp the air, how steep the rock,
How powerful the roentgen of daybreak!
Straining your eyes you can see how the walls clear,
The church tower, and the figure of a man.
Only the foggy contours of trees stand out
Against the white background. Through the bark,
Even shut-eyed, you can almost see
The last, narrow resistant ring.

"That habit tires the eyes,
After an hour, it's not hard to get lost."
"Prophecy does not waste its whispers on us."
The hoarfrost-covered axis tilts,
And it seems that at the edge of the horizon,
Where ships blacken and sound stiffens,
In the sluggish ocean sky

PAŠNEKESYS ŽIEMĄ

Įženk į šį peizažą. Dar tamsu.
Anapus kopų gaudžia tuščias plentas.
Su jūromis kariauja kontinentas –
Nematomas, bet sklindinas balsų.
Praeivis arba angelas sniege
Paliko lengvą užpustytą brydę,
Ir kranto atspindys juosvam lange
Mums primena bevaisę Antarktidę.

Putoja neužšalus pragarmė.
Jau nebe pirmą mylią rieda smiltys.
Čia paryškėja, čia išnyksta tiltas,
Ir plinta atšiauri žiemos erlmė.
Nėra nei telegramų, nei laiškų,
Tik nuotarukos. Tranzistorius neveikia.
Sakytum, žvakė, lašanti vašku,
Užantspaudavo pavojingą laiką.

Koks drėgnas oras, koks skardus akmuo,
Koks visagalis paryčio rentgenas!
Įtempus žvilgsnį, praskaidrėja sienos,
Bažnyčios bokštas ir žmogaus liemuo.
Baltam fone išsiskiria tiktai
Migloti medžių kontūrai. Pro žievę,
Net užsimerkęs tu beveik matai,
Atsparią, siaurą paskutinę rievę.

„Tas įprotis išvargina akis,
Po valandėlės nesunku suklysti“.
„Ne apie mus byloja pranašystė“.
Pakrypsta apšarmojuši ašis
Ir, rodos, horizonto riboje,
Kur juoduoja laivai ir stingsta garsas,
Nejudriame pajūrio danguje

Flare the planets Jupiter and Mars.

The emptiness spreads to the Atlantic.

The fields are bare – like unlocked halls.

February hides beneath January's layers,

The plains cower from the wet wind.

Beyond the seas, mountains bare themselves,

In the depths the dissolving snowdrift

Dwindles and blackens. "And what is that?"

"Again, river mouths, bays, and harbors."

Beneath the heavy net of clouds

Cramped clearings glitter like fish.

"Do you remember what the stars said?"

"This century rolls into being without signs,

That's the fact." "Death's attraction

Fetters man, plant, and thing,

That's why grains sprout and offerings burn,

And that's why I think not everything is finished."

"Where is the witness? I don't understand,

Who divides the truth from the lies:

Perhaps the two of us are alone in the world."

"And it seems to me you are the only one "

"And the third speaker? You say

No one hears this discussion?"

"There is heaven and the snow-covered fields,

And sometimes the voice outlives the heart."

Midday darkens the trees.

In broad daylight, you are conscious only

Of small things, scratched from nothing an hour ago,

Which stand in place of the words:

A broken chip of an ice chunk,

A skeleton of branches, a crumbled brickhouse

Near the bend in the road... Later – stillness

On this side of the sea, and on the other side of the sea.

Įsidega Jupiteris ir Marsas.

Ligi Atlanto plyti tuštuma.

Dyki laukai – lyg atrakintos salės.

Po sausio sluoksniu slepiasi vasaris,

Nuo šlapio vėjo gūžias lyguma.

Už marių apsinuogina kalnai,

Duburyje suslūgsta ir pajuosta

Aptirpusi pusnis. „O kas tenai?“

„Vėl upių žiotys, įlankos ir uostai“.

Po sunkiasvorio debesio tinklu

Tarytum žuvys blizga ankštos aikštės.

„Ar tu atsimeni, ką sakė žvaigždės?“

„Šis amžius išsiverčia be ženklų,“

Tėra statistika“. „Mirties trauka

Sukausto žmogų, augalą ir daiktą,

Tačiau sudygsta grūdai ir auka,

Ir štai tada, manau, ne viskas baigta“.

„Kur liudininkas? Aš nesuprantu,

Kas perskiria tikrovę ir apgaule:

Gal mudu esame vieni pasauly“.

„O man atrodo, kad esi tik tu“.

„O trečias pašnekovas? Tu sakai,

Kad niekas šito pokalbio negirdi?“

„Yra dangus ir apsnigti laukai,

O balsas kartais pergyvena širdį“.

Vidurdienis patamsina medžius.

Visai prašvitus, sąmonėje lieka

Prieš valandėlę sutverti iš nieko

Lengvi daiktai, atstojantys žodžius:

Sudužusi ledokšnio atskala,

Šakų skeletas, ištrupėjęs mūras

Ties gatvės posūkiu...Paskui – tylą

Ir šiaurės jūros, ir anapus jūros.

Translated by: Jonas Zdanys

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Vaičiūnaitė Judita (1937 – 2001)



Born into a doctor's family in Kaunas, in 1959 she graduated from the department of history and philology at Vilnius University. In Vaičiūnaitė's poetry self-analysis proceeds against the background of modern city life and cultural myths, the poems are built upon the swift dynamic of changing emotions, and descriptive and musical elements are combined in a novel way. Vaičiūnaitė's poetry is impressionistic and visual; many of her poems describe both the physical and spiritual architecture of Vilnius's medieval Old City. It is precisely because of the care Vaičiūnaitė takes in absorbing the city – its architecture, its inhabitants, history, and character – into her poetry, that she has been termed Lithuania's only distinctly city poet. The images and very stuff of her poetry stands in direct contrast with the bulk of Lithuanian poetry, which centers itself around a rural setting and rural sensibilities. Vaičiūnaitė is also most closely associated with the romantic revival in Lithuanian poetry and writes poems which often center on themes related to women. Judita Vaičiūnaitė is considered one of the leading female voices in Lithuanian poetry.

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Poetė Judita Vaičiūnaitė gimė Kaune, gydytojo šeimoje. 1959 m. ji baigė lituanistikos studijas Vilniaus universitete. Poetė apdovanota Baltijos asamblėjos premija. Vaičiūnaitė viena iš pirmųjų Lietuvos poetų natūraliai priėmė miesto kultūros pasaulį. Jos eilėraščiuose labai svarbus muzikinis pradas bei muzikos ir dailės kūrinių sukelti įspūdžiai. Žvelgiant į poetės kūrybą, galima suprasti, kad miesto pasaulis gali būti toks pats jaukus ir poetiškas, kaip kitiems poetams kaimo pasaulis. Vaičiūnaitė pastebi grožį ir kasdienybėje, ir banaliose buitinėse smulkmenose. Jos eilėraščiuose tiksliai nusakytos detalės, įvardinti daiktai, aplinka ir augalai. Galima pasakyti, kad didelė dalis eilėraščių yra tarsi aistringas, pasiaukojančios ir išdidžios moters monologas. Poetės kūryba labai vientisa nuo pirmųjų iki paskutinių rinkinių.

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THE CAFE WITH PIGEONS

By the railroad tracks and the market,
by the trolleybus stop under snow
I still found the cafe with pigeons –
old women and gypsies gather there,
there I heard the pigeons' coo
and the morning rustle of their frosted wings,
there I picked up
a snow feather
from the dirty stone floor
and took my bag,
and, with a torn heart
glanced swam into the distance,
through the crossroad's fading stars,
February clouds...

Translated by: Laima Sruginis

KAVINĖ SU BALANDŽIAIS

Prie geležinkelio ir turgaus,
prie troleibusų apsnigtos stotelės
dar suradau kavinę su balandžiais –
ten renkasi senutės ir čigonės,
ten išgirdau balandžių ulbavimą
ir apšarmojusių sparnų rytinį šnaresį,
ten sniego plunksną
nuo akmeninių purvinų grindų
pakėliau
ir krepšį paėmiau,
ir, plystant širdžiai,
pro langą pažvelgiau –
į tolį plaukė debesys,
per kryžgatvių žvaigždynus
vasario skaidrūs debesys...

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Spanish Literature

Overview

The XIX Century inherits and consolidates the tradition of the XVIII century the Enlightenment century. All the selected authors are heirs of that intellectual movement which generated institutions and an increasing interest for cultural and humanistic issues. Let's remember that it's during the XVIII century when it was founded the Language Real Academy by Marquis of Villena.

This poetic selection consists of one - or several - poems, preceded of a brief biographical review of the author.

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Introducción

El siglo XIX hereda y consolida la tradición del XVIII, el siglo de la Ilustración. Todos los autores seleccionados son herederos de aquel movimiento intelectual que genera instituciones y un interés creciente por los temas culturales y humanísticos. Recordemos que es en el siglo XVIII cuando nace la Real Academia de la Lengua de la mano del Marqués de Villena.

Esta selección poética consta de uno – o varios – poemas, precedidos de una breve reseña biográfica del autor.

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José de Espronceda (1808 – 1842)



He was born during a trip in Almendralejo, (Badajoz), in 1808. He was son of a cavalry colonel, who fought against the French in the War of Independence. He studied in St. Mateo school of Madrid. He founded a secret society to fight against absolutism. When discovered, he was shut in a convent. He took active part in policy as deputy in the parliament. He died of diphtheria, at 33 years old, in 1842. His life is full of adventures, political passions and a flaming and accurate lyrical poetry.

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Nace en el curso de un viaje, en un pueblo extremeño, Almendralejo, (Badajoz), en 1808. Hijo de un coronel de caballería que luchó contra los franceses en la guerra de la Independencia, estudió en el colegio San Mateo de Madrid. Fundó una sociedad secreta para luchar contra el absolutismo. Descubierta, fue recluido en un convento. Intervino activamente en política, fue diputado. Muere de difteria, a los 33 años, en 1842. Su vida está llena de aventuras, pasiones políticas y de una poesía lírica encendida y certera.

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The Pirate's Song

The breeze fair aft, all sails on high,
Ten guns on each side mounted seen,
She does not cut the sea, but fly,
A swiftly sailing brigantine;
A pirate bark, the "Dreaded" named,
For her surpassing boldness famed,
On every sea well-known and shore,
From side to side their boundaries o'er.

The moon in streaks the waves illumines
Hoarse groans the wind the rigging through;
In gentle motion raised assumes
The sea a silvery shade with blue;
Whilst singing gaily on the poop
The pirate Captain, in a group,
Sees Europe here, there Asia lies,
And Stamboul in the front arise.

"Sail on, my swift one!
nothing fear;
Nor calm, nor storm,
nor foeman's force,
Shall make thee yield in thy career
Or turn thee from thy course.

Despite the English cruisers fleet
We have full twenty prizes made;
And see their flags beneath my feet
A hundred nations laid.

*My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.*

Canción del Pirata

Con diez cañones por banda,
viento en popa a toda vela,
no corta el mar, sino vuela
un velero bergantín:
Bajel pirata que llaman
por su bravura el *Temido*,
en todo mar conocido
del uno al otro confín.

La luna en el mar ríela,
en la lona gime el viento,
y alza en blanco movimiento
olas de plata y azul.

Y ve el capitán pirata,
cantando alegre en la popa,
Asia a un lado, al otro Europa
y allá a su frente Estambul .

" Navega velero mío,
sin temor,
que ni enemigo navío,
ni tormenta ni bonanza
tu rumbo a torcer alcanza,
ni a sujetar tu valor.

" Veinte presas
hemos hecho
a despecho
del inglés,
y han rendido
sus pendones
cien naciones
a mis pies.



"There blindly kings fierce wars maintain,
For palms of land, when here I hold
As mine, whose power no laws restrain,
Whate'er the seas infold.
Nor is there shore around whate'er,
Or banner proud, but of my might
Is taught the valorous proofs to bear,
And made to feel my right.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.
"Look when a ship our signals ring,
Full sail to fly how quick she's veered!
For of the sea I am the king,
My fury's to be feared;
But equally with all I share
Whate'er the wealth we take supplies;
I only seek the matchless fair,
My portion of the prize.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.
"I am condemned to die !—I laugh;
For, if my fates are kindly sped,
My doomer from his own ship's staff
Perhaps I'll hang instead.
And if I fall, why what is life?
For lost I gave it then as due,
When from slavery's yoke in strife
A rover! I withdrew.
My treasure is my gallant bark;
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.
"My music is the Northwind's roar;
The bellowings of the Black Sea's shore,

" Que es mi barco mi tesoro,
que es mi Dios la libertad,
mi ley la fuerza y el viento
mi única patria la mar.

" Allá muevan feroz guerra
ciegos reyes
por un palmo más de tierra:
que yo tengo aquí por mío
cuanto abarca el mar bravío,
a quien nadie impuso leyes.

Y no hay playa,
sea cualquiera,
ni bandera
de esplendor,
que no sienta
mi derecho
y dé pecho
a mi valor.

" Que es mi barco mi tesoro,
que es mi Dios la libertad,
mi ley la fuerza y el viento,
mi única patria la mar.

" A la voz de "¡barco viene!"
es de ver
cómo vira y se previene
a todo trapo a escapar:
Que yo soy el rey del mar,
y mi furia es de temer.

" En las presas
yo divido
lo cogido
por igual:
Sólo quiero



And rolling of my guns.
And as the thunders loudly sound,
And furious the tempests rave,
I calmly rest in sleep profound,
So rocked upon the wave.
*My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea."*

Translated by: unknown

por riqueza
la belleza
sin rival.

*"Que es mi barco mi tesoro
que es mi Dios la libertad
mi ley la fuerza y el viento
mi única patria la mar.*

¡Sentenciado estoy a muerte!
yo me río:
No me abandone la suerte,
y al mismo que me condena
colgaré de alguna entena,
quizá en su propio navío.

" Y si caigo,
¿Qué es la vida?
Por perdida
ya la di,
cuando el yugo
del esclavo,
como un bravo,
sacudí.

*"Que es mi barco mi tesoro,
que es mi Dios la libertad,
mi ley la fuerza y el viento,
mi única patria la mar.*

Son mi música mejor
aquilones;
el estrépito y temblor
de los cables sacudidos,
del negro mar los bramidos
y el rugir de mis cañones.

" Y del trueno



al son violento
y del viento
al rebramar,
yo me duermo
sosegado
arrullado
por la mar.

*“ Que es mi barco mi tesoro,
que es mi Dios la libertad,
mi ley la fuerza y el viento,
mi única patria la mar.*

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Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch (1806-1880)



He was born in Madrid, 1806. He was son of a German cabinetmaker and an Andalusian woman. He was member of Language Royal Academy. He translated works of Molière, Voltaire and Dumas. He wrote drama plays as *The oath of Santa Gadea* and *The Lovers of Teruel*. He died in 1880.

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Nace en Madrid, 1806. Hijo de un ebanista alemán y una andaluza. Fue académico de la Real Academia de la Lengua. Tradujo obras de Moliere, Voltaire y Dumas. Escribe obras dramáticas como *La jura de Santa Gadea* y *Los Amantes de Teruel*. Muere en 1880.

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To each time each thing

Fable

A vixen went fleeing up a hill
from a mastiff stuck to her tail.

Over in the sky flying
a lark sees her

Which in the air was chirping
without capsizing.

–Listen!! says to the one that flees,
my sonorous voice.

For music we go!, the vixen said.

Entertaining
all wants somebody
and because they're not on time
that disturbs them.

Translated by: unknown

A su tiempo cada cosa

Fábula

Una zorra iba huyendo
por una loma
de un mastín que llevaba
casi a la cola.

Por encima volando
la ve una alondra,
que en el aire piaba
muy sin zozobra.

– Oye, dice a la que huye,
mi voz sonora.

¡ Para música vamos!,
dijo la zorra.

*Divertir quiere a todos
cierta persona,
y por no ser a tiempo
los incomoda.*

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Antonio Machado (1875 – 1939)



"My childhood are memories of a courtyard of Seville". He was born in Seville in 1875. He moved to Madrid with his parents and brothers and he studied at the Institute of Free Teaching . In 1907 he obtained the French chair at the Secondary Institute of Soria. He was soon moved to Baeza and to Segovia where he developed an intense activity of popular culture. He was an elected Member of the Real Academy of Language. In Madrid he has caught by surprise by the Civil War. Partisan of the Republic, near the end of the war, he went into exile in France in a small hotel of Collioure, where the poet died in 1939 "... light of luggage /, almost naked, like the sons of the sea".

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"Mi infancia son recuerdos de un patio de Sevilla". En Sevilla nació en 1875. Con sus padres y hermanos se traslada a Madrid y estudia en la Institución Libre de Enseñanza.. En 1907 obtiene la cátedra de francés en el Instituto de Soria. Se traslada a Baeza y luego a Segovia en donde desarrolla una intensa actividad de cultura popular . Es elegido miembro de la Real Academia de la Lengua. En Madrid le sorprende la Guerra Civil . Partidario de la República , cerca del final , se refugia en Francia en un hotelito de Collioure, donde muere el poeta en 1939 *"...ligero de equipaje / casi desnudo, como los hijos del mar"*.

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On solitudes

Daydreams have endlessly turning
paths going over the bitter
earth, winding roads,
parks flowering, in darkness and in silence;

deep vaults, ladders against the stars;
scenes of hopes and memories.
Tiny figures that walk past and smile
—sad playthings for an old man—;

friends we think we can see
at the flowery turn in the road
and imaginary creatures
that show us roads... far off...

Translated by: Robert Bly

De las soledades

Sobre la tierra amarga,
caminos tiene el sueño
laberínticos, sendas tortuosas,
parques en flor y en sombra y en silencio;

criptas hondas, escalas sobre estrellas;
retablos de esperanzas y recuerdos.
Figurillas que pasan y sonríen
—juguetes melancólicos de viejo—;

imágenes amigas,
a la vuelta florida del sendero,
y quimeras rosadas
que hacen camino... lejos..

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Manuel Altolaguirre (1906 – 1959)



He was born in Malaga, in 1905, he was the youngest child belonging to the poetic group of the 27. He married to the poetess Concha Méndez, with whom he published essential poetry books in the "Hero" collection. Since the Spanish Civil War he lived in Cuba and Mexico, where he became scriptwriter, producer and cinema director. He returned to Spain in 1959, but he died in a car accident.

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Nace en Málaga en 1905, es el benjamín del grupo poético del 27. Se casó con la poetisa Concha Méndez, con la cual editó libros fundamentales de poesía en la colección "Héroe". Desde la guerra vivió en Cuba y en México, donde fue guionista, productor y director de cine. Regresa a España en 1959, pero muere en un accidente de automóvil. Obras: *Las islas invitadas*, *Fin de un amor*, *Poemas de América*, *Soledades juntas*, etc.

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I only know I'm in my inner self

I know only I am in myself
and I will never know who I am,
neither I know where I go
neither till when I will be here.

Dressed with life or death
or dressed without dying,
on the walls of this huge castle
of my living

or free by the sepulchral confines
of the skies,
tearing off grey veils,
ignorant of my aims

I do not know which jail waits
neither the liberty I desire,
neither which dream will the river
of my life give when I die.

Translated by: unknown

Solo sé que estoy en mi

Sólo sé que estoy en mi
y nunca sabré quién soy,
tampoco sé adónde voy
ni hasta cuándo estaré aquí.

Vestido con vida o muerte
o vestido sin morir,
en los muros de este fuerte
castillo de mi vivir,

o libre por los confines
sepulcrales de los cielos,
desgarrando grises velos,
ignorante de mis fines,

no sé qué cárcel espera
ni la libertad que ansío,
ni a qué sueño dará el río
de mi vida cuando muera.

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Emilio Prados (1899 – 1962)



Emilio Prados was born in Malaga in 1899. Both him and Altolaguirre published the magazine "*Litoral*" and essential books of the group of the 27. During the Republic he joined to the revolutionary tasks of intellectuals. He participated in the Defense of Madrid. Since 1939 he lived in Mexico, exiled, where he died in 1962. His poetic beginnings are influenced by J. R. Jiménez. He had a surrealist stage followed up by a brief stage of political and exile poetry.

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Nace Emilio Prados en Málaga en 1899. Con Altolaguirre edita la revista “*Litoral*” y libros fundamentales del grupo del 27. Durante la República se suma a las tareas de intelectuales revolucionarios. Participa en la defensa de Madrid. Desde 1939 vive en México, en el exilio, donde murió en 1962. Sus comienzos poéticos están marcados por la influencia de J.R. Jiménez.. Tiene una etapa *surrealista*, le sigue una breve etapa de poesía *política* y *el exilio*.

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[\[Index\]](#)**Besieged city****Romance of the defense of madrid**

Among cannons I look at myself,
among cannons I move:
Castles of my reason
and borders of my dream,
¿ where entrails begins
and where finishes the wind?
I do not have pulse in my veins,
but buzzes of thunder,
whirlwinds that pull me out
to the jungles of my nerves;
crowds that push me,
eyes that burn my fire,
puffs of victory,
hymns of blood and steel,
birds that fight me
and raise my forehead to their sky
and burning they leave the clouds
and trembling my ground.
There they go! Heavy masses
cross my veins of iron;
all my firmness awaits
taken cover in my bones.
Comrades of the present,
ghosts of my memories,
hopes of my hands
and homesickness of my games:
All standing to defend me,
that my life is under siege;
that the truth is besieged
threatened in my chest!
Quickly the barricades at staring,
that the heart is burning!
They should not put out

Ciudad sitiada**Romance de la defensa de Madrid**

Entre cañones me miro,
entre cañones me muevo:
castillos de mi razón
y fronteras de mi sueño,
¿ dónde comienza la entraña
y dónde termina el viento?
No tengo pulso en mis venas,
sino zumbidos de trueno,
torbellinos que me arrastran
por las selvas de mis nervios;
multitudes que me empujan,
ojos que queman mi fuego,
bocanadas de victoria,
himnos de sangre y acero,
pájaros que me combaten
y alzan mi frente a su cielo
y ardiendo dejan las nubes
y tembloroso mi suelo.
¡Allá van! Pesadas moles
cruzan mis venas de hierro;
toda mi firmeza aguarda
parapetada en mis huesos.
Compañeros del presente,
fantasmas de mis recuerdos,
esperanzas de mis manos
y nostalgias de mis juegos:
¡Todos en pie a defenderme,
que está mi vida en asedio;
que está la verdad sitiada
amenazada en mi pecho!
¡ Pronto, en pie las barricadas,
que el corazón está ardiendo!



black shots of ice.
Quickly!, quickly, my blood,
whirl me entirely!
Raise all my weapons;
look it waits in its centre,
trembling, a mass of flames
that no longer fits in my fence!
Quickly, to the arms, my blood,
the fire covers me all !
Who dare to threaten it,
coal will become his dream.
Oh, city, city besieged,
city of my own chest,
if the enemy steps on you,
first I should see myself dead!

Castles of my reason
and borders of my dream,
my city is besieged:
Among cannons I move.
Where do you begin, Madrid,
or is, Madrid, my body?

Translated by: dabne

No han de llegar a apagarlo
negros disparos de hielo.
¡ Pronto, de prisa, mi sangre,
arremolíneme entero!
¡ Levanta todas mis armas;
mira que aguarda en su centro,
temblando, un turbión de llamas
que ya no cabe en mi cerco!
¡ Pronto, a las armas, mi sangre,
que ya me rebosa el fuego!
Quien se atreva a amenazarlo,
tizón se le hará su sueño.

¡Ay , ciudad, ciudad sitiada,
ciudad de mi propio pecho,
si te pisa el enemigo,
antes he de verme muerto!

Castillos de mi razón
y fronteras de mi sueño,
mi ciudad está sitiada:
entre cañones me muevo.
¿ Dónde comienzas, Madrid,
o es, Madrid, que eres mi cuerpo?

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Miguel Hernández (1910 - 1942)



He was born in Orihuela (Alicante) in 1910. With a farmer origin and self taught person, his poetry derived to the social and political commitment. With the Pedagogical Missions he went across small towns and villages of the Spanish rural land, giving information and culture to the most underprivileged and excluded people. In 1942 at 31 years old, he died in the prison of Alicante.

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Nació en Orihuela en 1910. De origen campesino y formación autodidacta, su poesía derivó al compromiso social y político. Con las Misiones Pedagógicas recorrió pueblos y aldeas del campo español, llevando información y cultura a los más desfavorecidos. En 1942, a los 31 años, muere en la cárcel de Alicante.

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Olive Pickers

Andalusian of Jaén,
arrogant olive pickers,
tell me with the hand in your heart, who,
who grew up the olives?
The nothing didn't grow them up,
neither the money, nor the lord,
but the quiet land,
the work and sweat.
United to pure water
and to the united planets,
the three gave the beauty
to the twisted trunks.
Raise up! You! grey olive,
they said at the foot of the wind.
And the olive raised a powerful hand
and laid its foundation.
Andalusian of Jaén,
arrogant olive pickers,
tell me with your heart, who,
who breast-fed the olives?
Your blood, your life,
not that of the exploiter
who was enriched
in the generous wound of the sweat.
Not that of the landowner
who buried you in the poverty,
who stamped on your front head,
who reduced your head.
Trees to which you consecrated
with eagerness in mid day of the day,
you are the beginning of a loaf of bread
only by other eaten.
How many centuries of olive harvest,
the feet and hands imprisoned

Aceituneros

Andaluces de Jaén,
aceituneros altivos,
decidme en el alma: ¿quién,
quien levantó los olivos?
No los levantó la nada,
ni el dinero, ni el señor,
sino la tierra callada,
el trabajo y el sudor.
Unidos al agua pura
y a los planetas unidos,
los tres dieron la hermosura
de los troncos retorcidos.
Levántate, olivo cano,
dijeron al pie del viento.
y el olivo alzó una mano
poderosa de cimiento.
Andaluces de Jaén,
aceituneros altivos,
decidme en el alma: ¿quién
amamantó los olivos?
Vuestra sangre, vuestra vida,
no la del explotador
que se enriqueció en la herida
generosa del sudor.
No la del terrateniente
que os sepultó en la pobreza,
que os pisoteó la frente,
que os redujo la cabeza.
Árboles que vuestro afán
consagró al centro del día
eres principio de un pan
que sólo el otro comía.
¡ Cuántos siglos de aceituna,
los pies y las manos presos,



from sun to sun and from moon to moon,
they weigh over your bones!
Andalusian of Jaén,
arrogant olive pickers,
my soul inquires: Whose,
whose are those olives?
Jaén, raise up brave
on your moon stones,
don't become slave
with all your olive trees.
Inside the transparency
of the oil and its fragrances,
they show your liberty
the liberty of your hills.

Translated by: dabne

sol a sol y luna a luna,
pesan sobre vuestros huesos!
Andaluces de Jaén,
aceituneros altivos,
pregunta mi alma: ¿ de quién,
de quién son esos olivos?
Jaén, levántate brava
sobre tus piedras lunares,
no vayas a ser esclava
con todos tus olivares.
Dentro de la claridad
del aceite y sus aromas,
indican tu libertad
la libertad de tus lomas.

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Dámaso Alonso (1898 – 1990)



He was born in Madrid in 1898. He was a disciple and collaborator of Menéndez Pidal. He belonged to the Generation of 27. He taught Spanish Language and Literature in German, English and North American universities. In 1933 he won the chair of the University of Valencia. After the war, he obtained the chair of Roman Philology in Madrid. He was member of the Royal Academy of Language and of the Academy of History. He died in 1990. A Lyrical purity characterizes his initial work. The protest tone reaches the summit work of the author in *Children of the wrath* (*Hijos de la ira*), to which the poem below belongs to.

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Nació en Madrid en 1898. Fue discípulo y colaborador de Menéndez Pidal. Formó parte de la Generación de 27. Enseñó Lengua y Literatura españolas en universidades alemanas, inglesas y norteamericanas. En 1933 obtiene la cátedra de la Universidad de Valencia. Tras la guerra, la cátedra de Filología románica en Madrid. Fue miembro de la Real Academia de la Lengua y de la Academia de la Historia. Muere en 1990. Pureza lírica caracteriza su obra inicial. El tono de protesta llena la obra cumbre del autor, *Hijos de la ira*, a la que pertenece el poema.

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The Injustice

From what abyss you emerge, black shadow?

What do look for?

the hillocks,

as green lizards, appear in the valleys
that sink among fogs in the infancy of the world.

And they nap, open, the flocks,
while the light beats, always recently created,
while blond time bends mastiff sleeps
at God's gates.

But you come, murky spot,
kingdom of the caverns, galloping in the north wind,
after your curved pupils, projected
as two growing meteors of the dark thing,
flagellating the summits with hairs of snakes,
whips of hail.

You arrive,
devouring hollowness of centuries and of worlds,
as an immense tomb,
pushed by furies which introduce their foreheads,
hard erect goats, without ears, without eyes
which tenderness ignore.

If from the abyss you arrive,
dark sun of blackness, you arrive always,
murky wave, without end, endless flow,
opposed to love, when she's born
in the first day.

You blur with your hand
of humid night the tepid glass
where blue shows the transparent childhood,
when barely
happiness was tender, the light performed itself

La injusticia

¿De qué sima te yergues, sombra negra?

¿Qué buscas?

Los oteros,

como lagartos verdes, se asoman a los valles
que se hunden entre nieblas en la infancia del mundo.

Y seestean, abiertos, los rebaños,
mientras la luz palpita, siempre recién creada,
mientras se comba el tiempo rubio mastín que duerme
a las puertas de Dios.

Pero tú vienes, mancha lóbrega,
reino de las cavernas, galopante en el cierzo, tras
tus corvas pupilas, proyectadas
como dos meteoros crecientes de lo oscuro,
cabalgando en las rojas melenas del ocaso,
flagelando las cumbres
con cabellos de sierpes, látigos de granizo.

Llegas,
oquedad devorante de siglos y de mundos,
como una inmensa tumba,
empujada por furias que ahíncan sus testuces,
duros chivos erectos, sin oídos, sin ojos.
que la terneza ignoran.

Si, del abismo llegas,
hosco sol de negruras, llegas siempre,
onda turbia, sin fin, sin fin manante,
contraria del amor, cuando él nacida
en el día primero.

Tú empañas con tu mano
de húmeda noche los cristales tibios
donde el azul se asoma la niñez transparente,
cuando apenas



and you put in the clear look
the first green flame
of the murky swamps.

You pile hatred in the wintry pond
of the heart of the old one,
and provoke the fright
of its sad pack abandoned
which barks furiously in the bottom of the forest.

Translated by: dabne

era tierna la dicha, se estrenaba la luz,
y pones en la nítida mirada
la primera llama verde
de los turbios pantanos.

Tú amontonas el odio en la charca inverniza
del corazón del viejo,
y azuzas el espanto
de su triste jauría abandonada
que ladra furibunda en el hondón del bosque.

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Rafael Alberti (1902 – 1999)



He was born in Puerto de Santa Maria (Cádiz) in 1902. He moved to Madrid in 1917 and at the Residence of Students he met writers and artists. He won the National prize of Literature in 1925 for his book *Sailor in land*. He published in 1929 “*On the angels*”. In 1930 he was married to the also writer M^a Teresa Leon. When Spanish Civil War broke he took part for the Popular Front; he was the secretary of the Alliance of Antifascist Intellectuals, and he founded the magazine the *Blue Overall*. At the end of the war he went into exile to France, Argentina, Uruguay and Rome. He came back to Spain in 1977. He awarded the Cervantes Prize in 1983.

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Nació en el Puerto de Santa María en 1902. Se trasladó a Madrid en 1917 y entró en relación con los escritores y artistas de la Residencia de Estudiantes. Premio Nacional de Literatura en 1925 por su libro *Marinero en tierra*. Publica en 1929 *Sobre los ángeles*. En 1930 se casa con la escritora M^a Teresa León. Al estallar la Guerra Civil española intervino a favor del Frente Popular; secretario de la Alianza de Intelectuales Antifascistas, fundó la revista *El Mono Azul*. Al fin de la guerra se exilió en Francia, Argentina, Uruguay y Roma. Regresa a España en 1977. Fue Premio Cervantes 1983.

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[\[Index\]](#)**Baku****(Caspian Sea. Black sea)**

But the sea ...High dirty sea of gasoline,
of petroleum hidden under the low tide.
Listen. They are the men, without shadow, of the mine.
The land requires firing its voice to shout.

Blind sad ghosts of fright and of woods
we forget that they were born to split and to explore.
Listen. Who explodes the wells and kettles?
Dead of thirst, the rains emigrate through the sea.
But the air. ..Such air which was so high a day,
between oils and wheels you will listen them agonize.
Listen. Who goes hidden through the tubing?
Also the sky wants through sea run to the sea.
For the living bird the branches died,
the grass tried to birth and breathe.
Who dominates the centres of the world and of the flames?
The men!
And the petroleum goes from a sea to another sea.

Translated by: dabne**Baku****(Mar Caspio. Mar Negro)**

Pero el mar ...Alto mar sucio de gasolina,
de petróleo escondido bajo la bajamar.
Escucha. Son los hombres, sin sombra, de la mina.
La tierra exige al fuego su voz para gritar.

Ciegos fantasmas tristes de espanto y de maderas
se olvidan que nacieron para hender y explorar.
Escucha. ¿Quién estalla los pozos y calderas?
Muertas de sed, las lluvias emigran por la mar.

Pero el aire...Aquel aire que fue tan alto un día,
entre aceites y ruedas lo oirás agonizar.
Escucha. ¿Quién oculto va por la tubería?
También el cielo quiere por el mar irse al mar.

Para el pájaro vivo se murieron las ramas,
las yerbas intentaron nacer y respirar.
¿Quién domina los centros del mundo y de las llamas?
¡Los hombres!
Y el petróleo va de un mar a otro mar.

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José Hierro (1922-2002)



He was born in Madrid in 1922. He spent his childhood and youth in Santander, where he became a member of poetic group called "Proel" In 1947 he published his two first books: *Earth without us* and *Joy*. The existential pain fills its verses: *With stones, with the wind* (1950), and *Quinta of the 42* (1952). He opened to the pain of others and wrote poems that bordered the social poetry, without diminishing its aesthetic exigency, and neither its richness. Works: *Whatever I know of me* (1959), *Agenda*, (1991). For his work he was awarded with the Cervantes Prize.

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Nació en Madrid en 1922. Pasa su infancia y juventud en Santander, donde forma parte del grupo poético “ Proel”. En 1947 publica sus dos primeros libros: *Tierra sin nosotros y alegría*. El dolor existencial llena sus versos. *Con las piedras, con el viento* (1950) y *Quinta del 42* (1952). Se abre al dolor de los demás y escribe poemas que lindan con la poesía social, sin disminuir su exigencia estética, ni su riqueza. Obras: *Cuanto sé de mí* (1959), *Agenda*, (1991). Por su obra recibió el Premio Cervantes.

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Lamentation

We have had so many things to say,
and they were not told!

Prodigious young words
to injure the old ears.
Marvellous melodies,
unpublished songs.

We have all together sung
and we've cried in silence.

We learned very tough science
at the cost of our own dreams.

We have had so many things
to say, and they were not told!

We have saved so happy
somber premonitions;

We have loved each stem,
each cold rag of winter,
each drop of early morning
with so crazy avidity, knowing
that we were meat of a fable
that someone lived in the mystery!

So beautiful songs!

So ardent gusts that wounded us.

Music of interior stars
that were born in our kingdom.
Flutes played, in the afternoon,
by the vague hands of the dream.

And so many clean beauties
as fell!

And to rotate without end in the dawn
with the dark word inside,
with the to sing to flower of life
ignoring the remote term.

Lamentación

¡Hemos tenido tantas cosas
que decir, y no se dijeron!

Prodigiosas palabras jóvenes
para herir los oídos viejos.
Maravillosas melodías,
cantos inéditos.

Hemos cantado todos juntos
y hemos llorado en el silencio.
Aprendimos muy dura ciencia
a costa de los propios sueños.

¡Hemos tenido tantas cosas
que decir, y no se dijeron!

¡ Hemos salvado tan alegres
los sombríos presentimientos ¡

Hemos amado cada tallo,
cada frío harapo de invierno,
cada gota de madrugada
con tan loca avidez, sabiendo
que éramos carne de una fábula.
que alguien vivía en el misterio!

¡ Tan hermosas canciones! Ráfagas
tan ardientes que nos hirieron .

Música de astros interiores
que nacían en nuestro reino.
Flautas tañidas, en la tarde,
por las manos vagas del sueño.

¡ Y tantas limpias hermosuras
como cayeron!

Y girar sin fin en el alba
con la oscura palabra dentro,
con el cantar a flor de vida
ignorando el remoto término.



We have had so many things
that to say, and themselves they were not told!

And we look at how in the air
the music without owner flies,
without we can rush it
with our clumsy instruments.

Translated by: dabne

¡ Hemos tenido tantas cosas
que decir, y no se dijeron!
Y miramos cómo en el aire
vuela la música sin dueño,
sin que podamos apresarla
con nuestros torpes instrumentos.

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Jorge Guillén (1893 – 1984)



He was born in Valladolid. He completed his education in Switzerland. In Madrid and Granada he received his master's degree in Philosophy and Letters. He was a lecturer of Spanish at the Sorbona, where he knew Paul Valéry. Later he went to the University of Oxford. He occupied the chair of Spanish Literature in Murcia and Seville, where the Civil War caught him in surprise. He went into exile in 1938 to the United States. He was awarded with the Cervantes Prize in 1976 and the following year he returned to Spain.

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Nació en Valladolid. Completó su educación en Suiza. En Madrid y Granada se licenció en Filosofía y Letras. Fue lector de español en la Sorbona, donde conoció a Paul Valéry. Más tarde estuvo en la Universidad de Oxford. Ocupó la cátedra de Literatura española en Murcia y Sevilla, donde le sorprendió la Guerra Civil. Se exilió en 1938 en Estados Unidos. Recibió el Premio Cervantes en 1976 y al año siguiente regresó a España.

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THE BALANCE (In these years of storm)

The years they spend and the fatal balance
is imposed already to the most unprepared.
What did I propose, what I achieved, that reach
they had my sharpness, my senses?

It's useless that always an astute way
to lie me unfold its sophisms.
With the truth at end no longer I discuss.
My illusions today are not the same.

The illusion of being remains me
who is worth more than the own result?
The experience returns to the catechism.
My being is my living accumulated.

If a great gift was lost, if was not swum.
For consolation the pride will grow.
A power thus squandered
favors monolog and murmur.

That of really humble it puts the weight
of his to be in his to do: I am my sum.
Of pretension to reality return.
I press of the swell fades foam.

Translated by: dabne

EL BALANCE (En estos años de tormenta)

Pasan los años y el fatal balance
se impone ya a los más desprevenidos.
¿Qué me propuse, qué logré, que alcance
tuvieron mi agudeza, mis sentidos?

Es inútil que un modo siempre astuto
de mentirme despliegue sus sofismas.
Con la verdad al fin ya no discuto.
Mis ilusiones hoy no son las mismas.

¿ Me queda la ilusión de ser yo mismo
quien vale más que el propio resultado?
La experiencia retorna al catecismo.
Mi ser es mi vivir acumulado.

Si se perdió un gran don, si no fue nada.
Para consuelo crecerá el orgullo.
Una potencia así despilfarrada
favorece monólogo y murmullo.

El de veras humilde pone el peso
de su ser en su hacer: yo soy mi suma.
De pretensión a realidad regreso.
Pulso del oleaje espuma espuma..

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Blas de Otero (1916 – 1979)



He was born in Bilbao in 1917. He finished high school in Madrid and Law in Valladolid. He travelled through Spain, France, Russia, China and Cuba. The works of Blas de Otero is transformed "from I to the We", in three stages: he will speak of his personal, existential and religious problems; later his social poetry with the collective problems; at last the search of new ways would be remarkable in his work.

Works: *Cuatro Poemas*, *Poesías en Burgos y Cántico espiritual* (1942). *Ángel fieramente humano* (1950), *Redoble de conciencia* (1951).

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Nació en Bilbao, en 1917. Cursó el bachillerato en Madrid y Derecho en Valladolid. Viaja por España, Francia, Rusia, China y Cuba. La obra de Blas de Otero se resume "del yo al nosotros", en tres etapas: hablará de sus problemas personales, existenciales y religiosos. Después su poesía social con los problemas colectivos. Al final se advertirá en su obra la búsqueda de nuevos caminos. Obras: *Cuatro Poemas*, *Poesías en Burgos y Cántico espiritual* (1942). *Ángel fieramente humano* (1950), *Redoble de conciencia* (1951).

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CHILDREN OF THE LAND

Seems as if the world walked backwards
towards the enormous night of the cliffs.
That a man, on the shoulders of fear, climbed for the hairy
skirts
of the death, with the eyes closed.

Europe, piled on Spain, destroyed to rubble,
without any north, North America, falling up;
newborn, Russia, shoulders bleeding ;
East, stumbling, and the rest to drift.

It seems as if the world looked at me,
that meant I don't know what, on the knees;
rise hands to the sky, gives me to smell its bunches
of dead people, between shouts and a shake of splinters.

The sea, standing up,
hits him in the throat with a green whip;
suddenly he's beaten throwing foam by the mouth, bites him.

It seems as if the world was finished, it sank.
It seems as if God, with open eyes,
to the children of the man ate their eyes
(It doesn't suffice—it seems – the eyes of the dead people)

Europe, on the shoulders of Spain, hungry and alone;
the States of America, leaving mother off
the flag of Russia, oh fishing line from wave to wave;
Asia, the immense arrow that the future drill.

You raise the womb to the sky, oh children of the land;
set off giving shouts of fright!
The twenty-three million of dead in the war
they crowd in front of a sky completely closed .

Translated by: dabne

HIJOS DE LA TIERRA

Parece como si el mundo caminase de espaldas
hacia la noche enorme de los acantilados .
Que un hombre, a hombros del miedo, trepase por las
faldas
hirsutas de la muerte, con los ojos cerrados.

Europa, amontonada sobre España, en escombros;
sin norte, Norteamérica, cayéndose hacia arriba;
recién nacida, Rusia, sangrándole los hombros;
Oriente, dando tumbos; y el resto, a la deriva.

Parece como si el mundo me mirase a los ojos,
que quisiera decirme no sé qué, de rodillas;
alza al cielo las manos, me da a oler sus manojos
de muertos, entre gritos y un trepidar de astillas.

El mar, puesto de pie,
le pega en la garganta con un látigo verde;
le descantilla; de
repente, echando espuma por la boca, le muerde.

Parece como si el mundo se acabase, se hundiera.
Parece como si Dios, con los ojos abiertos,
a los hijos del hombre los ojos les comiera.
(No le bastan – parece – los ojos de los muertos.)

Europa, a hombros de España, hambrienta y sola;
los Estados de América , saliéndose de madre;
la bandera de Rusia, oh sedal de ola en ola;
Asia, la inmensa flecha que el futuro taladre.

¡ Alzad al cielo el vientre, oh hijos de la tierra;
salid por esas calles dando gritos de espanto!
Los veintitrés millones de muertos en la guerra
se agolpan ante un cielo cerrado a cal y canto.

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Pedro Salinas (1891 – 1951)



He was born in Madrid. He had the master's degree in letters at the University of Madrid. He was lecturer of Spanish at the Sorbona and at the University of Cambridge. He occupied the chair of Language and Spanish Literature in Seville and Murcia. In 1923 he published his first poem book: *Omens* (Presagios). *Surely chance* (1929), *Fable and sign* (1931), *The voice to you due* (1924) and *Reason of love* (1936). He participated in the foundation of the International Menéndez Pelayo University. When the Spanish Civil war blow he went into exile to the United States. He died in Boston in 1951 and buried in Puerto Rico.

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Nació en Madrid. Se licenció en letras en la Universidad de Madrid. Fue lector de español en la Sorbona y en la Universidad de Cambridge. Ocupó la cátedra de Lengua y Literatura española en Sevilla y Murcia. En 1923 publicó su primer libro de poemas: *Presagios*. *Seguro azar* (1929), *Fábula y signo* (1931), *La voz a ti debida* (1924) y *Razón de amor* (1936). Participó en la creación de la Universidad Internacional Menéndez Pelayo. Al estallar la guerra Civil, se exilió a Estados Unidos. Murió en Boston en 1951 y enterrado en Puerto Rico.

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ZERO

(he refers to the atomic bomb
in Hiroshima in 1945)

Of I

An Invitation to a cry. This is a cry,
eyes, without end, crying,
dump ahead, by the ruins
of uncountable days.

Ruins that spreads a zero – author of nothing ,
man's work-, a zero, when it explodes..

Fell blind. Freed it,
they freed it, to six thousand
meters of height, at four o'clock.

Are there any eyes whose earth's delicacies
distinguish since heights?
Happy world? plots, lives,
which knit and unravel
butterflies, men, tigers,
loving and unloving... [...]

Translated by: dabne

CERO

(Se refiere a la bomba atómica
lanzada en Hiroshima en 1945)

De I

Invitación al llanto. Esto es un llanto,
ojos, sin fin, llorando,
escombrera adelante, por las ruinas
de innumerables días.

Ruinas que esparce un cero – autor de nada,
obra del hombre - , un cero, cuando estalla..

Cayó ciega. La soltó,
la soltaron, a seis mil
metros de altura, a las cuatro.

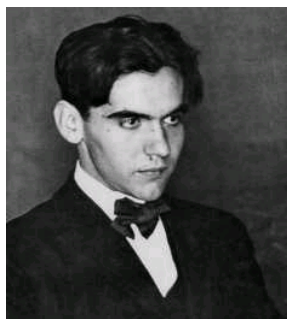
¿Hay ojos que le distingan
a la tierra sus primores
desde tan alto?

¿Mundo feliz? tramas, vidas,
que se tejen, se destejen,
mariposas, hombres, tigres,
amándose, desamándose. [...]

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Federico García Lorca (1898 – 1936)



He was born in Fuentevaqueros (Granada), his father was a rich countryman from Grenade and his mother a teacher of school. He finished high school at the Grammar school of Granada, and received the master's degree in Philosophy and Letters and in Law. He studied music with Manuel de Falla, he played the piano and the guitar. In 1918, he published his first book, *Impressions and landscapes*, of poetic prose. He moved to Madrid and he settled in the Residence of Students, where he was related to the writers and artists of the time. He founded the travelling theatre called “La Barraca”. He wrote and he represented countless plays: *The house of Bernarda Alba*, *The prodigious shoemaker's wife*, *Yerma*, *Mariana Pineda*, *Weddings of blood*. Poetic works: *Songs*, 1927, *The gypsy Romancero*, 1928, *A Poet in New York*, 1929. After the Civil War blow he was arrested and shot in Granada in 1936. With his death Spain lost one of the greatest poets and dramatists of its history.

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Nació en Fuentevaqueros (Granada), hijo de un rico agricultor granadino y de una maestra de escuela. Terminó el bachillerato en el Liceo de Granada. Se licenció en Filosofía y Letras y en Derecho. Estudió música con Manuel de Falla, tocaba el piano y la guitarra. En 1918, publicó su primer libro, *Impresiones y paisajes*, de prosa poética. Se trasladó a Madrid y se instaló en la Residencia de Estudiantes, donde se relacionó con los escritores y artistas de la época. Fundó el teatro ambulante “La Barraca”. Escribió y representó obras de teatro incomparables: *La casa de Bernarda Alba*, *La zapatera prodigiosa*, *Yerma*, *Mariana Pineda*, *Bodas de sangre*. Obras poéticas: *Canciones*, 1927, *el Romancero gitano*, 1928, *Poeta en Nueva York*, 1929. Tras estallar la Guerra Civil, fue detenido y fusilado en Granada en 1936. Con su muerte España perdió a uno de los mayores poetas y dramaturgos de su historia.

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A SHOUT TOWARDS ROME

From "Poet in New York"
(From the tower of the Crysler Building)

Blocks lightly injured
by the fine silver sprats,
almond-shaped clouds by a hand of choir
which carries in the spine an almond of fire,
fish of arsenic as sharks,
sharks like drops of tears to blind a multitude,
roses that wound
and needles installed in the pipes of blood,
enemy worlds and loves covered with worms
will fall on you. They will fall on the great dome
which cover with oil the military tongues
where a man urinates in a dazzling pigeon
and splits coal pounded
surrounded by thousands of hand bells.

Because there is neither who gives out the bread and the
wine,

nor who cultivate herbs in the mouth of the dead
neither who opens the linens of the rest,
nor who cries through the wounds of the elephants.

There are no more than a million blacksmiths
forging chains for the children that should come.

There are no more than a million carpenters
which build coffins without cross.

There is no more than a mob of laments
which open the clothes waiting for the bullet
The man that despises the pigeon should speak,
should scream naked among the columns,
and to put an injection to get the leprosy
and cry a terrible cry
that unsolved his rings and his phones of diamond.

But the man dressed in white
ignores the mystery of the ear,

GRITO HACIA ROMA

De "Poeta en Nueva Cork"
(desde la torre del Crysler Building)

Manzanas levemente heridas
por los finos espadines de plata,
nubes rasgadas por una mano de coral
que lleva en el dorso una almendra de fuego,
peces de arsénico como tiburones,
tiburones como gotas de llanto para cegar una multitud,
rosas que hieren
y agujas instaladas en los caños de la sangre,
mundos enemigos y amores cubiertos de gusanos
caerán sobre ti. Caerán sobre la gran cúpula
que untan de aceite las lenguas militares
donde un hombre se orina en una deslumbrante paloma
y escupe carbón machacado
rodeado de miles de campanillas.

Porque ya no hay quien reparta el pan y el vino,
ni quien cultive hierbas en la boca del muerto,
ni quien abra los linos del reposo,
ni quien llore por las heridas de los elefantes.

No hay más que un millón de herreros
forjando cadenas para los niños que han de venir.

No hay más que un millón de carpinteros
que hacen ataúdes sin cruz.

No hay más que un gentío de lamentos
que se abren la ropa en espera de la bala.

El hombre que desprecia la paloma debía hablar,
debía gritar desnudo entre las columnas,
y poner una inyección para adquirir la lepra
y llorar un llanto tan terrible
que disolviera sus anillos y sus teléfonos de diamante.

Pero el hombre vestido de blanco
ignora el misterio de la espiga,
ignora el gemido de la parturienta,



he ignores the moan of the parturient one,
he ignores that Christ can give still water,
ignores that the coin burns the kiss of prodigy
and gives the blood of the lamb to the idiot peak of the
pheasant.

The teachers teach the children
a marvellous light that comes from the hills;
but what arrives is a meeting of sewers
where the dark nymphs shout of rage.
The teachers indicate with devotion the enormous domes
perfumed;
but under the statues there is not love,
there is no love under the definite eyes of glass.
Love remains in the flesh torn by the thirst,
in the tiny hut that fights against the flood;
the love is in the ditches where fight the snakes of the hunger,
in the sad sea which rocks the corpses of the seagulls
and in the very dark sharp kiss under the pillows.
But the elder of the translucent hands
will say: love, love, love,
praised by millions of dying men;
he will say: love, love, love,
among the tissue trembling of tenderness;
he will say: peace, peace, peace,
among the shiver of knives and melons of dynamite;
he will say: love, love, love,
until his lips are covered with silver.

In the meantime, in the meantime ¡ oh! in the meantime,
the Negroes who remove the cuspidors,
the boys who tremble under the pale terror of the directors,
the women drowned in mineral oils,
the crowd of hammer, of violin or of cloud,
ought to shout like although they crash the brains against the
wall,
should shout against the domes,
should shout mad of fire,

ignora que Cristo puede dar agua todavía,
ignora que la moneda quema el beso de prodigio
y da la sangre del cordero al pico idiota del faisán.

Los maestros enseñan a los niños
una luz maravillosa que viene del monte;
pero lo que llega es una reunión de cloacas
donde gritan las oscuras ninfas del cólera.
Los maestros señalan con devoción las enormes cúpulas
sahumadas;
pero debajo de las estatuas no hay amor,
no hay amor bajo los ojos de cristal definitivo.
El amor está en las carnes desgarradas por la sed,
en la choza diminuta que lucha con la inundación;
el amor está en los fosos donde luchan las serpientes del
hambre,
en el triste mar que mece los cadáveres de las gaviotas
y en el oscurísimo beso punzante debajo de las
almohadas.
Pero el viejo de las manos traslúcidas
dirá: amor, amor, amor,
aclamado por millones de moribundos;
dirá: amor, amor, amor,
entre el tisú estremecido de ternura;
dirá : paz, paz, paz,
entre el tirite de cuchillos y melones de dinamita;
dirá: amor, amor, amor,
hasta que se le pongan de plata los labios.

Mientras tanto, mientras tanto ¡ ay! mientras tanto,
los negros que sacan las escupidoras,
los muchachos que tiemblan bajo el terror pálido de los
directores,
las mujeres ahogadas en aceites minerales,
la muchedumbre de martillo, de violín o de nube,
ha de gritar aunque le estrellen los sesos en el muro,
ha de gritar frente a las cúpulas,
ha de gritar loca de fuego,



should shout mad of snow,
has to shout with the head full of excrement,
should shout with hoarse ,harsh-like voice
till the cities tremble like the girls
and they break the prisons of oil and the music,
because we want our daily bread,
flower of smooth and perennial tenderness shelled,
because we want the will of the Land
to comply which gives its fruits to all.

Translated by: dabne

ha de gritar loca de nieve,
ha de gritar con la cabeza llena de excremento,
ha de gritar como todas las noches juntas,
ha de gritar con voz tan desgarrada
hasta que las ciudades tiemblen como niñas
y rompan las prisiones del aceite y la música,
porque queremos el pan nuestro de cada día,
flor de aliso y perenne ternura desgarrada,
porque queremos que se cumpla la voluntad de la Tierra
que da sus frutos para todos.

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Dionisio Ridruejo (1912 – 1975)



He was born in Burgo de Osma, Soria, in 1912. He belonged to a extreme right wing party called “Falange” in his youth. In 1942, he resigned to all his charges and since 1951, he opposed to the dictatorship of Franco’s regime. His poetry thematic is a varied one: love, landscape, policy, friendship, religion, death... His poetry is sober and restrained . Works: *Plural*, 1935; *Sonnets to the stone*, 1943 and *Elegies*, 1948.

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Nació en Burgo de Osma, Soria, en 1912. Fue falangista en su juventud. En 1942, renunció a todos sus cargos y desde 1951, pasó a la oposición al régimen de la dictadura franquista. Su temática es muy variada: amor, paisaje, política, amistad, religiosidad, muerte... Su poesía es sobria y contenida. Obras: *Plural*, 1935; *Sonetos a la piedra*, 1943 y *Elegías*, 1948.

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FACING THE MOTHER OF A DEAD COMRADE

(from 'The return')

I come without him; but its noble load
you put on my shoulders
now that anoints your weak mildness
the unmentionable reproach.

I look at it with your eyes. Yes, I see him;
he was the purest one, himself alone;
he was so boyish as you carry him
again in the bowels.

I come without him. And maternal, simple,
generous, you seek him
with the blind distressed hope
on my thought.

The wealth which I am covered disturbs me sadly:
Him nourishing my force and your blood dying in my word.

His death are my lips: I am his sweet, serene, brave death.
And his life also, that rope that receives
the doubt in your smile.

Forgive me if I live, it raises my bent firmness
while it fills spoils of its veins
a sky resigned.

Translated by: dabne

ANTE LA MADRE DE UN CAMARADA MUERTO

(De 'El regreso')

Vengo sin él; pero su noble carga
pones sobre mis hombros
ahora que unge tu débil mansedumbre
el reproche indecible.

Lo miro con tus ojos. Sí, lo veo;
era el más puro, el solo;
era tan niño como tú lo llevas
de nuevo en las entrañas.

Vengo sin él. Y maternal, sencilla,
generosa, lo buscas
con la ciega esperanza acongojada
sobre mi pensamiento.

Me turba tristemente la riqueza
de que estoy revestido:
Él nutriendo mi fuerza y moribunda
tu sangre en mi palabra.

Su muerte son mis labios: soy su muerte
brava, serena, dulce.
Y su vida también, esa soga que acoge
la duda en tu sonrisa.

Perdóname si vivo, si se yergue
mi entereza doblada
mientras llena el despojo de sus venas
un cielo resignado.

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Gerardo Diego (1896 – 1987)



He was born in Santander in 1896. He studied Philosophy and Humanities at the universities of Deusto, Salamanca and Madrid. In the latter he got a doctor degree. In 1920 he won the chair of Literature at the High School of Soria. For his book *Human verses*, he was awarded with the National Prize of Literature ex-aequo with Alberti in 1925. He spent the first year of the Civil Spanish War in France and then he returned to Spain in 1937. He was professor in the Secondary High School Beatriz Galindo in Madrid, till his retirement in 1939. He became member of the Royal Academy of Language and he was awarded with the Cervantes Prize in 1979, together with J. L. Borges. He died in Madrid in 1987.

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Nació en Santander, en 1896. Estudió Filosofía y Letras En Deusto, Salamanca y Madrid, donde se doctoró. En 1920 obtuvo la cátedra de Literatura en el Instituto de Soria. Por su libro *Versos humanos*, recibió el Premio Nacional de Literatura , junto a Alberti, en 1925. Pasó el primer año de la Guerra Civil en Francia, regresando en 1937. Fue catedrático del Instituto Beatriz Galindo en Madrid, desde 1939 hasta su jubilación. Fue miembro de la real Academia y recibió el Premio Cervantes 1979, junto con J.L. Borges. Murió en Madrid en 1987.

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Emigrant

The wind returns always
although each time brings a different colour

And the children of the place
dance around the new comets

Sings comet sings
with the open wings
and launch yourself to fly
but never forget you of your tresses.

The comets passed
but their shadows remain hanging of the doors
and the trace they left
fertilizes the gardens.

By the furrows of the sea
neither a single seed to stops sprouting.
Flattened by the winds and the ships
the foam rebloom every year.

But I rather love
the mounts that guide on its agile backs
the stars expelled of the harem.

Marine shepherd
who without reins neither flanges
guide the waves to its destiny.
Do not leave me seated on the road.

The wind returns always.
The comets also
Drops of blood from their trenzas rains
and I get on the train.

Translated by: dabne

Emigrante

El viento vuelve siempre
aunque cada vez traiga un color diferente

Y los niños del lugar
danzan alrededor de las nuevas cometas

Canta cometa canta
con las alas abiertas
y lánzate a volar
pero nunca te olvides de tus trenzas.

Las cometas pasaron
pero sus sombras quedan colgadas de las puertas
y el rastro que dejaron
fertiliza las huertas.

Por los surcos del mar
ni una sola semilla deja de brotar.
Chafadas por los vientos y los barcos
las espumas reflorece todos los años.

Pero yo amo más bien
los montes que conducen sobre sus lomos ágiles
las estrellas expulsadas del harem

Pastor marino
que sin riendas ni bridas
guía las olas a su destino
No me dejes sentado en el camino.

El viento vuelve siempre.
Las cometas también
Gotas de sangre de sus trenzas llueven
y yo monto el tren.

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León Felipe (1884 - 1968)



He was born in Tábara, (Zamora) in 1884. He moved with his family to Santander where he studied the High school. In Madrid he studied Pharmacy and he discovered his poetic vocation and the theatre world. He became an actor within a travelling theatre. He lived in Africa, Mexico and the United States. In New York, he set up friendship with Federico G^a. Lorca, and was professor of Spanish language in several American universities. When the civil war blow he returned to Spain but in 1938 he went into exile in Paris and Mexico. He died in Mexico in 1968.

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Nació en Tábara, (Zamora) en 1884. Se trasladó con su familia a Santander donde estudió el bachillerato. En Madrid estudió Farmacia y descubrió su vocación poética y el mundo del teatro. Fue actor en un teatro ambulante. Residió en África, México y Estados Unidos. En Nueva York, entabló amistad con Federico G. Lorca y fue profesor de español en universidades americanas. Al comenzar la guerra civil volvió a España pero en 1938 se exilió en París y México.. Murió en México en 1968.

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[\[Index\]](#)**A sign...i I want a sign!****I****Don't tell me more tales**

Already all have been told.

All have been said and have been written.

And all have been wound and filed.

The old patriarch has counted them,
they have been counted by the chorus and the nursemaid,
an idiot has told them, full of harsh noise and fury,
they have been engraved on the window and in the wheel
and they have been kept in s headquarters. strong boxes.

There are exact replicas of tragedies,
phonographic disks of all the psalmodes,
and photographic plates of all shipwrecks.

No story has been lost. Be calm.

It is known that the poem is a chronicle,

that the chronicle is a myth,

the History a snake that bites the fable
and the domestic poet is the columnist of the King, and the

Archbishop:

The narrator of stories.

All have registered.

And they all are a still alive. There it passes the town crier:

"¡ Stories! ...¡ Stories! ...¡ Stories! ..."

It is that old narrator of shadows and of slaughters

who now announces tales.

But I do not want tales.

Don't tell me more tales.

II

I know all the stories

Un signo... ¡quiero un signo!**I****No me contéis más cuentos**

Ya se han contado todos.

Todos se han dicho y se han escrito.

Y todos se han ovillado y archivado.

Los ha contado el viejo patriarca,
los han contado el coro y la nodriza,
los ha dicho un idiota, lleno de estrépito y de furia,
se han grabado en la ventana y en la rueda
y se han guardado en cajas fuertes de matrices.

Hay réplicas exactas de tragedias,
discos fonográficos de todas las salmodias,
y placas fotográficas de todos los naufragios.

Ningún cuento se ha perdido. Estad tranquilos.

Se sabe que el poema es una crónica,

que la crónica es un mito,

la Historia una serpiente que se muerde la fábula
y el poeta doméstico el cronista del Rey, y el Arzobispo:

el narrador de cuentos.

Todos se han registrado.

Y todos están vivos todavía. Ahí pasa el pregonero:

" ¡ Cuentos!...¡ Cuentos!...¡ Cuentos!..."

Es aquel viejo narrador de sombras y de risas

que ahora pregonera cuentos.

Pero yo no quiero cuentos...

No me contéis más cuentos.

II

Sé todos los cuentos

Yo no sé muchas cosas, es verdad.



I do not know many things, it's true.
I say only what I have seen.
And I have seen:
that the cradle of the man is rocked by tales...
That the shouts of anguish of the man are drowned by tales..
That the cry of the man is locked with tales.
That the bones of the man are buried with stories...
And that the fear of the man
has invented all the tales .
I know very few things, it's true.
But they have rocked me with all the tales.
And I know all the tales.

Translated by: dabne

Digo tan sólo lo que he visto.
Y he visto:
que la cuna del hombre la mecen con cuentos...
Que los gritos de angustia del hombre los ahogan con
cuentos...
Que el llanto del hombre los taponan con cuentos...
Que los huesos del hombre los entierran con cuentos...
Y que el miedo del hombre...
ha inventado todos los cuentos.
Yo sé muy pocas cosas, es verdad.
Pero me han dormido con todos los cuentos...
Y sé todos los cuentos.

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Gabriel Celaya (1911 - 1991)



He was born in Hernani, (Guipúzcoa). His real name was Rafael Mújica Celaya. He studied in Madrid Engineering and he lived in the *Residence of Students*, close to García Lorca. In 1935 he published *Tide of silence*. In 1968 he was awarded with the Taormina prize in Italy. During a long period of time he became the leader of the "social poetry", with books as *The cards put on the table* (Las cartas boca arriba) (1951), *Iberic Songs* (1955), *National Episodes* (1962). He died in Madrid in 1991.

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Nació en Hernani, (Guipúzcoa). Su verdadero nombre es Rafael Mújica Celaya. Estudió en Madrid la carrera de Ingeniero, vivió en la Residencia de Estudiantes, junto a García Lorca. En 1935 publicó *Marea del silencio*. En 1968 recibe el premio Taormina en Italia. Durante una larga etapa se convertirá en el adalid de la "poesía social", con libros como *Las cartas boca arriba* (1951), *Cantos iberos* (1955), *Episodios nacionales* (1962). Muere en Madrid en 1991.

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Poetry is a weapon Loaded of future

When one expects nothing personally exciting,
but palpates and continues closer to the conscience,
wildly existing, blindly affirming,
like a pulse that strikes the dark,

When one looks facing the giddy clear eyes of the death,
one utters truth.
The barbarians, terrible, loving cruelties.

The poems are recited
which widen the lungs of as many as, suffocated,
ask to be, ask rhythm,
ask law for that they feel excessive,

With the velocity of instinct,
with the ray of prodigy,
like magic evidence,
the real becomes as identical to itself.

Poetry for the poor, necessary poetry
like the bread of each day,
as the air we demand three times per minute,
to be and meanwhile we are to give a Yes that glorifies.

Because we live like blows, because they barely
leave us to say that we are who we are,
our songs cannot be without sin a decoration.
We are touching the bottom.

I curse Poetry conceived as a cultural luxury
by the neutral who, being washing their hands, they ignore
and they evade.
I curse the poetry of whom does not take party till being

La poesía es un arma Cargada de futuro

Cuando ya nada se espera personalmente exaltante,
mas se palpita y se sigue más acá de la conciencia,
fieramente existiendo, ciegamente afirmando,
como un pulso que golpea las tinieblas,

cuando se miran de frente los vertiginosos ojos claros de
la muerte,
se dicen las verdades:
las bárbaras, terribles, amorosas crueldades.

Se dicen los poemas
que ensanchan los pulmones de cuantos, asfixiados,
piden ser, piden ritmo,
piden ley para aquello que sienten excesivo,

con la velocidad del instinto,
con el rayo del prodigio,
como mágica evidencia, lo real se nos convierte
en lo idéntico a sí mismo.

Poesía para el pobre, poesía necesaria
como el pan de cada día,
como el aire que exigimos tres veces por minuto,
para ser y en tanto somos dar un sí que glorifica.

Porque vivimos a golpes, porque apenas si nos dejan
decir que somos quien somos,
nuestros cantares no pueden ser sin pecado un adorno.
Estamos tocando el fondo.

Maldigo la poesía concebida como un lujo
cultural por los neutrales
que, lavándose las manos, se desentienden y evaden.



stained.

I do mine the lacks. I feel in me all who suffer
and I sing breathing.
I sing and sing, beyond my personal grief, I get wide.

I wanted to give you life, to provoke new acts,
and I calculate therefore with technique, what I can be able.

I feel an engineer of the verse and a worker
who manages to work with others for Spain in its steels.

Such is my poetry: poetry – both tool
and beat of the unanimous and blind.
Perhaps it is, a weapon loaded of an expansive future
targeted at your chest

It's not a poetry drop by drop thought.
It's not a beautiful product. It's not a perfect fruit.
It is something as the air we all breathe
and it's the song which widens what we carry inside.

They are words that we all repeat feeling them
as ours, and they fly. They are more than the well-known
thing.

They are the more necessary: what has a name.
They are shouts in the sky, and on land, they are acts.

Translated by: dabne

Maldigo la poesía de quien no toma partido hasta
mancharse.

Hago más las faltas. Siento en mí a cuantos sufren
y canto respirando.

Canto y canto, y cantando más allá de mis penas
personales, me ensancho.

Quisiera daros vida, provocar nuevos actos,
y calculo por eso con técnica, qué puedo.
Me siento un ingeniero del verso y un obrero
que trabaja con otros a España en sus aceros.

Tal es mi poesía : poesía – herramienta
a la vez que latido de lo unánime y ciego.
Tal vez es, arma cargada de futuro expansivo
con que te apunto al pecho.

No es una poesía gota a gota pensada.
No es un bello producto. No es un fruto perfecto.
Es algo como el aire que todos respiramos
Y es el canto que espacia cuanto dentro llevamos.

Son palabras que todos repetimos sintiendo
como nuestras, y vuelan. Son más que lo mentado.
Son lo más necesario: lo que tiene nombre.
Son gritos en el cielo, y en la tierra, son actos.

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Leopoldo Lugones (1874 – 1938)



He was born in Río Seco, Cordova, Argentina in 1874. In 1896 he moved to Buenos Aires and he entered the Ministry of Education. In Paris together with Rubén Darío and Jaimes Freyre, he founded the *Revue Sudamericaine*. He is the new master of the new Argentinean lyrics. His style is a vital, sensitive and sonorous. Modernism: in his work *Twilights of garden* 1905, he goes through into a more a subtle lyric: *Lunario Sentimental* 1909. He ends by becoming a singer of his town in a work of auchthoctonous accents: *Romances of Rio Seco* - 1938. He committed suicide in Buenos Aires in 1938

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Nació en Río Seco, Córdoba Argentina en 1874. En 1896 se trasladó a Buenos Aires e ingresó en el Ministerio de Educación. En París junto a Rubén Darío y Jaimes Freyre , fundó la *Revue Sudamericaine*. Es el nuevo maestro de la nueva lírica argentina. De un Modernismo vitalista, sensorial y sonoro : *Crepúsculos del jardín* 1905, pasa a una lírica más sutil: *Lunario sentimental*- 1909. Acaba por convertirse en cantor de su pueblo en una obra de acentos criollos: *Romances de Río Seco* – 1938. Se suicidó en Buenos Aires en 1938

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Of the cattle and the cornfields. [Fragment]

As it was festival the national day
and in my mountains all mornings of May
are cloudy the twenty-fifth
our mother early left
for a walk in the country with us,
to look for the most hidden scrub
the wild honeycomb which already the autumn
sweetened in precious maturity.
A serious and tidy blonde man
made her pacific lady tresses look beautiful.
And ahead, in playful gang,
we ran with the dog
that described in circular movements crazy trails.
With exact certainty the man said:
"Here it is the camuatí, *misia* Custodia",
that thus its pious and maternal name
as natural attribute it embellishes.
Although here it goes along with the country
every light, for sure it doesn't disturb
Slimed by arduous years,
like glass, almost with no shadow.
Later she has become very old,
and if she dies it would be a sad thing
that her son wouldn't have honored her
as she deserved it by rhetorical vanity. [...]
Of water, from silence and sun is composed
the placid beauty of the hour.
It smells the weak sauzal as new varnish,
blonde of light slimmed and notorious.
Very far away, on the top of some tree,
a magpie greets with the queue.
And while he was telling us all this
the good and jovial father gave us escort.

A los ganados y las mieses. [Fragmento]

Como era fiesta el día de la patria ,
y en mi sierra se nublan casi todas
las mañanas de mayo, el veinticinco
nuestra madre salía a buena hora
de paseo campestre con nosotros ,
a buscar por las breñas más recónditas
el panal montaraz que ya el otoño
azucaraba en madurez preciosa .
Embellecía un rubio aseado y grave
sus pacíficas trenzas de señora .
Y adelante, en pandilla juguetona ,
corríamos nosotros con el perro
que describía en arco pistas locas .
Con certeza cabal decía el hombre:
"Aquí está el camuatí, *misia* Custodia",
que así su nombre maternal y pío
como atributo natural la adorna.
Aunque aquí vaya junto con la patria
toda luz , es seguro que no estorba.
Adelgazada por penosos años ,
como el cristal, casi no tiene sombra.
Después se nos ha puesto muy anciana,
y si muere sería triste cosa
que no la hubiese honrado como debe
su hijo mayor por vanidad retórica.[...]
De agua , silencio y sol está compuesta
la plácida belleza de la hora.
huele el sauzal endeble a barniz nuevo,
rubio de luz escuálida y notoria.
Muy lejos , en la punta de algún árbol,
una urraca saluda con la cola.
Y mientras nos contaba todo aquello
el buen padre jovial nos daba escolta.



They got in front the younger
who asked to gallop, he kept beast short
rein maintained parallel to the path where all
the family returned
at the same pace and in the same way.
Only the dog, near the stirrup,
head down went longing downcast now.
Thus in deep intimacy of infancy,
the national day in my memory,
he lives in that sweetness incorporated
as the perfume to the sediment of the flask.
Happy who as I has drunk country,
in the honey of its forest and of its rock!

Translated by: dabne

Montado por delante el más chiquillo
que pedía galope , a rienda corta
el andar de la bestia mantenía
paralelo a la senda donde toda
la familia marchaba de regreso
al mismo paso y en la misma forma .
Sólo el perro, a la vera del estribo,
iba anhelando cabizbajo ahora.
Así en profunda intimidad de infancia,
el día de la patria en mi memoria,
vive a aquella dulzura incorporado
como el perfume a la hez de la redoma.
¡ Feliz quien como yo ha bebido patria ,
en la miel de su selva y de su roca!

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José Santos Chocano (1875 – 1934)



He was born in Lima, Peru in 1875. His romantic character caused him a shaken life. He participated actively in politics being imprisoned when he was 20 years for revelry. He performed diplomatic charges in Colombia and Spain, and he was an advisor of Pancho Villa. He was murdered in a tramway in Chile. He left aside in a certain way the Modernism, when he centred on the landscape, the men, the legend and the history of his town. His most famous work is: *Soul of America* 1906 and, within it the poem with most significant title is: *Three notes of the indigenous soul*.

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Nació en Lima, Perú en 1875. Su temperamento romántico hizo que su vida fuese muy agitada. Partició activamente en política, siendo encarcelado a los 20 años por subversivo. Desempeño cargos diplomáticos en Colombia y España., y fue consejero de Pancho Villa. Fue asesinado en un tranvía en Chile. Se sale en cierto modo del Modernismo, al centrarse en el paisaje, los hombres, las leyendas y la historia de su pueblo. Su obra más famosa es : *Alma de América* 1906 y, dentro de ella el poema que lleva el significativo título de: *Tres notas del alma indígena*.

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Who knows!

Indian who appears at the door
of that your rustic mansion:
For my thirst haven't you any water?,
for my cold any blanket?,
Scarce corn for my hunger?,
for my dream a badly corner?,
brief stillness for my adventure? ...
Who knows, Mister!
Indian who works with fatigue
lands which belong to another owner they are:
do you ignore that you owe them
because of your blood and your sweat?,
do you ignore that audacious greed,
centuries behind removed them from you?,
Do you ignore that you are the master?
Who knows, Mister!
Indian of taciturn forehead
and no shiny pupil:
What thought is that one you hide
in your enigmatic expression?,
what do you seek in your life?,
what do you implore to your God?,
what does your silence dream?
Who knows, Mister!
Oh, mysterious and old race,
of inscrutable heart,
which without enjoying you may see the happiness
and without suffering one may see the pain:
You are Augustus like the Ande;
the Large Ocean and the Sun!
Your gesture which looks
of despicable resignation,
it's of a wise indifference
and of a pride without grudge...

¡Quién sabe!

Indio que asomas a la puerta
de esa tu rústica mansión:
¿para mi sed no tienes agua?,
¿para mi frío cobertor?,
¿parco maíz par mi hambre?,
¿para mi sueño mal rincón?,
¿breve quietud para mi andanza?...
¡Quién sabe, señor!
Indio que labras con fatiga
tierras que de otro dueño son:
¿ignoras tú que deben tuyas
ser, por tu sangre y tu sudor?,
¿ignoras tú que audaz codicia,
siglos atrás te las quitó?,
¿ignoras tú que eres el amo?
¡Quién sabe, señor!
Indio de frente taciturna
y de pupilas sin fulgor:
¿qué pensamiento es el que escondes
en tu enigmática expresión?,
¿qué es lo que buscas en tu vida?,
¿qué es lo que imploras a tu dios?,
¿qué es lo que sueña tu silencio?
¡Quién sabe, señor!
¡Oh, raza antigua y misteriosa,
de impenetrable corazón,
que sin gozar ves la alegría
y sin sufrir ves el dolor:
eres augusta como el Ande,
el Grande Océano y el Sol!
ese tu gesto que parece
como de vil resignación,
es de una sabia indiferencia
y de un orgullo sin rencor...



It runs into my veins your blood,
and, for such blood, if my God
asked me what do I prefer,
if cross or laurel, thorn or flower,
a kiss which puts out my sighs or gall which fulfils my song,
I would answer hesitating:
Who knows, Sir!

Translated by: dabne

Corre en mis venas sangre tuya,
y, por tal sangre, si mi Dios
me interrogase qué prefiero,
cruz o laurel, espina o flor,
beso que apague mis suspiros
o hiel que colme mi canción,
responderíale dudando:
¡Quién sabe , señor!

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Julio Herrera y Reissig (1875 – 1910)



He was born in Montevideo (Uruguay), within a cultivated but ruined family. He was affected by a cardiac disease so he always remained in Montevideo. At first romantic, he soon derived towards a poetry influenced by Rubén Darío and Leopoldo Lugones. He published *Wagnerians* in 1900, *The Ecstasies of the mountain*, and *The abandoned parks* in 1908. He died in Montevideo in 1910

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Nació en Montevideo (Uruguay), perteneciente a una familia ilustre venida a menos. Afectado por una lesión cardíaca permaneció siempre en Montevideo. Inicialmente romántico, derivó pronto hacia una poesía influenciada por Rubén Darío y Leopoldo Lugones. Publicó *Wagnerianas* en 1900, *Los Éxtasis de la montaña*, y *Los parques abandonados*, 1908. Murió en Montevideo en 1910.

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The return to the fields

The afternoon pays in divine gold the tasks...
One can see clean women dressed up in percale,
braiding their hairs with lime trees and lilies
or doing their knitting across the thresholds.
Shoes nailed and sticks and shawls...
Two girls with their pitchers barely.
Slide. It flees the flight sleepwalker of the serene hours.
A sigh of Arcady combs the thickets...
An austere silence falls... Off the puddle
it explodes a nasal ballad of marimba.
The lakes are cushioned with spectral lampos,
the already chimerical summits are crowned of roses.
and in the distance they smoke the dusty routes
where the labourers return to the fields.

Translated by: dabne

La vuelta a los campos

La tarde paga en oro divino las faenas...
Se ven limpias mujeres vestidas de percales.,
trenzando sus cabellos con tilos y azucenas
o haciendo sus labores de aguja en los umbrales.
Zapatos claveteados y báculos y chales...
Dos mozas con sus cántaros se deslizan apenas.
Huye el vuelo sonámbulo de las horas serenas .
Un suspiro de arcadia peina los matorrales...
Cae un silencio austero... Del charco que se nimba
estalla una gangosa balada de marimba.
Los lagos se amortiguan con espectrales lampos ,
las cumbres ya quiméricas corónanse de rosas ...
y humean a lo lejos las rutas polvorosas
por donde los labriegos regresan a los campos.

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Celso Emilio Ferreiro (1912 – 1979)



He was born in Celanova, (Ourense), in 1912, within a home with a “galleguista” atmosphere. In 1934 he founded the Federation of young galleguistas. He studied Law and Teaching. In 1938, when the heat of Spanish Civil war he wrote *Longa noite of pedra*. (*Long night of stone*). He is one of the most powerful and exciting voices of the poetry of the contemporary Galicia. His poetry is the chronicle of a difficult time, full of hope. Works: *Long night of stone*, 1962, *Trip to the country of the dwarves*, 1968, *Where the world is called Celanova*, 1975.

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Nació en Celanova, (Ourense), en 1912, en un hogar de ambiente galeguista. En 1934 fundó la Federación de las juventudes galeguistas. Estudió Derecho y Magisterio. En 1938, en plena guerra Civil, *escribió Longa noite de pedra*. (*Larga noche de piedra*). Es una de las voces más poderosas y emocionantes de la poesía de la Galicia contemporánea.. Su poesía es crónica de un tiempo difícil, lleno de esperanza, Obras: *Larga noche de piedra*, 1962, *Viaje al país de los enanos*, 1968, *Donde el mundo se llama Celanova*, 1975.

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Long night of stone

The roof is made of stone.
The walls and darkness
are made of stone.
The floor and the grilles
are made of stone.
The doors,
the chains,
the air,
the windows,
the glance
are made of stone.
The men hearts
which threaten far away
are also made of stone.
And I, dying
in this long night
of stone.

Translated by: dabne

Larga noche de piedra

El techo es de piedra.
De piedra son los muros
y las tinieblas.
De piedra el suelo
y las rejas.
Las puertas,
las cadenas,
el aire,
las ventanas,
las miradas,
son de piedra.
Los corazones de los hombres
que a lo lejos acechan,
hechos están
también
de piedra.
Y yo, muriendo
en esta larga noche
de piedra.

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Rosalía de Castro (1837 – 1885)



She was born in Santiago de Compostela in 1837. She began to write at an early age. She moved to Madrid in 1856 and two years later she married with the historian Manuel Murguía. Her first poetry book was, *Flower*, (1857). She moved to Galicia, her native land and there she would write most of her literary work: *New leaves* (Follas Novas) and *Galician Song* written in Galician language. Her work is soaked up of a great melancholy and set down love by the beauty of the inland. Azorín says that her work has emotion and tenderness. She died in Padrón in 1885.

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Nació en Santiago de Compostela en 1837. Comenzó a escribir tempranamente. Se trasladó a Madrid en 1856 y dos años más tarde se casó con el historiador Manuel Murguía.. Su primer libro de poesías, *Flor*, (1857). Se traslada a Galicia, su tierra natal y allí escribirá la mayor parte de su obra: *Follas Novas y Cantares gallegos* escritas en lengua gallega. Su obra está impregnada de una gran melancolía y pone de manifiesto el amor por la belleza de su tierra. Azorín dice que su obra tiene emoción y ternura.. Muere en Padrón, en 1885.

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The widows of the living And the widows of the dead

The oxen were sold,
there were sold the cows,
the pot
and the blanket of the bed.
It was sold the chart
and the lands he had ,
he was only left
dressed with clothes.
"María, I am a boy
and I'm not allow to beg,
I go round the world
to see if I can win.
Galicia is poor,
and the Havana I go...
Good-bye, good-bye tokens
of my heart!"
"¡Go ahead companions,
all the earth belongs to mankind!
He who haven't see anything but his own,
the ignorance consumes him.
Raise your spirit! He whom changes clothes ,God helps him
!And although now we set off Galicia far away,
you will see when we come back
how the oak treeshave grown!
Tomorrow is the big day, ¡to the sea, friends!
Tomorrow, God receives us!"
In the appearance the happiness,
in the heart the effort, and
the harmonious bell of hope,
far away, ringing the bell for Dead!
This goes and that goes and all go;
Galicia without men you remain
who works for you.

Las viudas de los vivos y las Viudas de los muertos

Le vendieron los bueyes,
le vendieron las vacas,
el pote del caldo
y la manta de la cama.
Le vendieron el carro
y las tierras que tenía,
lo dejaron sólo
con la ropa vestida.
" María, soy mozo
pedir no me es dado,
yo voy por el mundo
por ver de ganarlo.
Galicia está pobre,
a la Habana me voy...
¡Adiós, adiós prendas
de mi corazón!"
" ¡Animo, compañeros,
toda la tierra es de los hombres!
Aquel que no vio nunca más que la propia,
la ignorancia lo consume.
¡ Ánimo! ¡A quien se muda , Dios lo ayuda!
¡Y aunque ahora vamos de Galicia lejos,
veréis cuando tornemos
lo que crecieron los robles!
Mañana es el día grande, ¡a la mar, amigos!
¡ Mañana, Dios nos acoge!"
En el semblante la alegría,
en el corazón el esfuerzo,
y la campana armoniosa de la esperanza,
lejos, tocando a muerto!
Este se va y aquel se va
y todos se van;
Galicia sin hombres quedas



You have on the other hand orphan boys and
Orphan girls
and fields of solitude,
and mothers who do not have children
and children who do not have parents.
And you have hearts which suffer
long mortal absences,
widows of the living and dead
whether none will be of any comfort to them.

Translated by: dabne

que te puedan trabajar.
Tienes en cambio, huérfanos y
Huérfanas
y campos de soledad,
y madres que no tienen hijos
e hijos que no tienen padres.
Y tienes corazones que sufren
largas ausencias mortales,
viudas de vivos y muertos
que nadie consolará.

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Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer (1836 – 1870)



He was born in Seville in 1836. In 1854, he moved to Madrid to live Literature suffering deprivations. His Literature contains the deep feelings of the Romanticism: love and melancholy. He wrote in the newspapers of the time part of his work. It stands out its *Leyendas* and *Rimas*. He died in Madrid in 1870.

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Nació en Sevilla en 1836. En 1854, marchó a Madrid para vivir la literatura , pasando privaciones. Su literatura contiene los sentimientos intensos del Romanticismo: el amor, la melancolía. Escribió en periódicos de la época , parte de sus obra.. Destacan sus *Leyendas* y *Rimas*. .Muere en Madrid en 1870.

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Ryhmes IV

Do not you say that its treasure exhausted
of lacking matters the lira became dump.
Presumably it will never be poets but always
;there will be poetry!

While the waves from the light to the kiss
palpitate passionately;
while the sun looks at torn clouds
of fire and gold;
while the air carries
perfumes and harmonies in its laps;
while there is Spring in the world,
there will be poetry!

While the science won't discover
the sources of life,
and in either the sea or the sky there'll be an abyss
that the calculation resists;
while Mankind always in progress
do not know where it walks;
while there'll be a mystery for a man,
; there will be poetry!

While he feels that the soul laughs,
without the lips laughing;
while one weeps avoiding the tears
to mar the pupil;
while the heart and the head
continue the battle;
while there are hopes and memories,
; there will be poetry ;

While there're eyes which reflect
The eyes which look at them;

Rima IV

No digáis que agotado su tesoro,
de asuntos falta enmudeció la lira.
Podrá no haber poetas; pero siempre
;habrá poesía!

Mientras las ondas de la luz al beso
palpiten encendidas;
mientras el sol las desgarradas nubes
de fuego y oro vista;
mientras el aire en su regazo lleve
perfumes y armonías;
mientras haya en mundo primavera,
habrá poesía!

Mientras la ciencia a descubrir no alcance
las fuentes de la vida,
Y en el mar o en el cielo haya un abismo
que el cálculo resista;
mientras la humanidad, siempre avanzando,
no sepa a dó camina;
mientras haya un misterio para el hombre,
; habrá poesía !

Mientras se sienta que se ríe el alma,
sin que los labios rían;
mientras se llore sin que el llanto acuda
a nublar la pupila;
mientras el corazón y la cabeza
batallando prosigan;
mientras haya esperanzas y recuerdos,
; habrá poesía ;

Mientras haya unos ojos que reflejen
Los ojos que los miran;
mientras responda el labio suspirando
labio que suspira;
Mientras sentirse puedan en un beso
Dos almas confundidas;



while the lip responds yearning
the lip that sighs;
While they feel each other in a kiss
two souls tied together;
while there exists a beautiful woman,
¡there will be poetry!

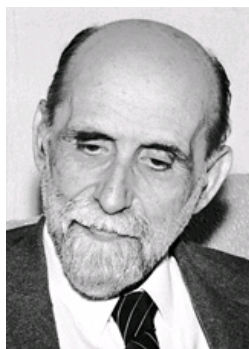
Translated by: dabne

mientras exista una mujer hermosa,
¡habrá poesía!

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Juan Ramón Jiménez (1881 – 1958)



He was born in Moguer (Huelva) in 1881. He studied with the Jesuits in the Puerto de Santa Maria. In 1900 he moved to Madrid called by Rubén Darío, to fight for "the Modernism". He often attended the Free Education Institution. In 1905 he wrote: *Silversmith and I* (Platero y yo), a book written in poetic prose. He married to Zenobia Camprubí in 1916. He left Spain at the beginning of the civil war lecturing in the United States, Puerto Rico and Cuba. He was awarded with Prize of Literature in 1956. He died in Puerto Rico in 1958. His poetry summarizes the routes of the Spanish poetry from the Modernism towards new forms.

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Nació en Moguer (Huelva), en 1881. Estudió con los Jesuitas en el Puerto de Santa María. En 1900 marcha a Madrid , llamado por Rubén Darío, para luchar por “ el Modernismo”. Frecuentó la Institución Libre de Enseñanza . En 1905, escribe: *Platero y yo*, libro escrito en prosa poética.. Se casó con Zenobia Camprubí en 1916. Salió de España al comienzo de la guerra civil, dando cursos en Estados Unidos, Puerto Rico y Cuba. Recibió el .Premio Nobel de Literatura en 1956. Murió en Puerto Rico en 1958. Su poesía resume los recorridos por la poesía española desde el Modernismo hacia nuevas formas.

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Pyrenees (Nostalgia of Sunday)

When entering in Spain, the afternoon goes falling....
In the peaks, the sun raises eternally.
(The world opens) and the slate roofs
of shale remain in the French towns.
The tower of Sallent rings far away
(It Is Sunday) The breeze plays in the green rocks.
The sunset is purer each time. It smells the south more.
It's clearer the cornfields swinging.
By the bloomy fields, in a peace of romance,
the rose milky cows moo lying down.
The speech of the shepherd touches us our heart.
The land goes moving away, maternal, to the death...
Happiness, solitude, silence. The Aeschylus fill,
the sky like stars the happy field.
Happiness, solitude, silence. The water, in all,
sings between the descending laugh of the bells.

The poor boy

They have put a ridiculous,
crazy, absurd dress to the boy;
it suits him short and long;
shouts of colours have covered him all over.
And the boy
looks and touches himself standing straight.
All causes laughter to the monkey,
the hands in his pockets...
The sister says to him
(peak of sparrow, pretty firebrands the eyes,
hands and curls in the broken mirror) :
“¡Son,
you look like a wealthy boy! ”
The sun vibrates..

Pirineos (Nostalgia de domingo)

Al entrar en España, va cayendo la tarde...
En los picos, el sol se eleva eternamente.
(El mundo se abre)Y los techos de pizarra
se quedan en los pueblos franceses.
La torre de Sallent repica allá en el fondo.
(Es domingo)La brisa juega en las peñas verdes.
El ocaso es más puro cada vez. Huele el sur
más .Es más claro el ondear de las mieses.
Por los prados con flor, en una paz de idilio,
mujen, echadas, mansas vacas rosas de leche.
El habla del zagal nos toca el corazón.
La patria va alejando, maternal, a la muerte...
Ventura, soledad, silencio. Las esquilas
llenar, cual las estrellas el cielo, el campo alegre.
Silencio, soledad, ventura. El agua, en todo,
canta entre el descendente reír de los cascabeles

El niño pobre

Le han puesto al niño un vestido
absurdo, loco, ridículo;
le está largo y corto; gritos
de colores le han prendido
por todas partes. Y el niño
se mira, se toca, erguido.
Todo le hace reír al mico,
las manos en los bolsillos ...
La hermana le dice (pico
de gorrión, tizos lindos
los ojos, manos y rizos
en el roto espejo):
“¡Hijo,
pareces un niño rico!...”



The town snores, asleep, in peace.

Only the boy

comes and goes with his dress on..

In the fair, they pennants are fallen.

Pititos in hallways. When the boy

enters the house, in a sigh

the mother screams her:

" ¡Son!"

(And he looks at her in silence rocking,

hungry and submissive,

the feet on the chair),

"Son,

you look like a wealthy boy!

..." Bells. Five o'clock...

Lyrical sun.

Drapery and candles.

Fragrant wind of the river.

The procession.

Oh, how idyllic rumour

of silver and glass!

Reliquaries with the shine

of sunset in its mystical breast! ...

The boy, among the uproar,

Is touches and looks at himself. ..

" ¡ Son!",

says his drunken father

(a tear in the slime of the bright eye,

flower of vice),

"you look like a wealthy boy...."

The afternoon falls.

Mallows of gold sweeten the tower.

Whistles awaken. The Chinese lanterns,

even the rockets with a living sun

are rocked half lit

By the square hands in hands

well washed, clean suits,

Vibra el sol. Ronca, dormido,

el pueblo en paz. Solo el niño

viene y va con su vestido...

En la feria, están caídos

los gallardetes. Pititos

en zaguanes...Cuando el niño

entra en casa , en un suspiro

le chilla la madre

:"¡Hijo!"

(y él la mira calladito,

meciendo, hambriento y sumiso,

los pies en la silla),

"hijo,

pareces un niño rico!..."

Campanas. Las cinco..Lírico

sol. Colgadas y cirios.

Viento fragante del río.

La procesión. ¡Oh, qué idílico

rumor de platas y vidrios!

¡Relicarios con el brillo

de ocaso en su seno místico!

... El niño, entre el vocerío,

se toca, se mira..

."¡ Hijo!",

le dice el padre bebido

(una lágrima en el limo

del ojuelo, flor de vicio),

"pareces un niño rico! ..."

La tarde cae. Malvas de oro

endulzan la torre. Pitos

despiertos. Los farolillos,

aun los cohetes con sol vivo,

se mecen medio encendidos.

Por la plaza, de las manos,

bien lavados, trajes limpios,

con dinero y con juguetes,



with money and with toys,
the rich children come near.
The boy goes close to them and,
radiant and determined,
he stared at their face in the face:-
“¡Hey, I look like a wealthy boy!”

Translated by: dabne

vienen ya los niños ricos.

El niño se les arrima,
y, radiante y decidido,
les dice en la cara: “¡Ea,
yo parezco un niño rico!”

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Vicente Aleixandre y Merlo (1900 – 1981)



He was born in Seville in 1900. In Madrid he studied Law and mercantile Intendancy. In 1917 he knew Dámaso Alonso who awoke his poetic vocation. His delicate health prevented him to work in the railroads so he dedicated himself to the poetry. *Scope* (Ámbito), (1928), *Swords like lips*, (1932) and *Earth Passion*, (1935). He was awarded with the National Prize of Literature for his work: *The destruction or the love*, 1933. He was awarded with Nobel Prize of Literature in 1977. He died in Madrid in 1981.

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Nació en Sevilla en 1900. En Madrid estudió Derecho e intendencia mercantil. En 1917 conoció a Dámaso Alonso quien despertó su vocación poética. Su delicada salud le impidió trabajar en los ferrocarriles y se dedicó a la poesía. *Ámbito*, (1928), *Espadas como labios*, (1932) y *Pasión de la tierra*, (1935). Obtuvo el Premio Nacional de Literatura por su obra: *La destrucción o el amor*, 1933. Le fue otorgado el Premio Nóbel de Literatura en 1977. Murió en Madrid en 1981.

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In the Public Square

Beautiful it is, beautifully humble and trustful , lively and deep,
to be under the sun, among the others, impelled,
carried, conducted, mixed up, blushingly dragged along.

It is no good
to remain in the edge
as the jetty or like the mollusk that wants copy and really
imitate the rock.
But it is pure and serene to be destroyed in the joy of flow and
be lost,
finding himself in the move whether the great heart of the men
palpitates extended.

As he who lives there, I ignore in what flat,
and I have seen him going down stairs
and going bravely towards the crowd and getting lost.

The great mass passed by.
But it was recognizable the tiny afflicted heart
There, ¿ who would recognize him?
There, with hope, with determination or with faith, with fearful
bravery,
with silent humility, there he also elapsed.

It was an open public square, and there it was a smell of
existence.

A smell of a great discovered sun, curling the wind,
a great wind where he passed his hands over his head;
his big hand which brushed their joined foreheads and
comforted them.

And it was the move which staggers
as an unique being I do not know if helpless, I do not know if
powerful,
but existing and perceptible, but of the land covered.

There each one can be look at himself,
can be happy and can be recognized by himself.
When, in the warm afternoon, alone in your cabinet,
with strange eyes and an interrogation in the mouth,

En la plaza

Hermoso es, hermosamente humilde y confiante, vivifica-
dor y profundo,
sentirse bajo el sol, entre los demás, impelido,
llevado, conducido, mezclado, ruborosamente arrastrado.

No es bueno
quedarse en la orilla
como el malecón o como el molusco que quiere calca
reamen-
te imitar a la roca.

Sino que es puro y sereno arrasarse en la dicha
de fluir y perderse,
encontrándose en el movimiento con que el gran corazón
de
los hombres palpita extendido.

Como ése que vive ahí, ignoro en qué piso,
y le he visto bajar por unas escaleras
y adentrarse valientemente entre la multitud y perderse.
La gran masa pasaba. Pero era reconocible el diminuto
co-
razón afluido.

Allí, ¿ quién lo reconocería? Allí con esperanza, con
resolu-

ción o con fe, con temeroso denuedo,
con silenciosa humildad, allí él también transcurría.
Era una plaza abierta, y había olor de existencia.
Un olor a gran sol descubierto, a viento rizándolo,
un gran viento que sobre las cabezas pasaba su mano,
su gran mano que rozaba las frentes unidas y las
reconfortaba.

Y era el serpear que se movía
como un único ser, no sé si desvalido, no sé si poderoso,
pero existente y perceptible, pero cubridor de la tierra.
Allí cada uno puede mirarse y puede alegrarse y puede
reconocerse.



you want to ask your image,
do not look in the mirror,
in an extinct dialogue in which you don't listen to yourself.
Come, come down slowly and look yourself among the others.
There they are all, and you among them.
Oh, take your clothes off, melt yourself and recognize yourself.
[...]

Translated by: dabne

Cuando, en la tarde caldeada, solo en tu gabinete,
con los ojos extraños y la interrogación en la boca,
quisieras algo preguntar a tu imagen,
no te busques en el espejo,
en un extinto diálogo en que no te oyes.
Baja, baja despacio y búscate entre los otros .
Allí están todos, y tú entre ellos.
Oh, desnúdate y fúndete, y reconócete.[...]

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Luis Cernuda (1902-1963)



He was born in Seville. Partisan of the Spanish Republic, he went into exile in 1938. He travelled through Great Britain and the United States and died in Mexico in 1963. His discontentment with the world and his revolt is due to a great extent to his homosexuality. His poetry has a romantic root. At his starts he touches the pure poetry, the classicism and the Surrealism, but from 1932 on he initiates a personal style more and more simple. From 1936 Cernuda gathers his books under an unique title: *The reality and the desire*, which he broadens until its definitive version in 1964.

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Nace en Sevilla. Partidario de la República, se exilia en 1938. Viaja por G.Bretaña y Estados Unidos y muere en México, en 1963. Su descontento con el mundo y su rebeldía se deben, en gran medida, a su condición de homosexual. Su poesía es de raíz romántica. En sus inicios toca la poesía pura, el clasicismo y el Surrealismo, pero a partir de 1932 inicia un estilo personal, cada vez más sencillo. Desde 1936 Cernuda reúne sus libros bajo un mismo título: *La realidad y el deseo*, que se va engrosando hasta su versión definitiva, en 1964.

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Pilgrim

Returning? Do return the one that has,
After long years, after a long trip,
exhaustion of the road and greed...
Of his land, his house, his friends,
Of love that faithful waits for his return.

But, ¿you? Returning? To return you do not think,
But to continuing ahead
Available for always, young or old,
Without a son who looks for you like Ulysses,
Without Itaca which awaits and without Penelope.

It continues, continues ahead and do not return,
Faithful till the end of the way and your life,
Do not miss an easier destiny,
Your feet on the land never before founded
Your eyes set against what you've never seen.

Lament and hope

We dreamed some, when we were children, fallen.
In a vast hour of solitary leisure
Under the lamp, facing the stamps of a book,
With the revolution. And we saw its dazzling wing
Folding like grains the powerful bodies.

Younger then, the dream remained far away
from a world where disorder and injustice,
Stuffing obscurely the avid cities,
they raised up to the absorbed air of the fields.
And in the revolution we thought: a sea,
Whose blue rage could swallow such cold misery.

The man is a cloud whether the dream is wind.

Peregrino

¿Volver? Vuelva el que tenga,
Tras largos años, tras un largo viaje,
Cansancio del camino y la codicia
De su tierra, su casa, sus amigos,
Del amor que al regreso fiel le espere.

Mas, ¿tú? ¿Volver? Regresar no piensas,
Sino seguir libre adelante,
Disponible por siempre, mozo o viejo,
Sin hijo que te busque, como a Ulises,
Sin Itaca que aguarde y sin Penélope.

Sigue, sigue adelante y no regreses,
Fiel hasta el fin del camino y tu vida,
No echés de menos un destino más fácil,
Tus pies sobre la tierra antes no hallada,
Tus ojos frente a lo antes nunca visto.

Lamento y esperanza

Sonábamos algunos cuando niños, caídos
En una vasta hora de ocio solitario
Bajo la lámpara, ante las estampas de un libro,
Con la revolución. Y vimos su ala fúlgida
Plegar como una mies los cuerpos poderosos.

Jóvenes luego, el sueño quedó lejos
De un mundo donde desorden e injusticia,
Hinchendo oscuramente las ávidas ciudades,
Se alzaban hasta el aire absorto de los campos.
Y en la revolución pensábamos: un mar,
Cuya ira azul tragase tanta fría miseria.

El hombre es una nube de la cual el sueño es viento.



Who will to separate thought from dream?
You know it well, the ones who envy tomorrow.
In the calm this puff of death which carries us.
Stepping on ruins a mud with dew of blood.
A continent of merchants and of actors,
Lying in wait for this crazy country,
is waiting once defeated to plunge alone ahead his destiny,
To tear off shreds of his old splendour.
It encourages him only his own great sore story.

And with pain the soul has moderated, it is invincible;
But, like love pain owes to be mute.
Don't say it suffer it with hope.
Thus this easily deceived people will be dying before, already
prey of death.
And look at him yet open, everlasting rose among the seas.

Translated by: dabne

¿Quién podrá al pensamiento separarlo del sueño?
Sabedlo bien vosotros, los que envidiéis mañana
En la calma este soplo de muerte que nos lleva
Pisando entre ruinas un fango con rocío de sangre.
Un continente de mercaderes y de histriones,
Al acecho de este loco país, está esperando
Que vencido se hunda, solo ante su destino,
Para arrancar jirones de su esplendor antiguo.
Le alienta únicamente su propia gran historia dolorida.

Y con dolor el alma se ha templado, es invencible;
Pero, como el amor, debe el dolor ser mudo:
No lo digáis, sufridlo con esperanza. Así este pueblo iluso
Agonizará antes, presa ya de la muerte.
Y vedle luego abierto, rosa eterna entre los mares.

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Rubén Darío (1867 – 1916)



He was born in Nicaragua in 1867. He is considered the representative by excellence of modernist poetry. He published his first verses at 11 years old. He was an untiring traveller to America and Europe. He came to Spain and here he got in touch with Juan R. Jiménez, and the poets of the Generation of the 27. In Paris he led a Bohemian life, and in 1914 he moved to New York. He became seriously ill and he returned to his country. He died in Leon, Nicaragua, in 1916. Since Rubén Darío, the Hispano-American lyrical begins to shift the course of literature.

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Nació en Nicaragua en 1867. Se considera el representante por excelencia de la poesía modernista. Publicó sus primeros versos a los 11 años. Fue un viajero incansable por América y Europa. Vino a España y aquí estableció contacto con Juan R. Jiménez, y los poetas de la Generación del 27. En París llevó una vida bohemia, y en 1914 se traslada a Nueva York. Enfermó gravemente y regresó a su país. Murió en León, Nicaragua, en 1916. A partir de Rubén Darío, la lírica hispanoamericana comienza a dar síntomas de un cambio de rumbo.

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Salutation to optimism

Illustrious fertile races, blood of Hispania fertile,
brotherly spirits, luminous souls,
¡God save you!

Because the moment will arrive where new glory anthems
should be sang tongues of glory .
A broaden rumour fills the environments; magic waves of life
reborn suddenly;
absence goes back , Death deceived goes back;
a new kingdom is announced, happy Sibyl dreams
and in Pandora box , misfortunes drawn we find suddenly,
talismánica, pure, smiley ,
as divine Virgil will say it in his verse divine queen of light,
¡the heavenly Hope!

Pale indolence, fatal distrust to whose enthusiasm you
condemned to tomb
or to perpetual prison you will see when the sun rises in a
triumph of lira,
while two continents, fertilized with glorious bones,
evoking the haughty shadow of the old Hercules,
they say to the globe: the high virtue resurrects
which made Hispanic descendents owners for centuries.

You abominate the mouth which predicts eternal misfortunes,
do abominate the eyes which see only ill-fated zodiacs,
do abominate the hands which throw stones at well-known
ruins,
or those who seize the torch or the suicide dagger.

One listens at deaf spontaneous in the entrails of the world,
the imminence of somewhat fatal today touches the Land;
strong heroes fall, eagles with two heads scattered,
and something starts like a wide social cataclysm
on the face of the earth.

Salutación al optimismo

Ínclitas razas bérrimas, sangre de Hispania fecunda,
espíritus fraternos, luminosas almas, ¡salve!

Porque llega el momento en que habrán de cantar nuevos
himnos
lenguas de gloria. Un vasto rumor llena los ámbitos;
mágicas ondas de vida van renaciendo de pronto;
retrocede el olvido, retrocede engañada la muerte;
se anuncia un reino nuevo, feliz sibila sueña
y en la caja pandórica, de que tantas desgracias surgieron
encontramos de súbito, talismánica, pura, riñente,
cual pudiera decirla en su verso Virgilio divino,
la divina reina de luz, ¡la celeste Esperanza!

Pálidas indolencias, desconfianzas fatales que a tumba
o a perpetuo presidio condenasteis al noble entusiasmo,
ya veréis al salir del sol en un triunfo de liras,
mientras dos continentes, abonados de huesos gloriosos,
del Hércules antiguo la gran sombra soberbia evocando,
digan al orbe: la alta virtud resucita
que a la hispana progenie hizo dueña de siglos.

Abominad la boca que predice desgracias eternas,
abominad los ojos que ven sólo zodiacos funestos,
abominad las manos que apedrean las ruinas ilustres,
o que la tea empuñan o la daga suicida.

Siéntense sordos ímpetus en las entrañas del mundo,
la inminencia de algo fatal hoy conmueve la Tierra;
fuertes colosos caen, se desbandan bicéfalas águilas,
y algo se inicia como vasto social cataclismo
sobre la faz del orbe. ¿Quién dirá que las savias dormidas
no despiertan entonces en el tronco del roble gigante
bajo el cual se exprimió la ubre de la loba romana?
¿Quién será el pusilánime que al vigor español niegue



Who will say that the asleep saps
do not awake then in the trunk of a gigantic oak tree
under which the roman wolf 's udder was squeezed?
Who will be the pusillanimous one who denies their muscles to
Spanish vigour muscles
and that the Spanish soul judged blind and crippled?
It is neither Babylonia nor Nínive buried oversight and in dust,
neither between mummies and stones reign that inhabits the
grave,
the generous nation, crowned of dry pride,
that toward the side of the fixed dawn sets the anxious looks,
nor the one in which lies down buried the Atlantis beyond the
seas,
it has its chorus of strong, vigorous and high sons.

Unite, shine, support so many dispersed vigour;
they all form a single do of ecumenical energy.
Blood of Hispania fertile, solid, illustrious races,
they show the past gifts which were long ago their triumph.
Return the old enthusiasm, return the ardent spirit
which will water tongues of fire in that epiphany.
Together the heads tight of lyrical laurels
and the young heads that the High Minerva decorates,
thus the heroic gestures of the primitive grandparents,
of the eminent parents who opened the pristine furrow,
they set down the agrarian puffs of spring returns
and the love of ears which initiated the work.

One continent and next renewing the old lineages,
in united spirit, in spirit, anxieties and tongue,
they see arriving the moment in which they should sing new
anthems

The Latin- American lineage will see the great future dawn:
In a thunder of glorious music, millions of lips
will greet the splendid light coming from the East,
august East, where all changes and renews
the eternity of God, the infinite activity.

músculos
y que el alma española juzgase áptera y ciega y tullida?
No es Babilonia ni Nínive enterrada en olvido y en polvo,
ni entre momias y piedras reina que habita el sepulcro,
la nación generosa, coronada de orgullo inmarchito,
que hacia el lado del alba fija las miradas ansiosas,
ni la que tras los mares en que yace sepultada la
Atlántida,
tiene su coro de vástagos altos, robustos y fuertes.
Únanse, brillen, secúndense tantos vigores dispersos;
formen todos un solo haz de energía ecuménica.
Sangre de Hispania fecunda, sólidas, ínclitas razas,
muestren los dones pretéritos que fueron antaño su
trunfo.

Vuelva el antiguo entusiasmo, vuelva el espíritu ardiente
que regará lenguas de fuego en esa epifanía.
Juntas las testas ancianas ceñidas de líricos lauros
y las cabezas jóvenes que la alta Minerva decora,
así los manes heroicos de los primitivos abuelos,
de los egregios padres que abrieron el surco pristino,
sientan los soplos agrarios de primaverales retornos
y el amor de espigas que inició la labor triptolémica.

Un continente y otro renovando las viejas prosapias,
en espíritu unidos, en espíritu y ansias y lengua,
ven llegar el momento en que habrán de cantar nuevos
himnos.

La latina stirpe verá la gran alba futura:
en un trueno de música gloriosa, millones de labios
saludarán la espléndida luz que vendrá del Oriente,
Oriente agosto, en donde todo lo cambia y renueva
la eternidad de Dios, la actividad infinita.
Y así sea Esperanza la visión permanente en nosotros.
¡Ínclitas razas ubérrimas, sangre de Hispania fecunda!



And thus be Hope the permanent vision in us.
¡Illustrious fertile races, blood of fertile Hispania!

Translated by: dabne

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Gabriela Mistral (1898 - 1957)



A Pseudonym for Lucila Godoy Alcayata. She was born in Vicuña, Chile in 1898. She was a daughter of a rural teacher. She dedicated herself to education and she showed herself as a poet, with the sonnets of the death. She gave away teaching in 1925 after representing his country in the Institute of Intellectual Cooperation. She was consul in Naples and Lisbon.

She is the maximum example of the overcoming of the Modernism towards a simple language, sometimes tough in which the prosaic thing is mixed up with deep but elementary images. She sang to the mother love and her love to children, the helpless and her land. *Tenderness* -1924; *Tala* 1938; *Poems of mothers* 1950. *Lagar* 1954. She was awarded with the Nobel Prize of Literature in 1945. She died in New York in 1957.

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Seudónimo de Lucila Godoy Alcayata.. Nació en Vicuña, Chile en 1898. Hija de un maestro rural. Se dedicó a la enseñanza y se dio a conocer en Chile, como poeta, con los *sonetos de la muerte*. Dejó la enseñanza en 1925 tras ser representante de su país en el Instituto de Cooperación Intelectual, fue cónsul en Nápoles y Lisboa.

Es el máximo ejemplo de la superación del Modernismo hacia un lenguaje sencillo, a veces duro, en el que lo prosaico se mezcla con imágenes intensas pero elementales. Cantó el amor materno, y su amor a los niños, a los desvalidos, a su tierra. *Ternura* -1924; *Tala* 1938; *Poemas de las madres* 1950. *Lagar* 1954. Premio Nobel de Literatura en 1945. Murió en Nueva York en 1957.

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We' ll were going to be queens

We all were going to be queens,
of four kingdoms on the sea:
Rosalía with Efigenia
and Lucila with Soledad.

In the valley of Elqui, piled up
of hundred mountains or more,
that as gifts s or tributes
burn in red and saffron.

We said it drunken,
and we considered as true,
that we All be queens
and we would arrive at the sea.

With the tresses of the seven years,
and transparent dresses of calico,
pursuing fugitive thrushes
under the shade of the fig tree.

Of the four kingdoms, we said,
doubtless as the Koran,
because they're big and worthy
they would reach the sea.

Four husbands they would marry,
by the time to marry,
and they were kings and folksingers
as David, king of Judah.

And if our kingdoms were big
they would have, without doubt ,
green seas, seas of algae,

Todas íbamos a ser reinas

Todas íbamos a ser reinas,
de cuatro reinos sobre el mar:
Rosalía con Efigenia
y Lucila con Soledad.

En el valle de Elqui, ceñido
de cien montañas o de más,
que como ofrendas o tributos
arden en rojo y azafrán.

Lo decíamos embriagadas,
y lo tuvimos por verdad,
que seríamos todas reinas
y llegaríamos al mar.

Con las trenzas de los siete años,
y batas claras de percal,
persiguiendo tordos huidos
en la sombra del higueral.

De los cuatro reinos, decíamos,
indudables como el Korán,
que por grandes y por cabaes
alcanzarían hasta el mar.

Cuatro esposos desposarían,
por el tiempo de desposar,
y eran reyes y cantadores
como David, rey de Judá.

Y de ser grandes nuestros reinos,
ellos tendrían, sin faltar,
mares verdes, mares de algas,
y el ave loca del faisán.



and the crazy bird of the pheasant.

And if you have all the fruits,
tree of milk, tree of bread,
the guayacán tree we would neither cut
nor bite the metal.

We All were going to be queens,
and truly reign;
but none has been a queen
neither in Arauco nor in Copán.

Rosalía a marine kiss
already married with the sea,
and the kisser, in the Guaitecas,
he was eaten by the storm.

Soledad has raised seven brothers
and she left her blood in their bread,
and her eyes became black
because they have never seen the sea.

In the vineyards of Montegrande,
with its pure breast for bread,
she rocks the children of other queens
and hers never-never.

Efigenia crossed the borders ,
and without speaking, she followed him,
without knowing him name
because the man and the sea are alike.

And Lucila, who spoke with the river,
the mountain and the sugarcane plantation,
in the moons of madness
received truly a kingdom.

In the clouds she counted out ten children

Y de tener todos los frutos,
árbol de leche, árbol del pan,
el guayacán no cortaríamos
ni morderíamos metal.

Todas íbamos a ser reinas,
y de verídico reinar;
pero ninguna ha sido reina
ni en Arauco ni en Copán.

Rosalía beso marino
ya desposado con el mar,
y al besador, en las Guaitecas,
se lo comió la tempestad.

Soledad crió siete hermanos
y su sangre dejó en su pan,
y sus ojos quedaron negros
de no haber visto nunca el mar.

En las viñas de Montegrande,
con su puro seno candeal,
mece los hijos de otras reinas
y los suyos nunca-jamás.

Efigenia cruzó extranjero
en las rutas, y sin hablar,
le siguió, sin saberle nombre,
porque el hombre parece al mar.

Y Lucila, que hablaba a río,
a montaña y a cañaveral,
en las lunas de la locura
recibió reino de verdad.

En las nubes contó diez hijos
y en los salares su reinar,



and in the salt marsh she's to reign,
in the rivers she has seen husbands
and their cloak in the storm.

But in the Valley of Elqui,
where there are a hundred mountains or more,
they sing the other who came
and the ones who will come will sing:

"In the earth we will be queens,
and truly to reign
and being our kingdoms big ,
we will arrive All in the sea.

Translated by: dabne

en los ríos ha visto esposos
y su manto en la tempestad.

Pero en el Valle de Elqui, donde
son cien montañas o son más,
cantan las otras que vinieron
y las que vienen cantarán:

"En la tierra seremos reinas,
y de verídico reinar,
y siendo grandes nuestros reinos,
llegaremos todas al mar".

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Nicolás Guillén (1902 – 1989)



He was born in Camagüey (Cuba). He studied Law in la Havana and he worked at the Governor's secretariat where he published in 1930 "Motivos del son". He was Rafael Alberti and Pablo Neruda's guest, he travelled to Spain to attend the 2nd Congress for the Defense of Culture. From 1953 to 1958 he left Cuba and he was awarded with the Prize Lenin 1956. He returned to Cuba after the triumph of the revolution.

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Nació en Camagüey (Cuba). Estudió Derecho en la Habana y trabajo en la secretaría de la Gobernación, publicando en 1930 *Motivos del son*. Invitado por Rafael Alberti y Pablo Neruda, se trasladó a España para asistir al II Congreso por la Defensa de la Cultura. Del 1953 a 1958 se exilia de Cuba y recibe el Premio Lenin 1956. Regresó a Cuba después del triunfo de la revolución.

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Ballad of Simon Caraballo

Simon sings :

-¡Oh , I've had a little house
and a woman!

Me,

black Simon Caraballo,
and today I do not have what to eat.
The woman died when giving birth,
I became entangled in the house

Me,

black Simon Caraballo,
I don't play, I neither drink nor dance,
I almost neither know who I am.

Me,

black Simon Caraballo,
now I sleep under a gate
my pillow is on a brick,
my bed is on the ground.
The scabies eat me alive,
the rheumatism binds my foot;
cold moon at night
early morning without coffee.
I do not know what to do with my arms.
But I will find what to do:

Me,

black Simon Caraballo,
I have got the fists clenched,
I have got the fists
Clenched and I need to eat!

-¡Hey Simon, there comes the guard
with his horse of swords!

Balada de Simon Caraballo

Canta Simón:

-¡Ay, yo tuve una casita
y una mujer!

Yo,

negro Simón Caraballo,
y hoy no tengo qué comer.
La mujer murió de parto,
la casa se m'enredó:

Yo

negro Simón Caraballo,
ni toco, ni bebo, ni bailo,
ni casi sé ya quién soy.

Yo,

negro Simón Caraballo,
ahora duermo en un portal;
mi almohada está en un ladrillo,
mi cama en el suelo está.
La sarna me come en vida,
el reuma me amarra el pie;
luna fría por la noche
madrugada sin café.
¡No sé qué hacer con mis brazos.
pero encontraré qué hacer:

Yo,

negro Simón Caraballo,
tengo los puños cerrados,
tengo los puños cerrados,
y necesito comer!
-¡Simón, que allá viene el guardia
con su caballo de espadas!
(Simón se queda callado).



(Simón remains in silence).

-¡Simon there comes he guard
with his spurs of silver !

(Simon remain sin silence).

-¡Simon, there comes the guard
with his stick and his gun,
and with the hate covering his face,
because he's already heard you singing
and he's going to hit you in the back,
folksinger of old songs,
husband of your guitar...
(Simon remains in silence).

A guard of a moustache arrives,
big and serious, serious and big
rider in a trotting horse .

- Simon Caraballo, imprisoned!
(But Simon does not respond
because Simon is dead).

Translated by: dabne

-¡Simón que allá viene el guardia
con sus espuelas de lata!
(Simón se queda callado).

-¡Simón, que allá viene el guardia
con su palo y su revólver,
y con el odio en la cara,
porque ya te oyó cantar
y te va a dar por la espalda,
cantador de sones viejos,
marido de tu guitarra ...
(Simón se queda callado).

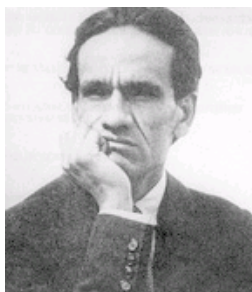
Llega un guardia de bigotes,
serio y grande, grande y serio,
jinete en un penco al trote.

-¡Simón Caraballo, preso!
(Pero Simón no responde
porque Simón está muerto).

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César Vallejo (1892 – 1938)



He was born in Peru of racially mixed blood. He loved Spain passionately where he lived at times. He studied Medicine and Philosophy and Humanities at the universities of San Marcos and Trujillo. He was expelled from France for political reasons. Then he moved to Spain where he became a member of the PCE in 1931. During the Spanish Civil War he collected funds in Paris for the Popular Front. He stresses his sensitivity for one's own pain and the pain of others. Three great works laid out his poetic itinerary: *The black heralds* (1918); *Trilce* (1922); *Human poems* (1939) and *Spain draw out from me this chalice*, (1940) after his death in Paris.

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Nació en Perú de sangre mestiza. Amó apasionadamente a España, donde residió temporadas. Estudió Medicina y Filosofía y Letras en las universidades de San Marcos y Trujillo. Expulsado de Francia por razones políticas, se trasladó a España afiliándose al PCE en 1931. Durante la Guerra Civil española, recaudó fondos en París para el Frente Popular. Destaca su sensibilidad para el propio dolor y para el dolor de los demás. Su trayectoria poética está jalonada por tres grandes obras: *Los heraldos negros* (1918); *Trilce* (1922); *Poemas humanos* (1939) y *España aparta de mi este cáliz*, (1940) tras su muerte, en París.

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A man passes by with a loaf of bread on his shoulder

A man passes with a loaf of bread on his shoulder
Am I going to write, later, upon my twin?
Another sits down, scratches, he pulls out a louse under his
arm, he kills it.
What courage is available to speak about psychoanalysis?
Another has entered into my chest with a stick in his hand
Speak upon Socrates to the doctor?
A lame man passes giving his arm to a boy
Am I going to read later André Breton?
Another shivers, coughs, spitting blood
Can we refer yet to the deep self?
Another search in the mud bones, shells
How to write, later, of the infinite?
A bricklayer falls from a roof, he dies, and has lunch no longer.
To Innovate, then, the trope, the metaphor?
A merchant steals a gram in the weight from a customer
to speak, later, of fourth dimension?
A banker falsifies his balance
How to cry in the theatre?
A pariah sleeps with the foot on the back
To Speak, later, to nobody about Picasso?
Somebody sobs attending a burial
How to enter then in the Academy?
Somebody cleans a rifle in the kitchen
What courage is needed about eternity?
Somebody passes by counting on the fingers of his hand
How to speak of the non-I without giving a cry?

Translated by: dabne

Un hombre pasa con un pan al hombro

Un hombre pasa con un pan al hombro
¿Voy a escribir, después, sobre mi doble?
Otro se sienta, rascase, extrae un piojo de la axila, mávalo
¿Con qué valor hablar del psicoanálisis?
Otro ha entrado a mi pecho con un palo en la mano
¿Hablar luego de Sócrates al médico? Un cojo pasa
dando el brazo a un niño
¿Voy, después, a leer a André Bretón? Otro tiembla de
frío, tose, escupe sangre
¿Cabrá aludir jamás al Yo profundo? Otro busca en el
fango huesos, cáscaras ¿Cómo escribir, después, del
infinito? Un albañil cae de un techo, muere y ya no
almuerza
¿Innovar, luego, el tropo, la metáfora?
Un comerciante roba un gramo en el peso a un cliente
¿Hablar, después, de cuarta dimensión? Un banquero
falsea su balance
¿Con qué cara llorar en el teatro?
Un paria duerme con el pie a la espalda ¿Hablar,
después, a nadie de Picasso? Alguien va en un entierro
sollozando
¿Cómo luego ingresar a la Academia? Alguien limpia un
fusil en su cocina
¿Con qué valor hablar del más allá? Alguien pasa
contando con sus dedos
¿Cómo hablar del no-yo sin dar un grito?

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Pablo Neruda (1904 - 1973)



His name was Neftalí Ricardo Reyes. He was born in Parral, Linares, Chile in 1904. His writings laid aside he held several diplomatic charges in China, Ceylon and Burma. From his prolific poetry he draws its variety. The different facets of his poetry has turned him into a master for poets of different signs. His social engaged poetry inspires those who draw themselves towards social or civil services and his contributions to the renovation of the poetic language have been a model for the poets of vanguard. Twenty poems of love and one desperate song, (1924); Spain in the heart (1937) and General Song (1950). He was appointed Ambassador of Chile in Paris by president Salvador Allende. He was awarded with the Literature Nobel Prize already as refugee in 1971. He died in Chile in 1973.

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De nombre Neftalí Ricardo Reyes, nació en Parral, Linares, Chile, en 1904. Además de escribir, ocupó varios cargos diplomáticos en China, Ceilán y Birmania. Es un poeta fecundísimo, de ello se deriva su variedad. Sus múltiples facetas han convertido a Neruda en un maestro para poetas de muy diverso signo: su poesía comprometida inspira a quienes se orientan hacia lo social o civil,; y sus aportaciones a la renovación de la lengua poética han sido modelo para los poetas de vanguardia. *Veinte poemas de amor y una canción desesperada*, (1924); *España en el corazón* (1937) y *Canto general* (1950). Fue nombrado embajador de Chile en París por el presidente Salvador Allende y recibió, en el exilio, el Premio Nóbel de Literatura de 1971. Murió en Chile en 1973.

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The heavenly poets

What did you do followers of Guide,
intellectualists, followers of Rilke
mysterious, false existential sorcerers,
surrealist poppies lit
in a tomb, Europeanised
corpses of the fashion,
pale worms of the capitalist cheese;
What did you when the reign of the anguish,
set against this dark Human being ,
to this kicked composure,
to immerse his head
into the manure,
of this essence of rough stamped lives?
You did anything but escape
You sold piled-up detritus,
you seek for heavenly hairs,
coward plants, broken nails,
"pure Beauty", "spell",
a piece of work of poor frightened
to evade the eyes,
to entangle the delicate pupils,
to subsist with the dish of dirty remainders
thrown by the Master,
without seeing the stone in agony,
without defence, without conquer,
blinder than the crowns of the cemetery, when
the rain falls over the motionless
rotten flowers falls of the tombs.

Translated by: dabne

Los poetas celestes

Qué hicisteis vosotros gidistas,
intelectualistas, rilkistas,
misterizantes, falsos brujos
existenciales, amapolas
surrealistas encendidas
en una tumba, europeizados
cadáveres de la moda,
pálidas lombrices del queso
capitalista, qué hicisteis
ante el reinado de la angustia,
frente a este oscuro ser humano,
a esta pateada compostura,
a esta cabeza sumergida
en el estiércol, a esta esencia
de ásperas vidas pisoteadas?
No hicisteis nada sino la fuga:
vendisteis hacinado detritus,
buscasteis cabellos celestes,
plantas cobardes, uñas rotas,
«Belleza pura», «sortilegio»,
obra de pobres asustados
para evadir los ojos, para
enmarañar las delicadas
pupilas, para subsistir
con el plato de restos sucios
que os arrojaron los señores,
sin ver la piedra en agonía,
sin defender, sin conquistar,
más ciegos que las coronas
del cementerio, cuando cae
la lluvia sobre las inmóviles
flores podridas de las tumbas.

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Alfonsina Storni (1892 – 1938)



She was born in Capriasca, in Italian Switzerland, in 1892, but she was taken to Argentina very young where she spent all her childhood in San Juan and San Jose. In 1916 she published *The restlessness and the rose garden, irremediably*, (1919), *Languor*, (1920), and *Ochre* (1925). She encloses in her verses the feeling of the humiliated feminine condition, with sensitive and bitter tones: *The sweet damage* (1918). She suffered from cancer and she committed suicide in Mar del Plata (Argentina) in 1938.

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Nació en Capriasca, en la Suiza italiana, en 1892, pero fue llevada muy niña a Argentina., donde pasó su niñez , en San Juan y San José. En 1916 publicó *La inquietud y el rosal, irremediabilmente*, (1919), *Languidez*, (1920), y *Ocre* (1925). Encierra en sus versos el sentimiento de la humillada condición femenina, con tonos sensuales o amargos : *El dulce daño* (1918). Enferma de cáncer, se suicidó en Mar del Plata en 1938.

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Green lizard

The little count of Lemonade,
playful, baby child...A charming child,
rolling, baby child and playful,
in the ballroom of Cristobalón.
His happy face of capuchin monkey
to all says: —Yes.
—Yes, Madam Calofé, Monsieur Haiti,
here and there.
While the aristocratic monkeys
pass armed as cocomacacos
solemnly from black nobility,
the Count, baby child and playful,
is a fluid of delicacy
who fills with the ballroom
—Yes, Madam Calofé, Monsieur Haiti,
here and there
—See him in the rigodón,
look at him in the minuet. ..
Nobody in the court of Cristobalón
wears the greatcoat with such elegance,
neither swings his foot with such a charm
His social formula is: Oh, pardon!
His elegant word: Voluptuousness!
Oh, but in front of His Highness
never dare to say green lizard,
thus getting mad instantly the fine aristocrat is spoilt!
And there he goes the Count of Lemonade,
with the agitated red jacket
and the wild jaw rigid in epileptic tension...
There, he goes with grotesque gestures,
multiplying the orang-utans
through the mirrors of Cristobalón.

Translated by: dabne

Lagarto verde

El Condesito de la Limonada,
juguetón, pequeñín .. . Una monada
rodando, pequeñín y juguetón,
por los salones de Cristobalón.
Su alegre rostro de tití
a todos dice: —Sí.
—Sí, Madame Calofé, Monsieur Haití,
por allí, por aquí.
Mientras los aristócratas macacos
pasan armados de cocomacacos
solemnemente negros de nobleza,
el Conde, pequeñín; y juguetón,
es un fluido de delicadeza
que llena de finuras el salón.
—Sí, Madame Calofé, Monsieur Haití,
por allí, por aquí—
Vedle en el rigodón,
miradle en el minué . ..
Nadie en la Corte de Cristobalón
lleva con tanta gracia el casacón
ni con tanto donaire mueve el pie.
Su fórmula social es: ¡oh, pardon!
Su palabra elegante: ¡volupté!
¡Ah, pero ante Su Alteza
jamás oséis decir lagarto verde,
pues perdiendo al instante la cabeza
todo el fino aristócrata se pierde!
Y allá va el Conde de la Limonada,
con la roja casaca alborotada
y la fiera quijada
rígida en epiléptica tensión ...
Allá, va entre grotescos ademanes,
multiplicando los orangutanes
en los espejos de Cristobalón.

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Jorge Enrique Adoum (1926)



He was an Ecuadorian writer, who was Edition director of the House of the Ecuadorian Culture and later civil servant of the United Nations and UNESCO. The social worries were present in his first book of poems, *Bitter Ecuador* (1949), and soon, under the influence of Pablo Neruda (his personal secretary during some time), in *The origins* (1952), *The enemy and the morning* (1952), *God brought the shade* (1959), *Gilded* and *The nocturnal occupations* (1961), volumes gathered in *The Earth notebooks* (1961), a remarkable poetic effort to recover the historical experiences of the Ecuadorian man since his origins up to the painful times of the conquest and colonization.

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Escritor ecuatoriano que fue director de Ediciones de la Casa de la Cultura Ecuatoriana y después funcionario de las Naciones Unidas y de la Unesco. Las preocupaciones sociales estuvieron muy presentes en su primer poemario, *Ecuador amargo* (1949), y luego, bajo la influencia de Pablo Neruda (de quien fue secretario personal durante algún tiempo), en *Los orígenes* (1952), *El enemigo y la mañana* (1952), *Dios trajo la sombra* (1959) y *El dorado y Las ocupaciones nocturnas* (1961), volúmenes que conforman *Los cuadernos de la tierra* (1961), notable esfuerzo poético por recuperar las experiencias históricas del hombre ecuatoriano desde sus orígenes hasta los dolorosos tiempos de la conquista y colonización.

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After the gunpowder -manuela

You sleep golden and homeless,
site of my next battle.
The continent alike: love in rest, animal back in the foam.
(If that sweet night rocks the night of Jamaica- almost if
I would have found a knife stabbed blindly in my chest ,
I would not have found you
and only it would have been a disappointing
incomplete corpse, half murdered).
But this night, you face
- downward a mare galloping pulling up
the submission to the brakes in pieces-
you abandon me you hard cracked rose,
there is no danger, and my destiny in yourself takes place.
You face-upward-a ship which directs its bow against
the unjust wind- you trust me your cutwater of hair,
and I do not make peace:
I know that both, continent and girl,
with not a withdrawal: they accumulate riots in the dream,
headquarters without harass for satisfaction , blood shackled,
and they will explode asking for more battles at breakfast.

(..)

Outside the city goes on and I reject
his brilliance under your tongue.
I seem a winner and hostage your camp:
there it wraps your bandage to your faithful thigh,
and your flame bites me: Occupation of a good-bye in
holidays.
History remained in the suit,
thrown at night on a chair,
but naked only I want that name which I listen in your mouth,
only the intermittent statue with two navels
and that map of veins where I don't get lost.

Tras la pólvora -Manuela

Duermes dorada y desguarnecida, sitio
de mi próxima batalla. Igual duerme
el continente: el amor en reposo, lomo
animal en la espuma.
(Si esa noche -melosa
hamaca la noche de Jamaica- la cuchillada a ciegas
me hubiera hallado de perfil el corazón, no te habría
encontrado, y solo habría sido decepcionante
cadáver incompleto, mitad de asesinado).
Pero esta noche, tú bocabajo -yegua al galope
arrancándole al sometimiento los frenos en pedazos-
me abandonas tu dura rosa hendida, no hay
peligro, y mi destino en ti tiene lugar.
Tú bocarriba -nave que arremete
su proa contra el viento injusto-
me confías tu tajamar de pelo, y no hago la paz:
yo sé que ambos, continente y muchacha, no están
en retirada: acumulan revueltas bajo el sueño,
sedes sin prisa por saciarse, sangres maniatadas,
y estallarán pidiendo más combate al desayuno.

(...)

Afuera sigue la ciudad y yo renuncio
a su fulgor debajo de tu lengua. Parezco triunfador y rehén
tu campamento: allí
se me adhiere tu venda de muslo fiel
y urgente, y me muerde tu llama:
ocupación de un adiós en vacaciones.
La historia se quedó en el traje, tirada
por la noche en una silla, pero desnudos
sólo quiero ese nombre que te oigo con la boca,
sólo la intermitente estatua a dos ombligos
y ese mapa de venas donde no me extravió.



Let's count in the morning the medals
left during the night with its bites,
cover them with the usual spoils of my shirt,
dress me up of solitary, widower, single,
and get me back to the others
(last night I forgot of his abstinence
when I enter in your rings),
and deny me your entry , throw me your form,
is redo it with a single back.
And that I can be able to leave -Monday of each day-
to complete freedom among the two,
onnection barely began.

Translated by: dabne

Contemos en la mañana las condecoraciones
que nos dejó la noche con sus mordeduras,
cúbrelas con el despojo usual de mi camisa,
vísteme de solitario, de viudo, de soltero,
y devuélveme a los demás (anoche me olvidé
de su abstinencia al entrar en tus anillos),
y niéguenme tus abras, écheme
tu forma, rehágase con una sola espalda.
Y que pueda yo salir -lunes de cada día- a completar
la libertad entre los dos, cópula apenas comenzada.

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Roque Dalton (1935-1975)



He was born in San Salvador, (El Salvador). He studied Law and Anthropology at the Universities of El Salvador, Chile and Mexico. Since very young he devoted to journalism and Literature, being awarded in national competitions and Central American countries competitions. He published his first poems in the magazine *Hoja* (Leaf) (Friends of the Culture, San Salvador, 1956) and in *Latin Diary* of the same city. Due to his political militancy, he underwent prison and exile. He emigrated to Guatemala, Mexico, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Korea, North Vietnam and other countries. He was murdered by his own comrades on 10th May 1975.

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Nacido en San Salvador, El Salvador, estudia derecho y antropología en las Universidades de El Salvador, Chile y México. Desde muy joven se dedica al periodismo y a la literatura, obteniendo diversos galardones en certámenes nacionales y centroamericanos. Publica sus primeros poemas en la revista *Hoja* (Amigos de la Cultura, San Salvador, 1956) y en *Diario Latino*, de la misma ciudad. Por su militancia política, sufre cárceles y destierros. Vive emigrado en Guatemala, México, Cuba, Checoslovaquia, Corea, Vietnam del Norte y otros países. Muere asesinado por sus propios compañeros el 10 de mayo de 1975.

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Poem of love

The ones who widespread the Panama Channel
(and were classified as "silver roll" and not like "gold roll"),
the ones who repaired the fleet of the Pacific
in the bases of California,
the ones who got rotted in the jails of Guatemala,
Mexico, Honduras, Nicaragua,
accused of being thieves, smugglers, swindlers by con artists,
by hungry,
always suspicious of everything
("I allow myself to send him to you
as a suspicious idler
and with the dangerous nickname of Salvadorian"),
those who crowded the bars and the brothels
of all the ports and the big cities around
the sewers of corn in the complete foreign jungle,
the kings of the red page,
the ones who nobody never knows where they come from,
the best artisans of the world,
the ones who were sewn up by bullets Al when to crossing the
border,
the ones who died from malaria
or stung by the scorpion or by the yellow beard
in the hell of the banana plantations,
the ones who cried drunken for the national anthem
cried under the Pacific cyclone or the snow of the north,
the opportunists, the beggars, the pot smokers,
the guanacos bitch children
the ones who barely could return,
the ones who were more lucky,
the undocumented forever,
the one who make all, the ones who sell all, the ones who eat
all,
the first in taking out the knife,
the sad the saddest of the world

Poema de amor

Los que ampliaron el Canal de Panamá
(y fueron clasificados como "silver roll" y no como "gold roll"),
los que repararon la flota del Pacífico
en las bases de California,
los que se pudrieron en la cárceles de Guatemala,
México, Honduras, Nicaragua,
por ladrones, por contrabandistas, por estafadores,
por hambrientos,
los siempre sospechosos de todo
("me permito remitirle al interfecto
por esquinero sospechoso
y con el agravante de ser salvadoreño"),
las que llenaron los bares y los burdeles
de todos los puertos y las capitales de la zona
los sembradores de maíz en plena selva extranjera,
los reyes de la página roja,
los que nunca sabe nadie de dónde son,
los mejores artesanos del mundo,
los que fueron cosidos a balazos al cruzar la frontera,
los que murieron de paludismo
o de las picadas del escorpión o de la barba amarilla
en el infierno de las bananeras,
los que lloraran borrachos por el himno nacional
bajo el ciclón del Pacífico o la nieve del norte,
los arrimados, los mendigos, los marihuaneros,
los guanacos hijos de la gran puta,
los que apenas pudieron regresar,
los que tuvieron un poco más de suerte,
los eternos indocumentados,
los hacelotodo, los vendelotodo, los comelotodo,
los primeros en sacar el cuchillo,
los tristes más tristes del mundo,
mis compatriotas,



My countrymen,
my brothers.

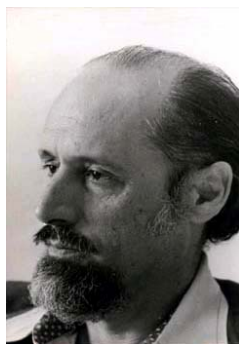
mis hermanos.

Translated by: dabne

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Roberto Fernández Retamar (1930-...)



He was a Cuban poet born in Havana. He got the master's degree in Philosophy and Humanities and after he achieved the doctor degrees at the Sorbona and at the University of London. He was invited by the University of Yale to offer a course on Hispano-American Literature and lectured on Hispano-American Literature at the universities of Prague and Bratislava. He was awarded with Poetry Prize by his book *Patrias* (Mother countries) in 1951, the Latin American Poetry Prize Rubén Darío, the Poetry International Nikola Vaptsarov Prize of Bulgaria, the Poetry International Prize Pérez Bonalde, of Argentina, the Literary Critic Prize by *Aquí* (Here) in 1996 and the official Medal of the Arts and the Letters, granted in France in 1998.

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Poeta cubano nacido en La Habana. Se licenció en Filosofía y Letras y luego se doctoró en La Sorbona y en la Universidad de Londres. Fue invitado por la Universidad de Yale para ofrecer un curso sobre Literatura hispanoamericana y dictó conferencias sobre Literatura hispanoamericana en las universidades de Praga y Bratislava. Obtuvo el *Premio Nacional de Poesía* por su libro «Patrias» en 1951, el *Premio Latinoamericano de Poesía Rubén Darío*, el *Premio Internacional de Poesía Nikola Vaptsarov* de Bulgaria, el *Premio Internacional de Poesía Pérez Bonalde*, de Argentina, el *Premio de la Crítica Literaria* por «Aquí» en 1996 y la *Medalla oficial de las Artes y las Letras*, otorgada en Francia, en 1998.

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Sleep, dream, do

"He sleeps under the Angels, dreams under the Saints"

Rubén Darío

They throw down walls which never should exist
And they raise or they reinforce other which should not exist
either

And one day they will have a roared crash.

Some tanks go ahead in the shadow.

They knock down statues of brave combatants
Whose true images were erected in the heart for ever.

They disappear or they appear or countries are torn

And some others invaded, mutilated,
And there are places where crime is celebrated with flower
parties

Which denounces a lonely girl with a low voice among high
glass windows.

They shift weapons in a different direction whether now they
only aim at the South.

And you,

Prince, champion, pirate, captain, clump of feathers,

Robin of forests of linen till now,

Red Tiger

Through whom they have reappeared after many decades

The names of the older children

Who would be happy so much to know

If they were not already dust in the shadow, shadow in the
dust; you,

Desired in long nights in Africa,

He was conceived in Cuba with love, for love,

Without knowing that today on your rose shoulders.

You should keep the constellations of fire and history,

More rigorous, more implacable than constellations,

You are complying your first two months of life.

Duerme, sueña haz

«Duerme bajo los Ángeles, sueña bajo los Santos»

Rubén Darío

Echan abajo muros que nunca debieron existir

Y levantan o refuerzan otros que no deben existir tampoco

Y un día serán a su vez abajados con estruendo.

Avanzan tanques en la sombra.

Derriban estatuas de gallardos combatientes

Cuyas imágenes verdaderas fueron erigidas para siempre
en

el alma.

Desaparecen o aparecen o se desgarran país

Y otros son invadidos, mutilados,

Y hay lugares donde se celebra con fiestas de colores el
Crimen

Que denuncia una vocecita de niña sola entre altos
cristales.

Cambian de rumbo armas que ahora sólo apuntan al Sur.

Y tú,

Príncipe, campeón, pirata, capitán, copo de plumas,

Robin por ahora de bosques de lino,

Tigre rojo

En quien tras muchas décadas han reaparecido

Los nombres de los hijos mayores

De quienes se alegrarían tanto de saberlo

Si no fueran ya polvo en la sombra, sombra en el polvo;
tú,

Deseado en largas noches de África,

Concebido en Cuba por amor, para el amor,

Sin saber que en tus hombros hoy de rosa

Debes sostener las constelaciones de fuego y la historia,

Más rigurosa, más implacable que las constelaciones,

Estás cumpliendo tus primeros dos meses de haber



To this strange planet, to this incredible house in flames.

And as you were born eagle and not bell snake,

A colt free in the plain and not a lamb,

You ought to redo it and to enlarge it

Inch by inch,

Warble by warble,

Flower by flower.

Forgive them,

Forgive us,

Forgive me,

Phocás.

Translated by: dabne

venido

A este extraño planeta, a esta increíble casa en llamas.

Y como naciste águila y no serpiente de cascabel,

Potro libre en la llanura y no borrego,

Te toca rehacerla y engrandecerla

Palmo a palmo,

Trino a trino,

Flor a flor.

Perdónalos,

Perdónanos,

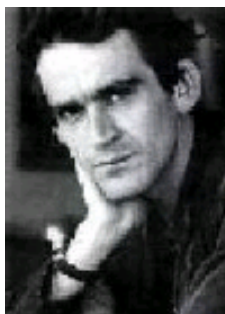
Perdóname,

Phocás.

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Carlos Castro Saavedra (1924-1989)



He was a Colombian poet born in Medellín. He was of a great versatility; he began under the lyrical invocation of the love and after harvested his first literary triumphs, the poet shifted his interest to Earth and the Mother country topics and returning finally to the loving thematic.. In addition to the great verse production, he wrote ten books of poetic prose. He wrote also theatre plays and stories for children whose content have a remarkable poetic accent. In his poems of love it's always present the gentleness, melody and colour. In 1954 he published the first personal poetry anthology entitled *Poetic Selection*. In 1962 it appeared the second anthology with the name of *Select Work* and in 1974, another one entitled *Selected Poems*.

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Poeta colombiano nacido en la ciudad de Medellín. Dueño de una gran versatilidad, se inició bajo la advocación lírica del amor, y cosechados los primeros triunfos literarios, el poeta desplazó su interés hacia los temas de la Tierra y la Patria, regresando finalmente a la temática amorosa. Además de la gran producción en verso, escribió diez libros de prosa poética. Incursionó además en el teatro y en los cuentos para niños cuyo contenido tiene un marcado acento poético. En sus poemas de amor siempre está presente la delicadeza, la melodía y el color. En 1954 publicó su primera antología personal de poesía denominada *Selección poética*. En 1962 apareció la segunda con el nombre de *Obra selecta* y en 1974, *Poemas escogidos*.

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My name is Carlos

My name is Carlos, I am new, I am from America,
I live in the south of America with a recent son,
my feet are clear and wide as the early morning,
my face performs in the mornings, all my body is green,
Buffalo and horses graze in my chest
and the sun opens poppies with its warm hand.
I believe in the fisherman, in its fish and in its nets
I like to unveil pigeons in the town
I always wait a letter with news of the world
I wait for bread, peace, love, table cloths,
I wait for my son next to the station
And I think that the future is going to arrive in the trains;
I defend my hope, I love my youth,
I put a kiss in the front door of my house,
I put it with Love's sentry,
After I go, I go from bullet to bullet,
From grenade to grenade removing the war

I know we're a lot, that we are almost all,
We are millions of men and of birds,
millions of women and of dawns,
We are a worldwide family of brightness
And there is neither a single brother who wants to be soldier
And nor a single soldier
Who wants to shoot the flowers.
Nobody wants trenches, we all want furrows,
We want stems instead of rifles,
And instead of munitions we want sweet seeds
And granaries full of March and April.

Translated by: dabne

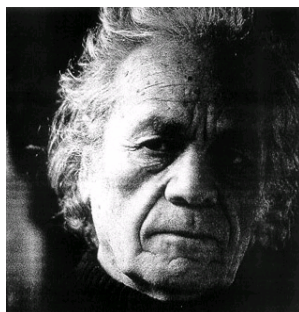
Me llamo Carlos

Me llamo Carlos, soy nuevo, soy de América,
vivo en el sur de América con un hijo reciente,
mis pies son claros y anchos como la madrugada,
mi rostro es matinal, todo mi cuerpo es verde,
sobre mi pecho pastan búfalos y caballos
y el sol abre amapolas con su mano caliente.
Creo en el pescador, en sus pescados y en sus redes,
me gusta ver el pueblo estrenando palomas,
siempre espero una carta con noticias del mundo,
espero el pan, la paz, el amor, los manteles,
espero mi hijo junto a las estaciones
y pienso que el futuro va a llegar en los trenes;
defiendo mi esperanza, amo mi juventud,
pongo un beso en la puerta de mi casa,
lo pongo con amor de centinela,
después me voy, me voy de bala en bala,
de granada en granada deshojando la guerra.
Yo sé que somos muchos, que somos casi todos,
somos millones de hombres y de pájaros,
millones de mujeres y de auroras,
somos una familia mundial de resplandores
y no hay un solo hermano que quiera ser soldado
ni hay un solo soldado
que quiera disparar sobre las flores.
Nadie quiere trincheras, todos queremos surcos,
queremos tallos en lugar de fusiles,
y en vez de municiones queremos dulces granos
y graneros repletos de marzos y de abril.

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Nicanor Parra (1914....)



He was a poet, story teller and essays writer who was born in San Fabian of Alico (Chile). Although he belonged to a simple farmer family he inherited a great artistic sensitivity. After his basic studies he was graduated as professor of Mathematics at the Grammar School of Chillán and at the University of Chile, in 1938. During several years he lived in the United States and England returning to Chile in 1951. Since 1937 he wrote some stories and essays, maintaining alive its poetic vocation on evocative and sentimental tone (*Cancionero sin nombre* (Song book without name), 1937). As years passed he adopted a strand denominated "antipoetry" (*Poems and antipoems*, 1954). In 1969 he was awarded with the National Prize of Literature of Chile by *Obra gruesa* (Heavy Work). In 1991 He was awarded for the second time in his country with the International Prize Juan Rulfo.

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Poeta, cuentista y ensayista chileno nacido en San Fabián de Alico. Aunque perteneció a una sencilla familia campesina, heredó de sus padres una gran sensibilidad artística. Después de sus estudios básicos se recibió como profesor de Matemáticas en el Liceo de Chillán y en la Universidad de Chile, en 1938. Durante varios años estuvo en Estados Unidos e Inglaterra regresando a Chile en 1951. Desde 1937 incursionó en el cuento y el ensayo, manteniendo viva su vocación poética de tono evocativo y sentimental (*Cancionero sin nombre*, 1937). Con el paso de los años adoptó una línea que él mismo denominó "antipoesía" (*Poemas y antipoemas*, 1954). En 1969 recibió el Premio Nacional de Literatura de Chile por *Obra gruesa*. En 1991 fue galardonado por segunda vez en su país y obtuvo el Premio Internacional Juan Rulfo.

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The imaginary man

The imaginary man
Lives in an imaginary house
Surrounded by imaginary trees
At the edge of an imaginary river.
On the walls there hang pictures which are imaginary
Irreparable imaginary cracks
Which represent imaginary facts
In places and in imaginary times.
All imaginary afternoons
He goes up imaginary stairs
And appears in an imaginary balcony
To look at the imaginary landscape
that consists on an imaginary valley
Encircled by imaginary hills.
Imaginary shadows
Come along by the imaginary way
Singing imaginary songs
At the death of the imaginary sun
And at nights of the imaginary moon
He dreams of the imaginary woman
Who offered him her imaginary love
He feels again that same pain
And it palpitates again
The heart of the imaginary man.

Translated by: dabne

El hombre imaginario

El hombre imaginario
Vive en una mansión imaginaria
Rodeada de árboles imaginarios
A la orilla de un río imaginario.
De los muros que son imaginarios
Penden antiguos cuadros que son imaginarios
Irreparables grietas imaginarias
Que representan hechos imaginarios
En lugares y tiempos imaginarios.
Todas las tardes imaginarias
Sube las escaleras imaginarias
Y se asoma al balcón imaginario
A mirar el paisaje imaginario que
Consiste en una valle imaginario
Circundado de cerros imaginarios.
Sombras imaginarias
Vienen por el camino imaginario
Entonando canciones imaginarias
A la muerte del sol imaginario
Y en las noches de la luna imaginaria
Sueña con la mujer imaginaria
Que le brindó su amor imaginario
Vuelve a sentir ese mismo dolor
Y vuelve a palpar
El corazón del hombre imaginario.

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José Martí (1853 - 1895)



He was born in Havana, Cuba, a son of Spaniards. He got the master's degree in Law and Philosophy and Humanities. He was imprisoned accused of conspiracy and deported to Spain in 1871 and 1879. He married in Mexico to the writer Maria Zayas,. He returned to Cuba for the Independence blow. He was dead in Dos Ríos in 1895.

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Nació en la Habana, Cuba, hijo de españoles. Se licenció en Derecho y Filosofía y Letras. Fue encarcelado acusado de conspiración y deportado a España en 1871 y 1879. Se casó en México con María Zayas, escritora. Vuelve a Cuba para iniciar el levantamiento por la independencia. Fue muerto en Dos Ríos en 1895.

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Simple verses

I am a sincere man
where the palm grows,
and before I die
I want to throw my intimate verses.

I come from everywhere,
and I go towards everywhere.
I am Art among arts,
in the hills, I am a hill.

I know the strange names
of the grass and flowers,
and of mortal deceits,
and of sublime pains.

I have seen in the dark night
When to raining over my head
Rays of pure light
of divine beauty.

I saw giving to birth wings on the shoulders
of beautiful women:
And leave from the debris
flying the butterflies.

I have seen a man living
with the dagger at his side
without never uttering the name
of whom has killed him.

Quick as a reflection
I saw the soul twice, two times:
When the old man died,
When she said to me good-bye.

Versos sencillos

Yo soy un hombre sincero
de donde crece la palma,
y antes de morirme quiero
echar mis versos del alma.

Yo vengo de todas partes,
y hacia todas partes voy:
arte soy entre las artes,
en los montes, monte soy.

Yo sé los nombres extraños
de las yerbas y las flores,
y de mortales engaños,
y de sublimes dolores.

Yo he visto en la noche oscura
llover sobre mi cabeza
os rayos de lumbre pura
de la divina belleza.

Alas nacer vi en los hombros
de las mujeres hermosas:
y salir de los escombros
volando las mariposas.

He visto vivir a un hombre
con el puñal al costado,
sin decir jamás el nombre
de aquella que lo ha matado.

Rápida, como un reflejo,
dos veces vi el alma, dos:
cuando murió el pobre viejo,
cuando ella me dijo adiós.



I trembled once, -near the gate
Ate the entrance of the vineyard
When the wild bee
Bit the girl on her forehead

I enjoyed once, in such a way
That I enjoyed as never before-when
The prison head director read
My death sentence crying.

I hear a sigh, through
the lands and the sea,
and it is not a sigh
It's because my son is going to awake.

If they say that I took from the jeweller
The best jewel,
I take a sincere friend
And leave love aside.

I have seen the wounded eagle
Flying towards the calm sky
And die in its lair
The viper of poison.

I know well that when the world
Gives in, livid, the rest
Upon the deep silence
Whispers the harmless stream.

I have placed the daring hand,
Motionless of horror and joy
Upon the lifeless star
Which fell in front of my door.

Hidden in my brave chest
hardly it wounds me:

Temblé una vez, -en la reja,
a la entrada de la viña,-
cuando la bárbara abeja
picó en la frente a mi niña.

Gocé una vez, de tal suerte
que gocé cual nunca: -cuando
la sentencia de mi muerte
leyó el alcaide llorando.

Oigo un suspiro, a través
de las tierras y la mar,
y no es un suspiro, -es
que mi hijo va a despertar.

Si dicen que del joyero
tome la joya mejor,
tomo a un amigo sincero
y pongo a un lado el amor.

Yo he visto al águila herida
volar al azul sereno,
y morir en su guarida
la víbora del veneno.

Yo sé bien que cuando el mundo
cede, lívido, al descanso,
sobre el silencio profundo
murmura el arroyo manso.

Yo he puesto la mano osada,
de horror y júbilo yerta,
sobre la estrella apagada
que cayó frente a mi puerta.

Oculto en mi pecho bravo
a pena que me lo hiere:



The son of a slaved town
Who lives for him, keeps quiet and dies.

All is beautiful and constant.

Translated by: dabne

el hijo de un pueblo esclavo
vive por él, calla, y muere.

Todo es hermoso y constante.

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Idea Vilariño (1920)



She was a Uruguayan poetess who was born in Montevideo in 1920. Besides poetess, she was a critical literary, translator, composer and educator. Her personality and convictions made her to reject all type of promotion of her name and her work. In spite of it, her work has been translated into other languages and she has been awarded with several international prizes.

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Poeta uruguaya nacida en Montevideo en 1920. Además de poeta, es crítica literaria, traductora, compositora y educadora. Su personalidad y sus convicciones la llevaron durante muchos años a rechazar cualquier tipo de promoción de su nombre y de su obra. A pesar de ello, ha sido traducida a otros idiomas y ha ganado varios premios internacionales.

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The orientals

They come from everywhere,
blood and courage,
to save their soil
the western people
They come from the blades
With a spear and a sabre
Among the grass they sprout
The westerns
They set off from the villages
From the mounts
in each corner they wait for them
The western
Because they left their lives
Their friends and their goods
because liberty is more beloved
because they don't have it
because earth is strange
and freedom is strange
and because the towns always know how to break their
chains.

They were ten, twenty,
They were fifty
They were a thousand, they're thousands,
One doesn't count them
Rebels and brave
they get on going
the things they love most
they keep on abandoning them.

With a devastating wind
They go on devastating
Like water which cleans
They come cleaning

Los orientales

De todas partes vienen,
sangre y coraje,
para salvar su suelo
los orientales;
vienen de las cuchillas,
con lanza y sable,
entre las hierbas brotan
los orientales.
Salen de los poblados,
del monte salen,
en cada esquina esperan
los orientales.
Porque dejaron sus vidas,
sus amigos y sus bienes,
porque es más querida
la libertad que no tienen,
porque es ajena la tierra
y la libertad ajena
y porque siempre los pueblos
saben romper sus cadenas.

Eran diez, eran veinte,
eran cincuenta,
eran mil, eran miles,
ya no se cuentan.
Rebeldes y valientes
se van marchando,
las cosas que más quieren
abandonando.

Como un viento que arrasa
van arrasando,
como un agua que limpia
vienen limpiando.



Because they left their lives,
their friends and their goods,
because liberty is more beloved
liberty which they don't have
because it's strange to earth
and freedom is strange.
And because towns always
Know how to break their chains.

Translated by: dabne

Porque dejaron sus vidas,
sus amigos y sus bienes,
porque es más querida
la libertad que no tienen,
porque es ajena la tierra
y la libertad ajena
y porque siempre los pueblos
saben romper sus cadenas.

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Salvador Díaz Mirón (1853 - 1928)



He was born in Veracruz (México). Owing a turbulent life he was tied to the Modernism. His work includes the books *Poetries* (1886) and *Lascas* (1901). In 1928 he published the volume of *Complete Poetry*.

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Nació en Veracruz (México). Poeta de vida turbulenta y vinculado al Modernismo. Su obra comprende los libros *Poesías* (1886) y *Lascas* (1901). En 1928 publicó el volumen de *Poesías completas*.

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Romance (Fragments)

At three leagues from a bubbling port
Which encourages flows and quarrels
Which once upon a time glory and climate
Decorate the forehead with palms

There's a tree and on top of a hill
A cottage shaped in a cube
Which from the distance I often
And laughing leans by a mango trunk
In the distance the cottage looks like a cap
with a tassel and a slant on a skull.
The place is unpleasant because it's fetid and surly

The different trees prosper
And through the wind a smell of dung
shellfish and mud; and the mosquito
flies and bothers.

The vegetation is energetic
As unharmed and booming supports
The fury of the northern puff which
It isn't rare from October to February.
The East sets fire to and give colour
Like an opal, and diffuses its overtones of dawn
by river and field.

And in the magic which is iridescent
a silver pearl dazzles .

And at the door of the old shack
Which inclines its ruin on the hill
It leans a sombre tree,
a rustic and graceful appears

like a dove..

Childish for age and size
It surprises showing off an earlier seasoning

Idilio (Fragmentos)

A tres leguas de un puerto bullente
que a desbordes y grescas anima,
y al que un tiempo la gloria y el clima
adornan de palmas la frente,
hay un árbol breñal, y en la cima
de un alcor un casucho acubado,
que de lejos diviso a menudo,
y riéndose, apoya un costado
en el tronco de un mango copudo.
Distante, la choza resulta montera
con borla y al sesgo sobre una mollera.
El sitio es ingrato, por fétido y hosco.

El cardón, el nopal, y la ortiga
prosperan; y el aire trasciende a boñiga,
a marisco y a cieno; y el mosco
pulula y hostiga.

La flora es enérgica para
que indemne y pujante soporte
la furia del soplo del Norte,
que de octubre a febrero no es rara,
y la pródiga lumbre febea,
que de marzo a septiembre caldea.

El Oriente se inflama y colora,
como un ópalo inmensa en un lampo,
y difunde sus tintes de aurora
por piélago y campo.

Y en la magia que irisa y corusca,
un perla de plata se ofusca. [...]

Y a la puerta del viejo bohío
que oblicuando su ruina en la loma
se recuesta en el árbol sombrío,
una rústica grácil asoma,
como una paloma..



Elastic shape of breasts
and judging its ambiguous plan,
it does not looks like but a young girl
who keeps in her breast two oranges.

Translated by: dabne

Infantil por edad y estatura
sorprende ostentando sazón prematura;
elásticos bultos de tetas opimas
y a juzgar por la equívoca traza ,
no semeja sino una rapaza
que reserva en el seno dos limas.[...]

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Manuel José Othón (1856 - 1906)



He was born in San Luis de Potosí (Mexico). He studied Law and he exerted as lawyer in small farmers towns. In 1900 he was elected deputy. Its poetic activity began in 1880. It stands out *Poemas rústicos* (Rustic Poems) (1902).

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Nació en San Luis de Potosí México). Estudió Derecho y ejerció de abogado en pequeños pueblos campesinos. En 1900 fue elegido diputado. Empezó su actividad poética en 1880, destacando *Poemas rústicos* (1902).

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Sonnets

I

Why did you come to my frozen solitude?
Covered with the last cloud
of a grey twilight?....Look at the landscape
dry and sad, immensely sad.

If you come from the pain and you nourished
Your heart, come to the wild
desert, where barely a sight
at what it was my youth remains.

But if by any way you don't come so far,
and if in your soul still remains pleasure
you may come back to your restless world.

If not come and wash your cloak
In the soar sea, very soar sea
Of a sad love or an immense cry.

Translated by: dabne

Sonetos

I

¿ Por qué a mi helada soledad viniste
cubierta con el último celaje
de un crepúsculo gris?...Mira el paisaje,
árido y triste, inmensamente triste.

Si vienes del dolor y en él nutriste
tu corazón, bien vengas al salvaje
desierto, donde apenas un miraje
de lo que fue mi juventud existe.

Mas si acaso no vienes de tan lejos,
y en tu alma aún del placer quedan los dejos,
puedes retornar a tu revuelto mundo.

Si no, ven a lavar tu cyprio manto
en el mar amarguísimo y profundo
de un triste amor o de un inmenso llanto.

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Salvador Rueda (1857 - 1933)



He was born in Malaga (Spain) within a humble family. He moved to Madrid, where Núñez de Arce gave him a job in a newspaper called *La Gaceta de Madrid*. He travelled to America and the Philippines. He began his literary activity in 1883 with *Noventa estrofas* (Ninety strophes) and *Cuadros de Andalucía* (Andalusia's pictures), books followed by *Cantos de la vendimia* (vendimia Songs) (1891); *En tropel* (In a mad rush) (1892), and *Fuente de Salud* (Source of Health) (1906), with forewords respectively by Bugler, Rubén Darío and Unamuno. He died in Malaga in 1933.

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Nació en Málaga (España) de familia humilde. Se trasladó a Madrid, donde Núñez de Arce lo empleó en *La Gaceta de Madrid*. viajó por América y Filipinas. Inició su actividad literaria en 1883 con *Noventa estrofas y cuadros de Andalucía*, libros a los que siguieron *Cantos de la vendimia* (1891); *En tropel* (1892), y *Fuente de Salud* (1906), prologados respectivamente por Clarín, Rubén Darío y Unamuno. Murió en Málaga en 1933.

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The watermelon

As if suddenly the day half-opened
saying good-bye to an intense blaze
where the almond-shaped dazzling steel
showed watermelon's red meat

Incandescent crimson it seemed
long and dazzling slash, as
lighted mouth given to gushes of happiness
Slice after slice pointing out

The knife skilfully separated them
separating the illusion as never happened before.

The hand suddenly separated them,
And with no planning a circle of half red moons
Decorated the plate.

Translated by: dabne

La sandía

Cual si de pronto se entreabiera el día
despidiendo una intensa llamarada,
por el acero fúlgido rasgada
mostró su carne roja la sandía.

Carmín incandescente parecía
de larga y deslumbrante cuchillada,
como boca encendida y desatada
en frescos borbotones de alegría.

Tajada tras tajada señalando,
las fue el hábil cuchillo separando
vivas a la ilusión como ningunas.

Las separó la mano de repente,
y de improviso decoró la fuente
un círculo de rojas medias lunas.

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Francisco A. de Icaza (1863 - 1925)



He was born in Mexico. He was a Diplomat. He lived almost entirely in Europe. He settled down in Madrid. He was a scholar and a poet. He died in Madrid in 1925.

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Nació en México. Diplomático de profesión. Su vida transcurrió casi por entero en Europa. Se estableció en Madrid . Era un erudito y un poeta. Murió en Madrid en 1925.

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"Estancias"

It's on wall, and on the window
Which has a framework creeper
I left my verses one morning
one morning of spring.
I left my verses in which I said
with ingenuous phrase troubles of love;
I left my verses which next day
Her white hand paid with flowers.
She's in the garden and in the grove
In the bend of that path
She told me with a very low voice:
You don't understand how much I love you:
Beside the walls of that mill
Under the shade of those vines
when the carriage took the road,
she shouted crying: Do not forget me!
All is the same: window and hydra
Shady places, fresh grapevines
wall of rough stone;
and, although it is the same , all has changed.
There aren't beloved beings in the house;
Among the branches there're flowers,
there are new leaves and new nests,
and in our souls there're new loves.

Translated by: dabne

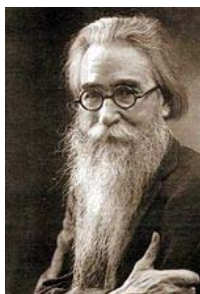
Estancias

Esta es el muro, y en la ventana
que tiene un marco de enredadera
dejé mis versos una mañana,
una mañana de primavera.
Dejé mis versos en que decía
con frase ingenua cuitas de amores;
dejé mis versos que al otro día
su blanca mano pagó con flores.
Esta es el huerto, y en la arboleda,
en el recodo de aquel sendero,
ella me dijo con voz muy queda:
" Tú no comprendes lo que te quiero."
Junto a las tapias de aquel molino,
bajo la sombra de aquellas vides,
cuando el carruaje tomó el camino,
gritó llorando : "¡ Que no me olvides!"
Todo es lo mismo: ventana y yedra,
sitios umbrosos, fresco emparrado
gala de un muro de tosca piedra;
y, aunque es lo mismo, todo ha cambiado.
No hay en la casa seres queridos;
entre las ramas hay otras flores;
hay nuevas hojas y nuevos nidos,
y en nuestras almas nuevos amores.

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Ramón M^a del Valle – Inclán (1866 - 1936)



Ramón del Valle y Peña was born in Vilanova de Arousa (Pontevedra). He studied Law at the University of Santiago de Compostela. He moved to Madrid in 1890 and there he began his literary activity. He emigrated to Mexico and he enlisted himself in the Mexican army a deed which served as inspiration to him for his work *Tyrannous Flags* (Tirano Banderas). His first *Féminas* book: six loving histories (1895). *Sonata of Autumn* (Sonata de Otoño) 1902. *Lights of Bohemia* (Luces de Bohemia), his first absurdity (esperpento), 1920. In 1929 he was imprisoned by Primo de Rivera. During the II Spanish Republic he was director of the High School of Fine Arts in Rome. He died in 1936, in Santiago de Compostela.

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Ramón del Valle y Peña nació en Vilanova de Arousa (Pontevedra) . Estudió Derecho en la Universidad de Santiago de Compostela. Se trasladó a Madrid en 1890 y allí comenzó su actividad literaria. Emigró a México y se enroló en el ejército mexicano hecho que le sirvió de inspiración para su obra *Tirano Banderas*. Su primer libro *Féminas: seis historias amorosas* 1895. *Sonata de Otoño* 1902. *Luces de Bohemia* 1920, su primer esperpento. En 1929 fue encarcelado por Primo de Rivera. Durante la República fue nombrado director de la Escuela Superior de Bellas Artes en Roma. Murió en 1936, en Santiago de Compostela.

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Vile garrotte

So ¡ ¡ So ¡ ¡ So! It sings the hammer.
They're raising the club up.
It sings a cuckoo in the countryside
And the stars go with the compass of the verse
which peals the hammer:
So! So! The scaffold shows up
Tragic, night and grey;
the round of the game
follows round of the anis;
chops up tobacco with a knife
and the scaffold appears in the dawn fleur-de lis.
Rough remote couplet
Where one listens strums of a large guitar
Shout of jot of the morapio quarrelsome.
The cableño patriotic sings the remote song of
The glories of Aragon.
Mischievous hair ate the foot
of the despicable club amuses itself starving.
It gives go to sheriff and with a rumour of swarm
receives hostile the people the hostile Civil Guard.
A gypsy sells fritters i a courtyard;
It apears stupid flutists the ears to Al bardal;
and in the circle of baturros
The gypsy of the fritters beatifies the murderer.
He convicted criminal waits in chapel,
It prays a priest in Latin,
It cries a yellow candle
And the criminal eats all the yellow omelette of herbs.
The dinner went to the chapel.

The hammer sings in the square,
The executioner earns his living.
A cloth dresses in black the small bench.
As the cloth is catalan

Garrote vil

¡ Tan ¡ ¡ Tan ¡ ¡ Tan! Canta el martillo.
El garrote alzando están.
Canta en el campo un cuclillo,
y las estrellas se van
al compás del estribillo
con que repica el martillo:
¡ Tan! ¡ Tan! ¡ Tan!
El patíbulo destaca
trágico, nocturno y gris;
la ronda de la petaca
sigue a la ronda del anís;
pica tabaco la faca,
y el patíbulo destaca
sobre el alba flor de lis.
Áspera copla remota
que rasguea un guitarrón
se escucha. Grito de jota
del morapio peleón.
El cableño patriota
canta la canción remota
de Las glorias de Aragon.
Apicarada pelambre
al pie del garrote vil
se solaza muerta de hambre.
Da vayas al alguacil,
y con un rumor de enjambre
acoge hostil la pelambre
al a hostil Guardia Civil.
Un gitano vende churros
al socaire de un corral;
asoman flautistas burros
las orejas al bardal;
y en el corro de baturros
El gitano de los churros



It's turning yellow
Following the sound of the hammer:
¡So ¡So! ¡So!

Translated by: dabne

beatifica al criminal.
El reo espera en capilla,
reza un clérigo en latín,
llora una vela amarilla,
y el sentenciado da fin
a la amarilla tortilla
de yerbas. Fue a la capilla
la cena del cafetín.
Canta en la plaza el martillo,
el verdugo gana el pan.
Un paño enluta el banquillo.
Como el paño es catalán,
se está volviendo amarillo
al son que canta el martillo:
¡Tan! ¡ Tan! ¡ Tan !

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Miguel de Unamuno (1864 - 1936)



He was born in Bilbao in 1864. In 1880 he moved to Madrid. He was Doctor in Philosophy and Humanities, and he got the chair of Greek at the University of Salamanca. In 1914 he is dismissed by his political activities. For his opposition to the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera he went into exile to the island of Fuerteventura (Canary Islands)) but when Spanish Republic was re-established he recovered his chair in Salamanca again. He was given a post held for life as Rector of the University of Salamanca, citizen of honor of the Republic and doctor "honoris cause" of the Universities of Oxford and Grenoble. He died in Salamanca in 1936. Works: *Around the casticism* (En torno al casticismo)(1895)*Life of Don Quixote and Sancho* (Vida de don Quijote y Sancho)(1905), *Of the tragic feeling of the life* (Del sentimiento trágico de la vida) (1912); *The Tula aunt* (La tía Tula) (1921), *Saint Manuel Good, martyr* (San Manuel Bueno, mártir)(1933) and others, as well as a broad theatre production.

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Nació en Bilbao. En 1880 se trasladó a Madrid. Doctor en Filosofía y Letras, obtuvo la cátedra de griego en la Universidad de Salamanca. En 1914 es destituido por sus intervenciones políticas. Por su oposición a la dictadura de Primo de Rivera fue desterrado a la isla de Fuerteventura (Canarias) pero al establecerse de nuevo la República recuperó su cátedra en Salamanca. y fue nombrado Rector vitalicio, ciudadano de honor de la República y doctor "honoris causa" de las Universidades de Oxford y Grenoble. Murió en Salamanca en 1936. Obras: *En torno al casticismo* (1895)*Vida de don Quijote y Sancho* (1905), *Del sentimiento trágico de la vida* (1912); *La tía Tula* (1921), *San Manuel Bueno, mártir* (1933) y otras, así como una extensa producción teatral.

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Common pain

Be quiet, my heart, they're your sorrows
That shouldn't be told, let them become
 Rotted in your breast;
if you suffer from a pain you alone ,
don't make it bitter and don't bother
 the home peace of their homes
 with an unpleasant shout.
That's your complaint,
being as selfish as you're it reflects
 Only your vanity.
Never separate your pain
from the common human pain,
 search that intimate one
where settles brotherhood which
 ties you with your brother,
the one that enlarges the mind
 and doesn't diminish it :
solitary and carnal he is always vain;
only the common pain sanctifies us.

Translated by: dabne

Dolor común

Cállate, corazón, son tus pesares
de los que no deben decirse, deja
se pudran en tu seno; si te aqueja
 un dolor de ti solo no acibares
a los demás la paz de sus hogares
con inoportuno grito. Esa tu queja,
 siendo egoísta como es, refleja
tu vanidad no más. Nunca separes
tu dolor del común dolor humano,
busca el íntimo aquel en que radica
la hermandad que te liga con tu hermano,
el que agranda la mente y no la achica;
solitario y carnal es siempre vano;
sólo el dolor común nos santifica.

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Manuel Machado (1874 - 1947)



He was born in Seville but he moved to Madrid with his family in 1883. He studied at the Free Institution of Education (Institucion Libre de Enseñanza). He received the master's degree in Philosophy and Humanities in Seville. He travelled to Paris and there he knew Rubén Darío, and he published his first book: *Soul* (Alma)(1900). During the Spanish Civil War he remained in the national zone. In 1938 he was chosen member of the Royal Spanish Academy of Language. He died in Madrid in 1947.

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Nació en Sevilla, se trasladó con su familia a Madrid en 1883. Cursó estudios en la Institución Libre de Enseñanza..Se licenció en Filosofía y Letras en Sevilla. Viajó a París y allí conoció a Rubén Darío, y publicó su primer libro: *Alma* (1900). Durante la Guerra Civil permaneció en la zona nacional. En 1938 fue elegido miembro de la Real Academia Española de la Lengua. Murió en Madrid en 1947.

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[\[Index\]](#)**Castile**

The blind sun crashes
 in the hard edges of the weapons,
 sore of light the bibs and backs
 and blazes the tips of the spears.
 The blind sun, the thirst and the fatigue.
 By the terrible Spanish steppe,
 To exile, with twelve of them
 dust, sweat and iron-, the Cid rides.
 The inn is closed with stone and mud...
 Nobody responds. The knob of the sword
 and the story of the magpies,
 the shutter is going to yield...;
 The sun burns, the air scorches;
 The terrible blows, of hoarse echo,
 a pure voice of silver
 and glass responds...there is a girl
 very weak and white in the threshold.
 She has blue eyes and tears in her eyes..
 Pale gold her curious face and frightened.
 -Good Cid, pass...The king will not kill you
 It will ruin your house,
 and will sow the poor field with salt
 which labours my father ...
 Go.. The sky fulfil you with fortunes...
 ¡In our evil, oh Cid, you do not win anything!
 ¡ The girls shuts up and cries without a moan.
 A child sob crosses the squad
 of ferocious warriors,
 and an inflexible voice shouts: "¡Ahead!
 The blind sun, the thirst and the fatigue.
 By the terrible Spanish steppe,
 To exile, with twelve of them
 -dust, sweat and iron-, the Cid rides.

Translated by: dabne

Castilla

El ciego sol se estrella
 en las duras aristas de las armas,
 llaga de luz los petos y espaldares
 y flamea en las puntas de las lanzas.
 El ciego sol, la sed y la fatiga.
 Por la terrible estepa castellana,
 al destierro, con doce de los suyos
 -polvo, sudor y hierro- , el Cid cabalga.
 Cerrado está el mesón a piedra y lodo...
 Nadie responde. Al pomo de la espada
 y al cuento de las picas, el postigo
 va a ceder...; Quema el sol, el aire abrasa ;
 A los terribles golpes,
 de eco ronco, una voz pura, de plata
 y de cristal, responde...Hay una niña
 muy débil y muy blanca en el umbral.
 Es toda ojos azules y en los ojos lágrimas.
 Oro pálido nimba su carita curiosa y asustada.
 -Buen Cid, pasad...El rey nos dará muerte,
 arruinará la casa,
 y sembrará de sal el pobre campo
 que mi padre trabaja...
 Idos. El cielo os colme de venturas...
¡En nuestro mal, oh Cid, no ganáis nada ;
 Calla la niña y llora sin gemido...
 Un sollozo infantil cruza la escuadra
 de feroces guerreros,
 y una voz inflexible grita: " ¡En marcha!".
 El ciego sol, la sed y la fatiga.
 Por la terrible estepa castellana,
 al destierro, con doce de los suyos
 -polvo, sudor y hierro-, el Cid cabalga.

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Juana de Ibarbourou (1895 – 1979)



She was born in Melo, Uruguay. Her true name was Juana Fernandez Morales, Ibarbourou was the last name of her husband and she adopted this name since her marriage in 1914. She has a strong human voice, whose native roots have deserved her been called "Juana of America". She wrote: *The languages of the diamond* (Las lenguas del diamante), 1919; *Wild root* (Raíz salvaje), 1920; *The wind rose*, (La rosa de los vientos) 1930. In 1947 she entered the Uruguayan Academy and in 1959, she was awarded with the National Prize of Spanish Literature.

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Nació en Melo, Uruguay. Su verdadero nombre era Juana Fernández Morales. Ibarbourou, era el apellido de su marido y lo adoptó a partir de su matrimonio en 1914. Posee una fuerte voz humana, cuyas raíces autóctonas le han valido el apelativo de “ Juana de América”. Escribe: *Las lenguas del diamante*, 1919; *Raíz salvaje*, 1920; *La rosa de los vientos*, 1930. En 1947 ingresó en la Academia uruguaya y en 1959, recibió el Premio Nacional de Literatura española.

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The strong tie

I grew for you.
Cut me down. My acacia.
implore your hands a strike of grace.
I bloomed
for you
Cut me down. My lily
When I was born I doubted if flower or candle.
I flowed
for you.
Drink myself. The glass
envies the clear flow of my spring..
I gave wings
For you
Hunt me down. Moth
I surrounded your flame of full impatience.
For you I will suffer ;
Blessed be the damage
your love gives me!
Blessed be the axe, blessed the network,
and praised be scissors and thirst!
Blood of the ribs
will flow, my beloved
What a beautiful, clasp ,what a pleasing jewel,
for you a sore scarlet colour?
Instead of glass beads for my hair
I will plunge seven long thorns among them..
And instead of earrings I will put in my ears,
Like two rubies, two red hot coals.
You will see me laugh
seeing me suffer.
And you will cry.
And then. ..j You will be more mine than ever.!

Translated by: dabne

El fuerte lazo

Crecí
para ti.
Tálame . Mi acacia
implora a tus manos un golpe de gracia.
Florí
para ti
Córtame,. Mi lirio
al nacer dudaba ser flor o ser cirio.
Fluí
para ti.
Bébeme. El cristal
envidia lo claro de mi manantial..
Alas di
por ti.
Cázame. Falena,
rodeé tu llama de impaciencia llena.
Por ti sufriré
; Bendito sea el daño
que tu amor me dé!
; Bendita sea el hacha, bendita la red,
y loadas sean tijeras y sed!
Sangre del costado
manaré, mi amado.
¿ Qué broche mas bello, qué joya más grata,
que por ti una llaga color escarlata?
En vez de abalorios para mis cabellos
siete espinas largas hundiré entre ellos.
Y en vez de zarcillos pondré en mis orejas,
como dos rubíes, dos ascuas bermejas.
Me verás reir
viéndome sufrir.
Y tú llorarás .
Y entonces...; Más mío que nunca serás!

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Amado Nervo (1870 – 1919)



A Mexican poet, he was born in Tepic, Nayarite in 1870. In his youth he wanted to be clergyman, but very soon he was attracted by several stimuli of life, the trips, love and the poetry itself. Its aesthetic start was marked by the influence of Gutiérrez Nájera and the groups which gathered "*The blue magazine*" (La Revista Azul) and "Modern Magazine" (Revista Moderna), whose pages overflowed all the ardour of the American modernism. Among the set of his creative work it stands out *Serenity* (Serenidad); *Elevation* (Elevación), *Fullness* (Plenitud) and *The immovable loved one* (La amada inmóvil).

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Poeta mexicano nacido en Tepic, Nayarit en 1870. En su juventud quiso ser clérigo, pero muy pronto se vio atraído por los variados estímulos de la vida, los viajes, los amores y la misma poesía. Su iniciación estética fue marcada por el influjo de Gutiérrez Nájera y de los grupos que se congregaban alrededor de «La revista azul» y «Revista moderna», en cuyas páginas se desbordaba todo el ímpetu del modernismo americano. Entre el conjunto de su creación, se destacan sus libros *Serenidad*; *Elevación*, *Plenitud* y *La amada inmóvil*.

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Ródeuse

If they find you thoughtful the disasters of the leaves
Which fly around crackling along the boulevard;
If the north winds show you I do not know what vague grieves
And inexact nostalgias and will to cry;

if the luminous beating of the stars make you feel cold;
If you see undoubtedly sad the river Seine slipping,
And the reflection of the scarlet lights on the river
You fancy that is the wake of some tragic ship
where the attorneys of the Morgue carry drowned people to
bury,

¡Poor Girl!! Come with me: leave the barren bridges yet.
There is a hostile soul in these nights towards consumptives,
and a vampire disguised of gallon who seeks ill women,
Who makes the court to the ones who cough when asleep,
And who will suck through filthy horn your nipples of ivory.

Translated by: dabne

Ródeuse

Si te toman pensativa los desastres de las hojas
que revuelan crepitando por el amplio bulevar;
si los cierzos te insinúan no sé qué vagas congojas
y nostalgias imprecisas y deseos de llorar;

si el latido luminoso de los astros te da frío;
si incurablemente triste ves al Sena resbalar,
y el reflejo de los focos escarlatas sobre el río
se te antoja que es la estela de algún trágico navío
donde llevan los ahogados de la Morgue a sepultar;

¡Pobrecita! ven conmigo: deja ya las puentes yermas.
Hay un alma en estas noches a las tísicas hostil,
y un vampiro disfrazado de galón que busca enfermas,
que corteja a las que tosen y que, a poco que te duermas,
chupará con trompa inmunda tus pezones de marfil.

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Guillermo Valencia (1873 - 1943)



He was a poet and politician caucano (Colombia). From the classic culture it arose his poetic tendency called *parnasianismo*, which lead the old Greek and Latin writers. Soon it came the influence of French Literature which draw his imagination towards the symbolism and, finally, under literary influence of Rubén Darío, whom he knew and who was his friend, was the modernism. He was an author of a single book, *Rites* (Ritos) (1889) a personal poet who contributes to a sense of poetic concentration and a spirit of protest for the social injustice.

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Poeta y político caucano (Colombia). De la cultura clásica surgió su primera tendencia poética, denominada parnasianismo, que encabezan los antiguos escritores griegos y latinos. Luego vino la influencia de la literatura francesa, que orientó su imaginación hacia el simbolismo y, finalmente, bajo la influencia literaria de Rubén Darío, a quien conoció y de quien fue amigo, sería el modernismo. Autor de un solo libro, *Ritos* (1889) es un poeta personalísimo que aporta un sentido de la concentración poética y un espíritu de protesta por la injusticia social.

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The word of god (Synthesis)

When it saw my poem Jonatás the Rabbi
(the spirit and flesh of the biblical science),
with a laugh in the lips he explained me the sentence
of whom has freed the Dove on the divine Text.
Never taste, he told me, of the feminine liquor,
Which is a liquor of mandragoras and distils dementia;
If you drink it, exactly your conscience will die,
your songs will fly, you will err the way.
And he added: What you are going to hear now don't get
astonished:
The woman is the old enemy of the man;
Her hairs of flame are comets of fright.
She frees the land from the vicious lover,
and She calms her anguish of her thirst of rest
with the juice that pours the wounds of the saint.

Decadence

In the paternal wall, condemned
From miserly oblivion to the mute revenge,
To the dusty cord which ties her
it is entangled the abandoned panoply .
A Long rest made the sword drowsy
and the old helmet of coarse top ;
smoothens the time the dagger that, naked,
stopped the champion of temple mane.
¡It passed the noble lineage! The puny son
exchanges for stables what was stockade,
the leaves of Damascus in roasters,
and he looks impassive - thus he couldn't fight-
The dented shield fall broken
From the urine to the victorious cuts!

Translated by: dabne

La palabra de dios (Síntesis)

Cuando vio mi poema Jonatás el Rabino
(el espíritu y carne de la bíblica ciencia),
con la risa en los labios me explicó la sentencia
que soltó la Paloma sobre el Texto divino.
Nunca pruebes, me dijo, del licor femenino,
que es licor de mandrágoras y destila demencia;
si lo bebes, al punto morirá tu conciencia,
volarán tus canciones, errarás el camino.
Y agregó: Lo que ahora vas a oír no te asombre:
la mujer es el viejo enemigo del hombre;
sus cabellos de llama son cometas de espanto.
Ella libra la tierra del amante vicioso,
y Ella calma la angustia de su sed de reposo
con el jugo que vierten las heridas del santo.

Decadencia

En el paterno muro, condenada
de avaro olvido a la venganza muda,
al cordón polvoriento que la anuda
se enreda la panoplia abandonada.
Largo reposo aletargó la espada
y el casco viejo de cimera ruda;
lima el tiempo la daga que, desnuda,
contuvo al paladín de sien crinada.
¡Pasó la noble estirpe! ¡El hijo enclenque
trueca en establos lo que fué palenque,
las hojas de Damasco en asadores,
y ve impasible - pues luchar no pudo -
caer deshecho el abollado escudo
del orín a los tajos vencedores!

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Delmira Agustini (1886 – 1914)



She was born in Montevideo, (Uruguay), in 1886, she belonged to a rich family. She dazzled with her verse books *White Book* (Libro blanco), 1907; *Songs to the morning* (Cantos a la mañana), 1910 and *The empty chalices* (Los cálices vacíos), 1913. She died in 1914, murdered by his husband to whom she had married in 1913.

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Nació en Montevideo, (Uruguay), en 1886, de un familia rica. Deslumbró en Buenos Aires con sus libros de versos *Libro blanco*, 1907; *Cantos a la mañana*, 1910 y *Los cálices vacíos*, 1913. Murió en 1914, asesinada por su marido con el que había contraído matrimonio en 1913.

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On a candid tomb

"He has died... has died. ..", they say so clear that I can't
understand...
¡ Pouring such smooth liquor in such tremendous glass! ...
Perhaps it was a strange evil your look for divine,
your soul for heaven, or your profile for fine...
Perhaps there were your arms two buds of wings...
¡ There were a sky when you pass the gardens, the rooms,
and you appeared in the world sweet as a dead person!
Perhaps your window remained one night opened.
¡ Oh, temptation of wings, an open window! ...
And an Angel seduced you for the purest star....
And your wings opened, and they cut the height
in snips of light and of innocence!
And in the bedroom which your soul upholstered of ermine,
where the glasses burned of roses of affection,
the Solitude called in silence for Horror.

Translated by: dabne

Sobre una tumba cándida

"Ha muerto... ha muerto..." dicen tan claro que no
entiendo...
¡ Verter licor tan suave en vaso tan tremendo!...
Tal vez fue un mal extraño tu mirar por divino,
tu alma por celeste, o tu perfil por fino...
Tal vez fueron tus brazos dos capullos de alas ...
¡ Eran cielo a tu paso los jardines, las salas,
y te asomaste al mundo dulce como una muerta!
Acaso tu ventana quedó una noche abierta.
_ ¡ Oh, tentación de alas , una ventana abierta!...
¡ Y te sedujo un ángel por la estrella más pura...
Y tus alas se abrieron , y cortaron la altura
en un tijeretazo de luz y de candor!
Y en la alcoba que tu alma tapizaba de armiño,
donde ardían los vasos de rosas de cariño,
la Soledad llamaba en silencio al Horror ...

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Luís Alfonso Díez (1953)

He is a poet, professor and translator, born in Zamora and living in Madrid. Author of several verse books with rich and diverse metric technique: *Embassies of the sunset* (*Embajadas del ocaso*); *Seventy and nine sonnets* (*Setenta y nueve sonetos*) (1996); *Aloof cutting* (*Esquivo esqueje*) (1997) and *Album of vaguenesses* (*Álbum de vaguedades*), (2002).

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Poeta, profesor y traductor zamorano residente en Madrid. Autor de varios poemarios con rica y diversa técnica versificatoria y métrica : *Embajadas del ocaso*; *Setenta y nueve sonetos* (1996); *Esquivo esqueje*, (1997) y *Álbum de vaguedades*, (2002).

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Of the neighbourhoods of Lavapiés, today

A neighbourhood of today of rabble and delight
this which was before of menestrales
honest artisans, or that's what they say say. It klaxons
now the old kettledrums.

And shouts of manolasat sight.
They were carried off the time
the genuine native neighbour, and of the majeo
It only remains summer pastiches.

Of those organized by City Hall.
There is in all very few courtesies:
in the hispida half-light of the bars,

Merchants with jackets and with bags under their eyes
They execute their juggling games
while death passes by its scissors.

Translated by: dabne

Del barrio de Lavapiés, hoy

Un barrio hoy de canalla y regodeo
este que antes lo fue de menestrales
honrados, o eso dicen. Claxoneo
ahora los antiguos atabales

y gritos de *manolas* al oteo.
Se llevaron del tiempo vendavales
las poses del castizo, y del *majeo*
sólo quedan pastiches estivales

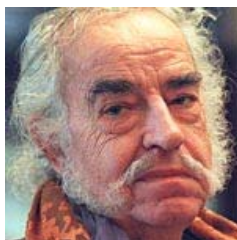
de esos que montan los Ayuntamientos.
Hay en todo muy pocos miramientos:
en la hispida penumbra de los bares,

mercaderes con *chupa* y con ojeras
ejecutan sus juegos malabares
mientras pasa la muerte sus tijeras.

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Agustín García Calvo (1926)



He was born in Zamora in 1926, he was an University professor of Latin Philology in Seville and later in Madrid. In 1965 he was expelled from his chair in the Complutensian University with other university professors. As a result he went into exile in Paris in 1969. In 1976, after his return to Spain, he was given back his chair. He counts with a wide production of songs and poems among which stand out Songs and soliloquies (*Canciones y soliloquios*)(1976) Of the train (*Del tren*) (1976) Book of spells (*Libro de conjuros*) (1979) *Valorio 42 times* (*Valorio 42 veces*)(1986) as well as many plays, tests, and editions critics and rhythmical versions of Greek and Latin classic authors.

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Nacido en Zamora en 1926, fue Catedrático de Filología Latina en Sevilla y posteriormente en Madrid. En 1965 fue expulsado de su cátedra en la Universidad Complutense junto con otros catedráticos y profesores. A raíz de este hecho se exilió en París en 1969. En 1976, tras su regreso a España, fue repuesto en su cátedra. Cuenta con una amplísima producción de canciones y poemas de los que destacamos *Canciones y soliloquios* (1976) *Del tren* (1976) *Libro de conjuros* (1979) *Valorio 42 veces* (1986) así como numerosas obras de teatro, ensayos, y ediciones críticas y versiones rítmica de autores clásicos griegos y latinos.

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A song of "Songs and Soliloquies"

When you see the banking worker
serious and dynamic
Who introduces the key in the groove of his car,
while he speaks with an important client,
and with a firm hand
he seizes the steering wheel,
you will see, if you pay attention, in the glass
the face of one who knows.
In the school, at the break time
To the courtyard pushing each other
if you see some one called
the Capacobardes
who spits the foolish in the ear
of the class
and stares awaiting

the other to set off,
ice creams of glass you will see there
the eyes of the one who knows.
Or if you see through the muddy window
In front your lover
The concubine who, already skinny,
Grasps the corpse
of his love, and with a knife says "As you may escape,
I swear you, right here
I cut my throat"
You will see engraved in the white skin
the sign of the one who knows.
In the photo of the head of state
Which fixes the instant
in which he, seated in front of a decree
of death of someone,
in arduous pain the pen

Una canción de "Canciones y soliloquios"

Cuando veas al hombre de banca
dinámico y grave
que en la ranura de su coche
introduce la llave,
mientras habla con un cliente
importante,
y con mano segura
agarra el volante,
verás, si te fijas, en el cristal
la cara del que sabe.

En la escuela, al salir de recreo
al patio empujándose,
si ves a uno que lo llaman
el Capacobardes
que le escupe en la oreja al tonto
de la clase
y se planta aguardando
que el otro se arranque,
helados de vidrio verás allí
los ojos del que sabe.

O si ves por la turbia ventana
de frente a su amante
a la querida que, ya seca,
se aferra al cadáver
de su amor, y a cuchillo dice
«Como escapes,
te lo juro, aquí mismo
me siego el gaznate»,
grabado verás en la blanca piel
el signo del que sabe.



of gold he waves,
when he signs the signature
of a line he draws it,
drawn in his front you can see it
the mark of the one who knows.
Or if not, in the neon of the mirror

of the bar 'My darling'
if you see the pimp who says to his blonde
smoking his nose, "That no, no little baby,
that your father,
and be careful with the mascara,
which will dry"
settled on his eyelids you will see her
the force of the one who knows.
And if you appear, at last, in the studio
of high glasses
where the brain of enterprise
draws the plans
of the future road, and runs
straight the pencil
and right and with a ruler
erases the trees,
guided you will see it upright
the hand of the one who knows.
All they have their idea: they are
they the kings of the air.
And if you see that, when all
Are imprisoned
in the jail of the verses and that the music
already puts off,
I remain looking at the clouds

In the distance
Remind me and tell me: "I see there
the face of the one who knows".

Translated by: dabne

En la foto del jefe de estado
que fija el instante
en que él, sentado ante un decreto
de muerte de alguien,
en penoso deber la pluma
de oro blande,
cuando firme la firma
de un trazo la trace,
trazada en su frente la puedes ver
la marca del que sabe.

O si no, en el neón del espejo
del bar de 'My darling'
si ves al chulo que a su rubia
le dice, fumándole
de nariz, «Que nanay, nenita,
que tu padre,
y cuidao con el rímel,
que no se te empaste»,
posada en sus párpados la verás
la fuerza del que sabe.

Y si asomas, en fin, al estudio
de altos cristales
donde el cerebro de la empresa
dibuja los planes
de la ruta futura, y corre
recto el lápiz
y a derecho y a regla
los borra los árboles,
guiada verás de la pura ley
la mano del que sabe.

Todos tienen su idea: son ellos
los reyes del aire.
Y si tú ves que, cuando a todos
los cierre en la cárcel
de los versos y que la música



ya se apague,
yo me quedo a las nubes
mirando distante,
recuérdame y dime «La veo ahí
la cara del que sabe».

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Acknowledgements

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Appendix

The ELBA Project

To Έργο ELBA

[\[English\]](#)

Το πρόγραμμα της ELBA (ELectronic Book for Adults - Ηλεκτρονικό Βιβλίο για Ενήλικες) αποτελεί μια τριετή ευρωπαϊκή εμπειρία που οδήγησε σε συνεργασία οργανισμούς προερχόμενους από διαφορετικές ευρωπαϊκές χώρες (Ισπανία, Ελλάδα, Ιταλία, Κύπρο, Λιθουανία). Σε αυτό το τμήμα του ηλεκτρονικού βιβλίου μερικοί εταίροι του προγράμματος θέλησαν να εκφράσουν τί σήμαινε γι' αυτούς η εμπειρία εργασίας για την υλοποίηση του προγράμματος ELBA και να μοιραστούν την εμπειρία αυτή με το ευρύ κοινό.

Για έναν από τους εταίρους το πρόγραμμα ELBA αποτέλεσε την πρώτη τους διεθνή συνεργασία. Σύμφωνα με την αποκτηθείσα εμπειρία τους, δόθηκε μια μεγάλη ευκαιρία τόσο στους εκπαιδευτές όσο και στους εκπαιδευόμενους τους να βελτιώσουν τις δεξιότητές τους στην αγγλική γλώσσα, στις Τεχνολογίες Πληροφορικής και Επικοινωνιών και στη Λογοτεχνία. Επίσης υπήρξε μια θαυμάσια ευκαιρία να συναντηθούν με ανθρώπους από διαφορετικές ευρωπαϊκές χώρες, να γνωρίσουν τον πολιτισμό και τις παραδόσεις τους και να μάθουν περισσότερα για την εκπαίδευση ενηλίκων στην Ευρώπη.

Ένας άλλος εταίρος υπογραμμίζει ότι η συμμετοχή στο πρόγραμμα ELBA τους έδωσε την ευκαιρία να εξερευνήσουν έναν τομέα στον οποίο δεν είχαν εξασκηθεί μέχρι εκείνη την στιγμή (τη Λογοτεχνία και τις τεχνικές ψηφιοποίησης), εμπλουτίζοντας κατ' αυτό τον τρόπο τη προσφερόμενη κατάρτιση του φορέα και επιτρέποντας στο προσωπικό να αποκτήσει νέες ειδικεύσεις και να καθιερώσει νέες σχέσεις, προσφέροντας έτσι μια μεγάλη προστιθέμενη αξία στον οργανισμό και στην τελειοποίηση των δραστηριοτήτων του. Αυτά τα θετικά αποτελέσματα σίγουρα θα επηρεάσουν τα μελλοντικά σχέδια και προγράμματα.

Επιπλέον, για έναν γυναικείο μη-κερδοσκοπικό οργανισμό, εταίρο του προγράμματος, το πρόγραμμα αποτέλεσε μια πραγματική, πολύτιμη και αξιόλογη «εκμαθησιακή εμπειρία». Όχι μόνο το προσωπικό που ασχολήθηκε ανέπτυξε τις δεξιότητές του σχετικά με τους ευρωπαϊκούς πολιτισμούς και τις τεχνολογίες της πληροφορίας και της επικοινωνίας αλλά και οι εκπαιδευόμενοι που συμμετείχαν στις συναντήσεις και στις καταρτίσεις απόκτησαν μια καλύτερη γνώση της αγγλικής γλώσσας και είχαν την δυνατότητα να μοιραστούν τους διαφορετικούς πολιτισμούς, τις αξίες και τις εμπειρίες μιας διεθνούς συνεργασίας. Ένα άλλο σημαντικό στοιχείο αποτελεί η συνεργατικότητα: η συνεργασία στο πρόγραμμα ELBA αυξήθηκε χρόνο με το χρόνο αναπτύσσοντας ομαδικότητα και συνεργατικές δεξιότητες, ανοχή και σεβασμό στα πρόσωπα και τις πολιτιστικές διαφοροποιήσεις. Η τελική αντανάκλαση ως προς τα πολιτιστικά ζητήματα προέρχεται από ένα τέταρτο εταίρο όπου η

ομάδα του είχε την ευκαιρία να συμμετάσχει στη διεθνή συνεργασία του προγράμματος ELBA δουλεύοντας για έναν κοινό στόχο. Η εργασία σε ομάδες απαιτεί πολλή οργάνωση και ειδικά όταν αυτές δεν προέρχονται από το ίδιο πολιτιστικό υπόβαθρο και δεν μιλούν την ίδια γλώσσα. Αυτό που πέτυχε το πρόγραμμα ELBA ήταν ότι κατάφερε να εστιάσει στα κοινά χαρακτηριστικά που παρουσιάζουν όλοι οι άνθρωποι και να αφήσει στην άκρη τις εθνικές και πολιτιστικές διαφορές μας.

Άρχισε έναν διαπολιτισμικό διάλογο και όλοι μας μάθαμε πολλά ο ένας από τον άλλο έχοντας κατά νου ότι προερχόμαστε από το βορρά, το νότο και την ανατολή της Ευρώπης. Τα λόγια της «Ένωσης Επιστημόνων Πληροφορικής Βοιωτίας», του εταίρου από Ελλάδα είναι σημαντικά και αξίζει να αναφερθούν στο σημείο αυτό:

«Το ίδιο το πρόγραμμα επιτυγχάνει τους στόχους του και είμαστε όλοι ευτυχείς και υπερήφανοι επειδή συμβάλαμε για αυτήν την έκβαση. Πιο σημαντικό όμως από την εξέλιξη του προγράμματος είναι η διαδικασία που ακολουθήθηκε κατά τη διάρκεια των τριών ετών της συνεργασίας. Οι συναντήσεις εργασίας καθώς και οι πολιτιστικές εκδηλώσεις που συνυπήρξαν πρόσφεραν στα μέλη του προγράμματος ELBA την ευκαιρία να συσπειρωθούν και να γίνουν πιο συμπαγείς απέναντι στους κοινούς μας στόχους. Τα συναισθήματα που όλοι στην ομάδα μας μοιραστήκαμε επεκτείνονται πέρα από την ικανοποίηση της επιτυχούς έκβασης του προγράμματος και στη χαρά της δημιουργίας φιλίας μέσα από τη σύμπραξη του προγράμματος ELBA. Φίλοι και συνεργάτες με τους οποίους μοιραζόμαστε τα ίδια συναισθήματα της μετατροπής μιας συνεργασίας σε μια διαπολιτισμική φιλία».

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L'esperienza del progetto ELBA



[\[English\]](#)

Il progetto ELBA (Libro Elettronico per gli Adulti) è un'esperienza europea di tre anni che ha riunito numerose istituzioni provenienti da diversi paesi Europei. (Spagna, Grecia, Italia, Cipro, Lituania). Nella presente sezione del libro elettronico i partners del progetto hanno espresso ciò che lavorare nel progetto ELBA ha significato per loro e hanno voluto condividere questa esperienza con i lettori.

Per uno dei partners, il progetto rappresenta la prima esperienza internazionale di partecipazione ad una partnership di apprendimento.

L'esperienza, quindi, ha rappresentato una grande opportunità per insegnanti e studenti su alcuni versanti quali il miglioramento della conoscenza e dell'utilizzo della lingua inglese, la conoscenza delle ICT e l'apprendimento di nuove competenze letterarie. Il partner afferma inoltre che il progetto ha rappresentato anche una grande opportunità per incontrare persone provenienti da paesi europei differenti, per conoscere la loro cultura e tradizioni ed imparare a conoscere meglio l'ambito dell'educazione e della formazione degli adulti in Europa.

Un' altra organizzazione sottolinea come la partecipazione al progetto ELBA abbia offerto l'opportunità di esplorare un settore non molto praticato fino ad allora (la letteratura e le tecnologie di digitalizzazione), arricchendo in questo modo la sua varietà di offerta formativa e offrendo al personale l'opportunità di acquisire nuove competenze e di costruire nuove relazioni. Tutto ciò, si afferma, è stato di grande valore aggiunto e ha migliorato "l'eccellenza" delle attività; tali risultati ottenuti influenzeranno quindi positivamente e sicuramente i piani ed i progetti futuri dell'istituzione partner.

Inoltre, per un'associazione femminile no-profit, partner del progetto, questa è stata un'esperienza di apprendimento di valore, reale e preziosa. Non solo ogni membro dello staff coinvolto ha sviluppato le proprie competenze in relazione alla cultura europea e alle ICT, ma anche gli studenti che hanno partecipato agli incontri e ai corsi di formazione, hanno acquisito una migliore conoscenza della lingua inglese e hanno avuto l'occasione di condividere culture diverse, valori ed esperienze internazionali. Un altro importante aspetto legato alla partnership è il seguente: il gruppo ELBA ha avuto l'occasione di crescere anno dopo anno, sviluppando competenze collaborative di gruppo, tolleranza e rispetto delle differenze culturali ed individuali. La riflessione finale legata ad elementi culturali arriva da una quarta istituzione: il suo team ha avuto l'opportunità di partecipare ad un progetto di cooperazione internazionale e di lavorare per uno scopo comune. Lavorare in gruppo richiede molta organizzazione specialmente quando questo gruppo non condivide la stessa cultura e lo stesso linguaggio. Ciò che il progetto ELBA ha ottenuto è stato il focalizzarsi sulle caratteristiche comuni possedute da tutta l'umanità e dimenticare le differenze culturali e nazionali. Un dialogo interculturale è iniziato e tutto il partenariato ha imparato molto da ciascuno, pur considerando che i partners provenivano dai 4 angoli d' Europa.

Le parole degli esperti delle Tecnologie dell'informazione e della comunicazione della provincia di Viotia, che hanno preso parte al progetto " sono significative e valevoli di essere qui sotto citate:

"Il progetto sta raggiungendo i suoi obiettivi e siamo tutti felici ed orgogliosi perché abbiamo contribuito a questo risultato. Più importante dei risultati del progetto sono stati però tutti i processi che hanno avuto luogo durante i tre anni di cooperazione. I nostri incontri così come i nostri eventi culturali che si sono realizzati durante gli incontri di lavoro, hanno offerto allo staff dei partners del progetto ELBA l'opportunità di diventare sempre più uniti e concreti verso la realizzazione degli obiettivi. I sentimenti che noi tutti nel nostro team condividiamo, si riferiscono non solo alla soddisfazione per aver completato con successo un progetto, ma soprattutto alla gioia di aver costruito una grande amicizia all'interno della partnership ELBA. Amici e partners con i quali condividiamo gli stessi sentimenti per aver promosso una co-operazione che si è trasformata progressivamente in un'amicizia interculturale".

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ELBA Projekto Patirtis

[\[English\]](#)

ELBA projektas (Elektroninė knyga suaugusiems) – tai trijų metų veikla, sujungusi organizacijas iš įvairių Europos šalių (Ispanijos, Graikijos, Italijos, Kipro, Lietuvos). Šioje elektroninės knygos skyriuje projekto partneriai norėtų pasidalinti savo patirtimi bei išpūdžiais.

Partneriams iš vienos projekte dalyvavusių šalių ELBA buvo pirmasis tarptautinės partnerystės žingsnis. Jų nuomone, tai buvo puiki patirtis: mokytojai ir mokiniai tobulino anglų kalbos, darbo kompiuteriu įgūdžius, plėtė kultūrinį dialogą. Be to, tai buvo puiki galimybė pažinti įvairių Europos šalių kultūrą, tradicijas, žmones, sužinoti apie suaugusiųjų švietimo organizavimą skirtingose Europos vietose.

Kitos šalies atstovai pabrėžė, kad dalyvavimas ELBA projekte paskatino juos daugiau sužinoti apie elektroninių knygų kūrimą bei naudojimosi jomis galimybes. Ši veikla padėjo įgyti naujų kompetencijų ir užmegzti savitarpio santykius. Visa veikla paskatino ir toliau dirbti bei dalyvauti kituose projektuose.

Trečia projekto partnerė, nepelno siekianti moterų asociacija, dalyvaudama projekte įgijo vertingos patirties, kadangi įgūdžius, susijusius su projektine veikla, tobulino ne tik personalas, bet ir mokiniai, kurie aktyviai dalyvavo tiek susitikimuose, tiek mokymuose. Tuo būdu visiems buvo suteikta galimybė susipažinti su įvairių šalių kultūra, vertybėmis, įgyti patirties.

Svarbu paminėti tai, kad per tris metus ELBOS dalyviai pažino vieni kitus, išmoko bendradarbiauti, gerbti ir toleruoti kitus žmones bei įvairių kultūrų skirtumus. Dar vienos institucijos atstovai džiaugėsi galimybe dalyvauti tarptautiniame projekte bei kartu su kitais partneriais siekti bendro tikslo. Darbas grupėse, kurias skyrė ne tik kalba, bet ir kultūra, reikalavo kantrybės ir organizacinių gebėjimų. Šalys partnerės buvo iš skirtingų Europos vietų: pietų, rytų – tad visi dalyviai, pamiršę kultūrinius skirtumus, turėjo puikią galimybę glaudžiai bendrauti bei bendradarbiauti.

Dalyvių iš “Viotia informacinių technologijų specialistų sąjungos” nuomonė tik dar kartą patvirtino anksčiau išsakytas mintis: „Projekto tikslai buvo įgyvendinti, tad esame laimingi ir didžiuojamės prie to prisidėję. Pati projekto veikla bei bendradarbiavimas buvo ne mažiau svarbūs nei jo rezultatai. Kultūriniai renginiai projekto dalyvių susitikimų metu suteikė ELBOS partneriams galimybę pajusti vienybę bei skatino dar intensyviau siekti užsibrėžtų tikslų. Smagu, kad ne tik sėkmingai pasiekėme finišą, bet susiradome draugų bei partnerių, kuriuos dabar jungia siekiai bendradarbiauti bei stiprinti tarpkultūrinį vientisumą.“

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El Proyecto ELBA

[\[English\]](#)

El proyecto ELBA (Libro electrónico para Adultos) es una experiencia a nivel europeo de tres años de duración que reunió a varias instituciones de España, Grecia, Italia, Chipre y Lituania. En esta sección del libro electrónico los socios participantes del proyecto manifiestan lo que para ellos significó trabajar en el proyecto Elba y hacerlo conocer del gran público.

Para uno de los socios participantes del proyecto Elba éste era su primera participación en un consorcio a nivel internacional. Desde el punto de vista de la experiencia ésta era una gran oportunidad tanto para profesores como para estudiantes de mejorar su nivel en inglés, nuevas tecnologías TIC y habilidades literarias. También constituyó una gran suerte poder entrar en contacto con otras gentes provenientes de distintos países europeos, conocer sus culturas y tradiciones y avanzar en el conocimiento de la educación de adultos en Europa.

Otro socio subraya que la participación en el proyecto Elba les dio la oportunidad de explorar un nuevo campo hasta ese momento poco explorado como la literatura y las técnicas de digitalización, ampliando de esta manera el abanico de la oferta en formación y permitiendo a su personal la adquisición de nuevas competencias y contactos relacionales. Esto proporcionó un gran valor añadido mejorando la excelencia en las actividades, cuyos resultados alcanzados de seguro conseguirán influir en los planes y proyectos del futuro.

Aún más, para una asociación de mujeres, socio del proyecto, Elba ha sido una experiencia de aprendizaje real , valiosa y preciosa. No sólo desarrollaron sus destrezas los miembros directamente involucrados en el proyecto en relación con la cultura europea y las TIC, sino, también los estudiantes que participaron en las reuniones y en los cursos de formación, quienes adquirieron un conocimiento más profundo de la lengua inglesa y tuvieron la oportunidad de compartir distintas culturas, valores y las experiencias internacionales derivadas.

Otra factor importante está relacionado con el consorcio: El consorcio Elba tuvo la oportunidad de crecer año tras año desarrollando habilidades cooperativas de equipo, y tolerancia y respeto a las diferencias individuales y culturales.

La reflexión final sobre asuntos culturales proviene de un cuarto asociado: su equipo tuvo la oportunidad de participar en un proyecto de cooperación internacional y trabajar por un objetivo común. Trabajar en equipo exige mucha organización sobretodo cuando los grupos provienen de diferentes culturas y no comparten la misma lengua.

El logro del proyecto Elba fue centrarse en las características comunes que tienen todos los seres humanos y olvidar así las diferencias culturales y nacionales propias. Se comenzó un diálogo internacional y todos aprendimos el uno del otro sin olvidar que proveníamos del norte, del sur y del este de Europa.

Las palabras de *Union of Information Technology Scientists of Viotia*, socio del proyecto, son muy significativas y merecen ser reproducidas aquí:



“El proyecto en sí mismo está alcanzando sus objetivos y estamos muy contentos y orgullosos porque hemos contribuido a este resultado. Más importante que el propio resultado del proyecto ha sido el conjunto de procedimientos que tuvieron lugar durante los tres años de trabajo cooperativo. Tanto las reuniones de proyecto como las actividades paralelas a aquéllas ofrecieron a nuestro equipo de Elba la oportunidad de unirnos y ser concretos en los objetivos. El sentimiento que todos en nuestro equipo compartimos está no sólo en la satisfacción de acabar con éxito un proyecto, sino especialmente en la alegría de haber hecho amigos en el consorcio. Amigos y socios con los que igualmente compartimos el mismo sentimiento de haber impulsado la co-operación para una amistad intercultural”.

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Prologue

Πρόλογος

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Ανήκουμε σ' έναν κόσμο όπου σημαντικές αλλαγές στον τρόπο επικοινωνίας και των μέσων παραγωγής λαμβάνουν χώρα. Τρόποι και μέσα στενά συνδεδεμένα ενισχύουν την αποκαλούμενη Κοινωνία της Γνώσης.

Σε όλη την ιστορία του ανθρώπινου γένους υπεύθυνα μέσα για τη συσσώρευση και τη μετάδοση αυτής της γνώσης υπήρξαν τα βιβλία, οι βιβλιοθήκες και τα εκάστοτε εκπαιδευτικά συστήματα. Σήμερα, στοιχεία κλειδιά όπως οι βιβλιοθήκες και το σχολείο υφίστανται μια βαθιά μεταμόρφωση που αντανακλά αφενός νέους τρόπους συγγραφής, δόμησης και οργάνωσης ενός νέου είδους βιβλιοθηκών και αφετέρου την ανάγκη εκπαιδευτικών και παιδαγωγικών μεθόδων προς μια διαδικασία δια βίου μάθησης. Επιπλέον, το είδος της ζητούμενης εργασίας στην επερχόμενη Κοινωνία της Γνώσης απαιτεί ολοένα και περισσότερη πληροφορία καθώς και μια πολύ δυναμική γνώση που ακολουθεί την ταχύτητα των καιρών.

Σε αυτό το γενικό πλαίσιο θελήσαμε να συνεισφέρουμε με την παρούσα εργασία στην διαδικασία εύρεσης νέων τρόπων εργασίας και οργάνωσής της (συντονισμένα και καταναμημένα) καθώς και στη μελέτη πειραματικών νέων μεθοδολογιών που αφορούν τις εκδόσεις, μέσω τεχνικών ικανοτήτων των σύγχρονων νέων απαιτήσεων.

Οργανώνοντας τη δουλειά μας συνειδητοποιήσαμε ότι συνεργαζόμαστε και στην πολιτιστική ενοποίηση των χωρών που έλαβαν μέρος στο έργο (και της Ευρώπης γενικότερα) μέσα από ένα προϊόν το περιέχομενο του οποίου περιλαμβάνει την τέχνη της Ποίησης, που αποτελεί μια από τις πιο ευαίσθητες εκδηλώσεις ενός πολιτισμού.

Έτσι αντλήσαμε μια Ευρωπαϊκή Συλλογή Ποίησης και Τέχνης από τον 19^ο έως και τα μέσα του 20^{ου} αιώνα των χωρών που συμμετείχαν στην ανάπτυξη του έργου. Ξεκινήσαμε τη δουλειά μας αντλώντας το περιέχομενο και τη δομή του ηλεκτρονικού βιβλίου.

Φυσικά αυτό μας οδήγησε πρωταρχικά σε μια μελέτη της Λογοτεχνίας, του Πολιτισμού και της Ιστορίας που πλαισίωσαν την παραπάνω χρονική περίοδο. Συμφωνήσαμε ότι η Συλλογή θα περιείχε από ένα ποίημα περίπου πενήντα ποιητών από κάθε συμμετέχουσα χώρα.

Μελετήσαμε τα πολιτιστικά και ιστορικά πλαίσια καθώς και τις αντίστοιχες ομοιότητες μεταξύ των χωρών και είχαμε την ευκαιρία να διαπιστώσουμε ότι η ενοποίηση της Ευρώπης θα έπρεπε να περιλαμβάνει την ανάπτυξη μιας αμοιβαίας γνώσης που θα επαναπροσδιόριζε την προσέγγιση μεταξύ των πολιτισμών.

Αποτέλεσμα της παραπάνω εργασίας υπήρξε μια συλλογή περισσότερων από 250 ποιημάτων από συγγραφείς των πέντε χωρών και γραμμένων σε τέσσερις διαφορετικές γλώσσες. Προκειμένου να αποκτήσουμε ένα ομογενές προϊόν, δεχθήκαμε την Αγγλική ως κοινή γλώσσα επικοινωνίας ενώ κρατήσαμε και τις επιμέρους γλώσσες για να αναδειχθεί η διαφορετικότητα μέσα στο σύνολο. Υπήρξε απαραίτητο, επομένως, να βρούμε υπάρχουσες μεταφράσεις των ποιημάτων και στην περίπτωση που δεν βρέθηκαν μεταφράσεις, να προχωρήσουμε οι ίδιοι σε μεταφράσεις ποιημάτων, με αποτέλεσμα ένα πολυγλωσσικό προϊόν.

Η παραπάνω εργασία σε επίπεδο διαννόησης θεωρούμε ότι υπήρξε απαραίτητη πριν ξεκινήσουμε οποιαδήποτε τεχνική διεργασία καθώς η μελέτη και η κατανόηση του σκοπού που το έργο ήθελε να επιτελέσει κρίθηκε ότι ενεργοποίησε και εμπλούτισε την τελική διαδικασία μορφοποίησης του έργου.

Το υλικό και οι τεχνικές που χρησιμοποιήθηκαν συνεισφέρουν στην Κοινωνίας της Γνώσης καθώς προάγουν τη δημιουργία πολιτισμού, την εύκολη διάχυση της γνώσης και την εφαρμογή των τεχνικών σε διαδικασίες παραγωγής υλικών αγαθών.

Μέχρι αυτό το σημείο, επικεντρώσαμε τη δουλειά μας στον καθορισμό της υλοποίησης του ηλεκτρονικού βιβλίου, δηλαδή του απτού τελικού προϊόντος που θέλαμε, γεγονός που αρχικά μας οδήγησε στη μελέτη της φύσης και δομής βιβλίων αυτού του τύπου και στη συνέχεια στην εκμάθηση τεχνικών ψηφιοποίησης απαραίτητων προκειμένου να περάσουμε από το υλικό στο χαρτί στη νέα ηλεκτρονική έκδοση του και να καταλήξουμε στα πιο κατάλληλα μέσα για την περίπτωσή μας.

Οι παραπάνω εργασίες διανεμήθηκαν στα συμμετέχοντα μέλη της ομάδας του έργου χρησιμοποιώντας υπολογιστικά μέσα επικοινωνίας μεταξύ αυτών. Οι μαθητές των εμπλεκόμενων ιδρυμάτων εκμάθησης ασχολήθηκαν με την εκμάθηση τεχνικών ψηφιοποίησης καθώς και με τη μελέτη της φύσης και της δομής των ψηφιακών βιβλίων. Με τον τρόπο αυτό προχωρήσαμε συνεισφέροντας στη διαδικασία της δια βίου επαγγελματικής κατάρτισης με ένα θέμα βασιζόμενο στις νέες τεχνολογίες που επιπλέον συνεισφέρει σημαντικά στη διαδικασία των ψηφιακών εκδόσεων.

Είναι γεγονός πως στο άμεσο μέλλον το μεγαλύτερο ποσοστό πληροφορίας θα διακινείται ψηφιακά. Ετσι θεωρούμε ότι η κατάρτιση σε τέτοιες τεχνικές θα αποτελέσει τον ακρογωνιαίο λίθο στην εκμάθηση και άλλων τεχνικών που περιλαμβάνουν την κατασκευή "ηλεκτρονικών κειμένων" με χρήση εικόνων, ήχου, βίντεο και άλλων διαδραστικών εργαλείων και που θα διευκολύνουν την διαδικασία της εκπαίδευσης.

Εξάλλου, οι ηλεκτρονικές μέθοδοι συγγραφής και εκδόσεων, αρκετά διαφορετικές από τις μηχανικές τεχνικές του Γουτεμβέργιου στο παρελθόν, χρησιμοποιούν υπολογιστικά συστήματα που προσφέρουν ψηφιακές εκδόσεις απλούστερες, πιο εύκολες στη δημιουργία και συντήρησή τους και πολύ πιο οικονομικές από τις αντίστοιχες των παλιών τεχνολογιών. Είναι πολύ εύκολο πλέον να εγκαταστήσει κανείς μονάδες παραγωγής ψηφιακών εκδόσεων υψηλής ποιότητας ακόμη και στο σπίτι.

Επιπλέον, η προώθηση των ψηφιακών εκδόσεων, όχι μόνο για τα καινούρια αλλά και για τα υπάρχοντα στις βιβλιοθήκες κειμένα και η οργάνωσή τους σε ψηφιακές βιβλιοθήκες καθιστά πιο εύκολη την διαδικασία εύρεσης και ανάγνωσης βιβλίων και πιο προσιτή την πρόσβαση στον παγκόσμιο πολιτισμό.

Ολοκληρώσαμε η δουλειά μας με την έκδοση ενός ηλεκτρονικού βιβλίου που τιτλοφορείται " Κοινωνική Ευρωπαϊκή Συλλογή Ποίησης και Τέχνης (1800-1950)". Οι εργασίες του τελευταίου σταδίου περιλάμβαναν βασικά το σχεδιασμό της δομής και της φυσικής υλοποίησης του ηλεκτρονικού βιβλίου.

Ο καθορισμός της δομής περιλάμβανε τον χωρισμό του υλικού σε πέντε κεφάλαια(ένα για κάθε χώρα). Κάθε κεφάλαιο αποτελείται από ένα εισαγωγικό μέρος στο οποίο παρατίθεται το ιστορικό-κοινωνικό πλαίσιο της εποχής για κάθε χώρα, μια λίστα με τους ποιητές-καλλιτέχνες της ενώ για κάθε ποιητή της λίστας παρατίθεται μια σύντομη βιογραφία του ακολουθούμενη από τα ποιήματα του ποιητή. Κάθε ποίημα παρουσιάζεται σε μορφή δύο στηλών, μια για την αρχική γλώσσα και μια για την Αγγλική. Επιπλέον, στο βιβλίο περιέχονται και κάποια κοινά τμήματα Προλόγου, Εισαγωγής, Ευχαριστιών κτλ.

Η πλοήγηση στα διάφορα μέρη του βιβλίου πραγματοποιείται διαμέσου κατάλληλα τοποθετημένων συνδέσμων (υπερσυνδέσμων) καθιστώντας πιο εύκολη την ανάγνωση και εύρεση πληροφορίας στο βιβλίο.

Πέρα από το τελικό προϊόν που ήταν ο κύριος σκοπός του έργου ELBA και την επαφή με νέες τεχνικές και πρακτικές επισημαίνουμε έναν άλλο σκοπό του έργου που αφορά στην συντονισμένη και καταναεμημένη οργάνωση και υλοποίηση του έργου καθώς και την εμπειρία συνεργασίας διαμέσου ηλεκτρονικών δικτύων μεγάλης γεωγραφικής εμβέλειας. Το τελευταίο θα έπρεπε ίσως να συμπεριλαμβάνεται στο πρόγραμμα των επαγγελματικών ινστιτούτων κατάρτισης προκειμένου να οργανώνουν ομάδες σε διαφορετικές χώρες και γεωγραφικές περιοχές.

Η ανάπτυξη του ηλεκτρονικού βιβλίου πέρα από τις τεχνικές πλευρές της δουλειάς, μας βοήθησε να γνωριστούμε μεταξύ μας μέσα από την ανταλλαγή πολιτισμικών στοιχείων και την ενσωμάτωσή μας σε ένα ευρύ φάσμα διαφορετικών πολιτισμικών δραστηριοτήτων σε κάθε χώρα. Επιπρόσθετα, όσο οι διαφορετικοί ευρωπαϊκοί πολιτισμοί ακολουθούν διαφορετικό ρυθμό ανάπτυξης, οι νέες τεχνολογίες λειτουργούν ως βοηθητικά μέσα για τη μείωση του χάσματος μεταξύ ατομικής και κοινωνικής ανάπτυξης για την εδραίωση μιας κοινής ευρωπαϊκής ψυχής.

Από αυτή την οπτική και κάτω από το πλαίσιο της οικοδόμησης ενός διαπολιτισμικού διαλόγου, το έργο ELBA αποτελεί ένα δείγμα συνεκτικής συμμετοχής στη δημιουργία ενός πολιτισμικού δικτυακού συνόλου που προήγαγε την εισαγωγή σε νέες τεχνολογίες και μας παρείχε μια καρποφόρα συνεργασία που ενίσχυσε την πρωτοβουλία και υπευθυνότητα των συμμετεχόντων.

Pilar Cataño Canabal
Συντονίστρια Έργου ELBA

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Prologo

[\[English\]](#)

Viviamo in un mondo nel quale stanno avvenendo cambiamenti profondi che incidono sulle modalità e sui mezzi di comunicazione. Modalità e mezzi strettamente legati per sostenere la cosiddetta Società della Conoscenza.

Nella storia dell'umanità, l'accumulazione e la trasmissione di questa conoscenza sono state realizzate attraverso i libri, le biblioteche ed i sistemi educativi. Attualmente gli elementi-chiave della conoscenza quali le scuole e le biblioteche stanno subendo una profonda trasformazione che riflette, da un lato, le nuove modalità editoriali e la struttura ed organizzazione dei nuovi tipi di biblioteca e, dall'altro, la necessità per le metodologie pedagogiche ed educative, di evolvere verso la capacità di essere metodologie utili all'apprendimento durante tutto l'arco della vita. Inoltre, la richiesta di lavoro necessaria alla sempre più presente Società della Conoscenza, coinvolgerà un aumento costante di informazioni ed una conoscenza altamente dinamica, in grado di muoversi velocemente al passo con i tempi.

All'interno di questo quadro generale, il progetto ha voluto contribuire all'individuazione di nuove modalità di lavoro e di organizzazione del lavoro e alla ricerca di nuove metodologie sperimentali applicate all'editoria non tradizionale, tramite l'utilizzo di competenze tecniche e requisiti innovativi.

In fase di realizzazione del progetto, inoltre, il partenariato è diventato sempre più consapevole del fatto che la collaborazione coinvolgeva strettamente l'integrazione culturale dei Paesi, sia quelli partecipanti al progetto che tutti i Paesi europei attraverso l'implementazione di un prodotto il cui contenuto riguardava la poesia, storicamente tra le più adeguate espressioni culturali.

Per questo il partenariato ha realizzato una Raccolta Europea di Poesia e Arte dal 19° alla metà del 20° secolo dei Paesi partecipanti al progetto. Il lavoro di raccolta è iniziato con la stesura dei contenuti e la definizione della struttura del testo elettronico, uno dei prodotti previsti dal progetto.

Il prodotto realizzato ha ovviamente richiesto uno studio preventivo della Letteratura, Cultura e Storia che ha abbracciato tutto il periodo determinato. E' stato anche concordato che la raccolta contenesse un poema di ognuno dei cinquanta poeti selezionati in ogni Paese partecipante.

Il partenariato ha pertanto studiato i repertori storici e culturali, i contesti, le similarità tra i diversi Paesi ed ha avuto l'opportunità di riflettere sul fatto che ci potrebbe essere un capovolgimento di fronte nell'integrazione europea. Una mutua conoscenza per sostenere il terreno comune europeo che garantirebbe un avvicinamento tra le culture.

Il risultato di questo lavoro è stata la raccolta di più di 250 opere, di autori di cinque Paesi, scritti in quattro diverse lingue. Allo scopo di ottenere un prodotto omogeneo il

partenariato ha scelto la lingua inglese come veicolo di comunicazione, mantenendo anche la propria lingua per esprimere la diversità all'interno dell'unitarietà. E' stato pertanto necessario reperire, successivamente, le traduzioni dei poemi o tradurli se non vi erano, con l'obiettivo di realizzare un prodotto multi lingue.

Il compimento del precedente lavoro intellettuale è parso assolutamente necessario prima di cominciare un processo di tipo tecnico, in quanto studiare e conoscere gli obiettivi delle azioni da realizzare stimola ed arricchisce il processo formativo.

Essendo focalizzati sulla Società della conoscenza, i temi principali sono stati il contenuto e le tecniche utilizzate, Rispetto a ciò il lavoro dovrebbe facilitare la creazione di cultura, la sua diffusione e l'applicazione al processo di produzione dei beni tramite l'utilizzo di tecnologie informatiche.

Dapprima il lavoro è stato focalizzato sulla definizione della struttura del testo elettronico, in altre parole del prodotto materiale che avevamo in mente. L'architettura struttura ci ha portato prima alla ricerca della natura e della struttura di questo tipo di testo. In secondo luogo, l'obiettivo è stato di apprendere le tecniche di digitalizzazione, necessarie per passare dai testi su supporto cartaceo a quelli su supporto elettronico e di sperimentare quali fossero i mezzi più adeguati da utilizzare nel nostro caso.

Successivamente le attività sono state distribuite tra i diversi partner attraverso l'elaborazione di strumenti di comunicazione elettronica. I discenti adulti delle diverse Organizzazioni sono stati coinvolti nella formazione sulle diverse tecniche di digitalizzazione e sulla strutturazione del testo elettronico. E' stato pertanto inserito, all'interno della *lifelong learning* per gli adulti, un tema innovativo, basato su una nuova tecnologia, il quale inoltre ha sulla pubblicazione digitale, un forte effetto moltiplicatore.

Effettivamente nel futuro imminente, la maggior parte delle informazioni circolerà su basi digitali. Siamo convinti che la qualificazione di tali tecniche sarà il fondamento della diffusione e dell'apprendimento di altre tecniche che saranno enunciate e spiegate attraverso "testi digitali", con la possibilità di inserire immagini, suoni e collegamenti con video e altri strumenti interattivi che faciliteranno la formazione.

Inoltre, grazie all'essenza stessa delle tecniche elettroniche, molto diverse da quelle originariamente proposte da Gutenberg, sarà possibile rendere più semplici, oltre che molto più economico, le piattaforme hardware necessarie alla produzione di edizioni digitali, la loro installazione, la loro manutenzione, rispetto ai metodi tradizionalmente usati. Diventerà dunque più facile installare piccole unità produttive, anche da casa, per la produzione di prodotti digitali ad alto livello qualitativo.

Sull'altro versante, la promozione di testi ed edizioni digitali, non solo di nuovi testi nuovi ma anche di quelli che giacciono nelle biblioteche e negli archivi e la loro organizzazione in biblioteche digitali, faciliterà la lettura di libri e l'accesso ad una cultura fruibile da tutti.

Il lavoro è stato portato a termine con l'edizione di un testo elettronico su supporto informatico, intitolato "Antologia Europea Sociale della Poesia e dell'Arte (1800- 1950)". Le



attività intraprese nell'ultima fase hanno principalmente riguardato la progettazione della struttura e la realizzazione fisica del testo elettronico.

La struttura è stata definita dalla divisione del materiale in 5 capitoli (uno per ogni Paese partecipante al progetto). Ogni sezione è costituita da un'introduzione che illustra, per ogni Paese, il contesto storico del periodo considerato, un indice degli autori, una breve biografia di ciascuno di loro e un poema su due colonne, la prima con il testo originale, la seconda con la traduzione o, in assenza di questa, con una breve descrizione/commento. Inoltre il testo elettronico contiene altre sezioni dedicate al prologo, all'introduzione, ai ringraziamenti e alla bibliografia.

La navigazione all'interno del testo è consentita da una serie di collegamenti (*hyperlinks*) che, partendo dall'indice conducono il lettore ai diversi capitoli e, dagli indici dei diversi capitoli, alla sezione di ogni poeta con la possibilità di ritornare indietro, rendendo così lo spostamento all'interno del testo, facile ed efficace.

I passi successivi del progetto hanno inoltre valutato l'opportunità di inserire il testo all'interno della rete o la possibilità di cominciare a costruire una biblioteca digitale.

Al di là dello specifico prodotto descritto, obiettivo principale del progetto ELBA e l'introduzione di nuove tecniche e pratiche, è stato raggiunto l'obiettivo di utilizzare un'organizzazione coordinata e condivisa nello sviluppo di progetti e la sperimentazione di un lavoro cooperativo attraverso l'uso di reti informatiche collocate in aree geograficamente molto distanti. Questo tema dovrebbe essere inserito come area formativa all'interno dei corsi delle Organizzazioni partecipanti allo scopo di costituire gruppi di lavoro collocati in Paesi diversi e aree geografiche distanti.

Al di là degli aspetti tecnici del lavoro effettuato, lo sviluppo di un testo elettronico ha consentito la conoscenza reciproca tra i partners, attraverso la definizione dei profili culturali dei diversi Paesi e ha favorito il trasferimento della conoscenza e, di conseguenza, l'integrazione all'interno dell'ampia diversità culturale dei Paesi partecipanti al progetto. Inoltre, poiché il processo di evoluzione delle diverse culture europee ha ritmi diversi, le nuove tecnologie agiscono da strumenti che colmano le lacune tra individuo e sviluppo sociale per la nascita di un'unica anima europea.

Rispetto a ciò e all'interno del nuovo quadro di costruzione del dialogo interculturale, il progetto ELBA si pone come esempio di partecipazione congiunta per la creazione di una rete culturale all'interno di un testo, il quale ha promosso l'introduzione delle nuove tecnologie e ha dato spazio ad una fruttuosa attività di collaborazione, aumentando l'iniziativa e la responsabilità di tutti i partecipanti.

Pilar Cataño Canabal
Coordinatore del Progetto ELBA

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Prologas

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Pastaraisiais metais didieji komunikaciniai pokyčiai įgavo pagreitį, tad plačioji visuomenė yra tiesiogiai priversta taikytis prie naujovių.

Istorijos tėkmėje žinios buvo perduodamos bibliotekose, per knygas, o šiuolaikinis švietimas transformuojasi, tampa svarbi mokymosi visą gyvenimą koncepcija. Atsiranda naujos bibliotekos, knygos, kuriose bandoma sutalpinti didžiulį informacijos kiekį.

Šiame kontekste savo projektu norėjome plėtoti šiuolaikines technologijas, taikyti naujus, atitinkančius laikmečio poreikius veiklos metodus. Organizuodami darbą, stengėmės suvienyti visas projekte dalyvaujančias šalis partneres, integruoti projekto, atskleidžiančio poezijos ekspresiją kultūrinėje plotmėje, veiklą.

Tokiu būdu ėmėme rinkti XIX a. – XX a. vidurio darbų kolekciją, atskleidžiančią projekte dalyvavusių šalių istorinį laikmetį bei kultūrą, sutarėme dėl elektroninės knygos turinio bei struktūros. Buvo nutarta surinkti penkiasdešimties kiekvienos šalies poetų veikalus. Taip pat buvo išnagrinėtas kultūrinis bei istorinis kontekstas, šalių panašumai bei skirtumai, stengiamasi derinti nuomones bei pakreipti veiklą bendra linkme.

Viso darbo rezultatas matomas 250-yje eilėraščių iš penkių šalių, parašytų keturiomis kalbomis. Kad sukurtume homogenišką produktą, pasirinkome anglų kalbą kaip pagrindą, jungiantį šalių įvairialypiškumą. Ieškojome eilėraščių vertimo, o jų neradę, trumpai juos aprašėme ar vertėme patys. Rezultatas – įvairiakalbis produktas.

Ši intelektualinė veikla yra kitos, techninės, veiklos pagrindas. Plačiajai visuomenei, kuriai šis darbas ir yra orientuotas, svarbiausia yra turinys bei veiklos būdai, todėl sklaida taps produktyvesnė, metodai aiškesni. Tačiau, prieš parašant knygą, reikėjo nubrėžti gaires, kurios padėtų atrinkti produktyviausias technines bei skaitmenines priemones, padedančias kurti knygą. Taigi teko išstudijuoti elektroninių knygų kilmę, struktūrą, pasidalinti užduotimis bei įtraukti projekte dalyvaujančių institucijų mokinius į knygos kūrimą ir jos techninį apipavidalinimą.

Artimiausioje ateityje skaitmeninės technologijos užims svarbią vietą tiek kuriant knygas, tiek plėtojant ir kitą kultūrinę veiklą. Popierines knygas pakeis elektroninės vaizdo bei garso knygos, lengvinančios lavinamąjį procesą. Elektroninė informacija labai palengvina darbą, yra produktyvesnė bei ekonomiškesnė nei Gutenbergo mechaninės priemonės. Šitokia produkcija yra prieinama net namuose.

Taigi yra labai svarbu, kad ne tik naujai sukurti, bet ir mūsų senosiose bibliotekose gulintys popieriniai tekstai būtų perkelti į elektronines bibliotekas ir taptų prieinami visuomenei.

Po ilgai trukusio darbo pavadiname savo knygą „Socialinės poezijos bei meno europinė kolekcija (1800 – 1950)“, ją apipavidalinome ir paruošėme vartotojui.



Knyga susideda iš penkių dalių – viena dalis vienai šaliai (projekto partnerei). Kiekviena dalis susideda iš įžangos, atskleidžiančios šalies istorinį kontekstą, kūrėjų rodyklės bei jų biografijos faktų, po kurių seka kūriniai, išdėstyti dviejuose stulpeliuose: viename stulpelyje angliška eilėraščio versija arba angliškas jo aprašymas, o kitame – eilėraštis originalo kalba. Knygoje taip pat yra prologas, pratarmė, padėka bei bibliografija. Knyga skaitoma remiantis serija nuorodų, padedančių rasti reikiamas knygos vietas.

Be prieš tai minėto galutinio ELBA projekto tikslo bei svarbaus techninių priemonių panaudojimo akcento, labai svarbu paminėti kultūrinį bendradarbiavimą dalyvių susitikimų metu ir sėkmingą komunikaciją per atstumą, padėjusią suvienyti net kelias Europos šalis. Tikimės, kad ELBA sukurta knyga ir toliau sėkmingai atliks tarpkultūrinės jungties vaidmenį. Šią misiją galėtų paspartinti knygos įtraukimas į bendrąsias mokymo programas.

Šiuo aspektu ELBA projektas yra puikus tarptautinio dialogo bei bendradarbiavimo pavyzdys, kurio išraiška tapo elektroninė knyga suaugusiems - naujos, technologinės eros vaisius.

Pilar Cataño Canabal
ELBA Projekto Koordinatorius

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Prólogo

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Estamos inmersos en un mundo en el que se están efectuando profundos cambios que afectan al modo de comunicarnos y a la manera de producir. Modos y maneras que, por otra parte, están imbricadas entre sí muy estrechamente para generar lo que empieza a llamarse Sociedad del Conocimiento. En efecto, en la sociedad actual la característica emergente es el conocimiento, conocimiento que resulta de la comunicación entre los hombres y de éstos con la naturaleza a través de sus actividades de producción de los bienes que le son necesarios para su mantenimiento y para su desarrollo humano. La acumulación y transmisión de este conocimiento se ha realizado a lo largo de la historia a través de los libros y las bibliotecas y de los sistemas educativos. En el momento actual estos elementos –bibliotecas y escuelas– están sufriendo una profunda transformación que se refleja, por una parte, en la nueva forma de editar y en la estructura y organización de los nuevos tipos de bibliotecas y, por otra, en la necesidad de que evolucionen los métodos de enseñanza y de pedagogía cada vez mas orientados a una formación permanente.

Además, los requerimientos de trabajo que se de demandaran en la naciente Sociedad del Conocimiento implican una cantidad cada vez mayor de información y de conocimientos altamente dinámicos que evolucionarán rápidamente en el tiempo. La creación de este conocimiento será la principal aportación del hombre el los procesos productivos a los que se incorporará mediante artefactos automáticos cada vez más sofisticados.

Dentro de este marco general, hemos querido contribuir con el presente proyecto a encontrar nuevas maneras de trabajar y de organizar el trabajo (coordinada y distribuida), y a estudiar de forma práctica las nuevas tecnologías aplicadas a la edición mediante la capacitación técnica que las nuevas tareas requieren. Organizando nuestro trabajo, conscientes de que también colaboramos a la integración cultural de los países que participan en el proyecto (y con ello de Europa) mediante un producto cuyo contenido recoge de forma histórica una de las actividades más sensibles de la cultura: la poesía. Para ello nos propusimos elaborar una Antología de Poesía social de los siglos XIX y primera parte del XX de los países que cooperaron en el desarrollo del proyecto.

Iniciamos nuestra tarea elaborando los contenidos y estructura del libro electrónico propuesto. Esto nos llevó, como tarea previa, al estudio de la literatura, cultura e historia de ese período. Determinamos que la antología contuviese algún poema de medio centenar de poetas selectos de cada país participante. Estudiamos los repertorios, los contextos culturales e históricos, las similitudes de situación en cada país, y reflexionamos que para la integración de Europa, debíamos convertir los antagonismos interiores en cooperación efectiva que se inicia con el conocimiento mutuo en la búsqueda de lo común europeo que permita acercar las culturas. El resultado de este trabajo se materializó en una colección de más de 250 poemas, pertenecientes a escritores de cinco países y escritos en 4 lenguas. Para homogeneizar el producto tomamos la lengua inglesa como lengua de comunicación común, y mantuvimos las lenguas propias para expresar la diversidad dentro de la unidad. Para ello hubo que realizar o localizar las traducciones correspondientes, con lo cual se obtuvo un producto multilingüe.

La realización de este trabajo intelectual previo nos parece que es muy conveniente antes de iniciar cualquier trabajo o proceso técnico, ya que es muy formativo y motivador estudiar y conocer la finalidad para la cual se hacen nuestras tareas. Sobre todo si están orientadas a la emergente Sociedad del Conocimiento en la que lo importante serán los contenidos y las técnicas las cuales utilizaremos para facilitar la creación cultural, la difusión de ésta, ó su aplicación mediante dispositivos automáticos a los procesos de producción de bienes materiales.

Después de realizar estas tareas, enfocamos nuestro trabajo a la definición del producto material que teníamos como objetivo: la realización de un libro electrónico. Esto nos llevó en primer lugar al estudio de la naturaleza y estructura de este tipo de libros. En segundo lugar a aprender con las técnicas de digitalización necesarias, como primer paso, para pasar los contenidos de textos impresos en papel a los nuevos soportes electrónicos. Y experimentar cuáles eran los modos más adecuados a emplear en nuestro caso concreto. Estas tareas se realizaron de forma distribuida elaborando herramientas de comunicación entre los diferentes grupos asociados al proyecto; participaron en su realización los alumnos de las instituciones colaboradoras aprendiendo las técnicas de digitalización y la naturaleza y estructura de los libros digitales.

Así hemos propuesto un tema a la formación profesional permanente consistente en el aprendizaje de una nueva tecnología que, además, tiene un efecto multiplicador importante: la edición digital. En efecto, de cara al futuro, la mayor parte de la información circulará en forma digital, por eso creemos que la capacitación en estas técnicas será básica para la difusión y aprendizaje de otras que se expondrán o explicaran en “textos” digitales, con la facilidad de incluir imágenes, audio, y enlaces a videos y otras herramientas interactivos que faciliten el entrenamiento. Además, por la propia naturaleza de las técnicas electrónicas, a diferencia de las mecánicas utilizadas por Gutenberg, hace que las plataformas de hardware necesarias para la edición digital sean mucho más simples de uso, de instalación y de mantenimiento y mucho más económicas que los métodos anteriores dedicados a la edición, por lo que es más sencillo instalar pequeños talleres, incluso domésticos, para la realización de productos de edición digital incluso de gran calidad. Por otra parte, promover la edición digital, no sólo de textos nuevos, sino de los textos contenidos en nuestras bibliotecas, y la organización de los textos digitales en bibliotecas digitales, facilitará sin duda la lectura y pondrá al alcance de todos el acceso a la cultura.

Terminamos nuestro trabajo con la edición física de un libro electrónico, titulado “European Collection of Social Poetry and Art (1800 -1950).”. Las tareas realizadas en esta última etapa consistieron básicamente en el diseño de la estructura y en la realización material del libro electrónico. La estructura se fijó mediante la división del material en cinco capítulos (una para cada país colaborador); cada sección se compone de una introducción a la poesía del país, de un índice de autores de ese país, y a cada autor se le dedica una sección encabezada por su biografía seguida de los poemas correspondientes expuestos en una doble columna (una en la que muestra el poema en inglés y otra en la lengua original); también contiene unas secciones dedicadas a prólogo, introducción, agradecimientos, bibliografía...El desplazamiento a lo largo del libro se realiza a través de una serie de enlaces (hipervínculos) que partiendo de un índice inicial nos conducen a cada una de los capítulos, y de los índices de los capítulos a la sección de cada poeta, los enlaces de retorno adecuados para que



desplazarse por el libro se haga con toda facilidad. También se ha experimentado con las implicaciones que tiene, incluir un libro digital en la red, o cómo se iniciaría la constitución de una biblioteca digital.

Además del producto específico, objeto del proyecto ELBA, y de la introducción de técnicas y prácticas educativas nuevas, queremos también señalar como otro de los objetivos que hemos buscado en la realización del proyecto, el empleo, de la organización distribuida y coordinada, en el desarrollo de proyectos y la experimentación del trabajo cooperativo utilizando redes informáticas distribuidas en ámbitos geográficos amplios. Tema éste que también debería incluirse como tema de aprendizaje en las instituciones de capacitación profesional para ayudar a la formación de equipos de trabajo situados en distintos países o regiones geográficas.

El desarrollo del libro electrónico, objetivo del proyecto Elba, aparte de los aspectos técnicos de nuestro trabajo, nos ha ayudado a conocernos los unos a los otros a través de la definición de los perfiles culturales de nuestros propios países y nos ha permitido la transferencia de conocimiento y la integración dentro de lo amplio de la diversidad cultural de los países participantes. Además, como el proceso de evolución de las diferentes culturas europeas llevan un paso distinto, las nuevas tecnologías actúan como herramienta que ayudan a la nivelación del desarrollo individual y social con el objetivo de la formación de un espíritu común europeo.

En este sentido y dentro del nuevo marco de construcción y de diálogo intercultural el proyecto Elba es un ejemplo de participación conjunta en la elaboración de un tejido cultural materializado en el libro desarrollado, potenciado por la introducción de las nuevas tecnologías, y dando paso a una actividad fructífera de cooperación donde la iniciativa y la responsabilidad de los participantes se incrementa.

Pilar Cataño Canabal
Coordinadora Proyecto Elba

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Foreword

Προοίμιο

[\[English\]](#)

Για τον συνηθισμένο αναγνώστη, η ακόλουθη συλλογή μπορεί να φανεί τυχαία με την πρώτη ματιά, όμως αν εξετάσει καλύτερα αυτά τα ποιήματα κάτω από το πρίσμα της ποίησης μπορεί να δει ένα πλήθος αισθητικών και φιλοσοφικών αρχών.

Κάποιος μπορεί να ελπίζει ότι αυτά μπορούν να γεφυρώσουν το κενό ανάμεσα στην ιδιαιτερότητα των εμπειριών και στην συνολικότητα της αντίληψης της ζωής εκφραζόμενη από την Ευρωπαϊκή πολιτιστική κληρονομιά.

Προσπαθώ να θυμηθώ πώς η ποιότητα της σκέψης, όπως ορίζεται στη Δύση σαν πνευματικότητα των νέων, έχει παραλειφθεί στην Ευρωπαϊκή κοινωνία. Όταν δεν αγνοείται, γελοιοποιούνται χάριν του κέρδους και λόγω της υλιστικής ιδεολογίας.

Όμως η ελευθερία της ατομικής έκφρασης αποτελεί μόνο μια από τις πολλές διαφορετικές πλευρές της ανθρώπινης δημιουργικότητας. Η ποίηση, όπως έχουμε παρατηρήσει, είναι ένα μέσο κατάλληλο για την διατήρηση της ισορροπίας ανάμεσα στις δύο πραγματικότητες που αντιμετωπίζει η Ευρώπη συνεχώς. Η μια αποτελεί την εσωτερική πραγματικότητα του μυαλού, και η άλλη την πραγματικότητα της αυτοσυντήρησης του κόσμου όπως αυτός είναι.

Θαυμάζουμε την ισορροπία και την πνευματική πειθαρχία που συντελούνταν στον κλασικισμό. Εμφανίζεται εμπνευσμένο από το κλασικό μοντέλο της τελειότητας όπως εφαρμόστηκε στη σύγχρονη ποίηση παρόλο που οι κανόνες που διέπουν μερικά από τα έργα προέρχονται από την ιδέα της κλασικιστικής απομίμησης οπουδήποτε συμπεριλαμβανομένων και των παλαιότερων δημιουργών.

Το περιεχόμενο και η δομή είναι αδιαχώριστα συνυφασμένα. Ένα ποίημα μπορεί να δημιουργήσει διάθεση, εικόνα ή συναίσθημα. Η ποίηση συνήθως μορφοποιεί λέξεις ή μηνύματα. Ένα ποίημα μπορεί να πει ιστορίες παρόμοιες με ένα παραμύθι ή θρύλος. Ένα ποίημα γραμμένο σε οποιαδήποτε μορφή συχνά μοιάζει με το ρυθμό της ομιλίας. Ένα ποίημα μπορεί να είναι γραμμένο σχετικά με τη ζωή κάποιου, τα γνωρίσματα μια προσωπικότητας και τις φιλοδοξίες. Η ποίηση αντιμετωπίζει πολλές φορές ένα σοβαρό θέμα με χιούμορ. Τα θέματα συνήθως συνδέονται με την αγάπη και τον ρομαντισμό.

Η ποίηση που τηρεί τις αρχές και τα ιδανικά της ομορφιάς που είναι χαρακτηριστικά της ελληνικής και ρωμαϊκής τέχνης, αρχιτεκτονικής και λογοτεχνίας.

Ένα ποίημα μιλάει σε έναν ακροατή. Ένα ποίημα μπορεί να είναι γραμμένο στη μνήμη ανθρώπων όλων των εθνών και των πολιτισμών. Ένα σύντομο λυρικό ποίημα μπορεί

να περιέχει ποιητικές σκέψεις. Οι σκέψεις και τα θέματα είναι συνήθως συνδεδεμένα με την αγάπη και τον ρομαντισμό. Η κατακλείδα συχνά περιλαμβάνει το μήνυμα της ζωής του ποιητή όπως ο ίδιος ο ποιητής την αντιλαμβάνεται.

Η ποίηση, μια ειρηνική και ιδεατή σκηνή, λέει ιστορίες σχετικά με ήρωες της παλιάς εποχής. Η ποίηση απεικονίζει την αγροτική ζωή με έναν ειρηνικό ρομαντικό τρόπο.

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Prefazione



[\[English\]](#)

Per il lettore casuale, le seguenti selezioni letterarie potrebbero sembrare, ad un primo sguardo, casuali; tuttavia, esaminando più approfonditamente queste opere si può intravedere, attraverso il prisma della poesia, dei principi estetici e filosofici.

Il lettore può anche sperare che ciò possa colmare la lacuna tra ciò che di particolare c'è nella sua esperienza e ciò che di universale c'è nella prospettiva della vita, espressa nella cultura e nei mondi Europei.

Cerco di ricordare come le qualità della mente, considerate nel mondo occidentale come aspetto di elezione dei giovani, sono stati trascurati nella società Europea. Quando non ignorati, tali aspetti sono stati ridicolizzati in nome del profitto e sulla base di un'ideologia materialistica.

Tuttavia, la libertà di espressione individuale, costituisce uno dei molti aspetti della creatività umana. La Poesia, come abbiamo osservato, è il mezzo più adeguato per mantenere l'equilibrio tra le due realtà che l'Europa si trova costantemente ad affrontare; la prima, che è la realtà più interiore della mente e l'altra che è la realtà dell'auto-conservazione del mondo.

Ammiriamo l'equilibrio e la moderazione intellettuale attribuiti al Classicismo. Esso appare ispirato dal modello classico di eccellenza applicato alla poesia contemporanea, anche se le regole che governano alcune delle opere sono assolutamente lontane dalla nozione di imitazione classicistica dei poeti, compresi i vecchi artisti.

Il contenuto e la forma sono inseparabilmente intrecciati. Un poema può creare un clima, un'immagine o un sentimento. La poesia di solito compone parole o messaggi. Un poema può raccontare storie simili a favole popolari o leggende. Un poema, qualunque sia lo stile con il quale è stato scritto, è spesso simile al ritmo del linguaggio. Un poema è spesso autobiografico, descrive tratti di personalità e ambizioni. La poesia tratta temi seri talvolta con umorismo. I temi sono spesso collegati all'amore e alle relazioni amorose.

La poesia che contiene i principi e gli ideali di bellezza che sono caratteristiche dell'arte, dell'architettura e della letteratura greche e romane.

Un poema parla a chi lo ascolta. Un poema scritto in onore del popolo e di tutte le nazioni e le culture. Un breve componimento lirico può contenere il pensiero poetico. I temi sono spesso collegati all'amore e alle relazioni amorose. L'impronta finale spesso contiene il senso della vita come è percepito dal poeta.

La Poesia, idealizzato scenario di pace, ci racconta storie di eroi del tempo passato. La Poesia descrive la vita contadina in un modo romantico e pieno di pace.

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Pratarmė



[\[English\]](#)

Iš pirmo žvilgsnio ši pratarmė skaitytojui gali pasirodyti lėkšta, tačiau perskaitęs šiuos eilėraščius, jis turėtų išvelgti estetinių bei filosofinių vertybių. Galima tikėtis, kad tai priartins patirtį prie universalios požiūrio į europinės kultūros gyvenimą.

Dažnai tikrosios Europos vertybės yra pamiršamos, jas keičia materialinės, svarbiausiu dalyku tampa turtas ir pinigai. Laimei, saviraiškos laisvė vis dar skatina žmogų kurti. Poezija tarsi tiltas, jungiantis du krantus, išlaiko pusiausvyrą tarp dviejų realiųjų, su kuriomis Europa susiduria - proto ir poreikio išsaugoti kultūrinį paveldą.

Mes žavimės Europos klasicizmo literatūros santūrumu, kurį nulėmė griežti kanonai iki šiol darantys įtaką šiuolaikinei poezijai.

Turinys ir forma yra neatsiejami. Eilėraštis kuria nuotaiką, jausmą, vaizdinį. Poezija dažnai atspindi senąsias pasakas ir legendas, ji prabyla į žmogų tarsi gyva būtybė. Atskleidžia žmonių gyvenimus, jų vertybes bei ambicijas, rimtas problemas sprendžia su šypsena. Juk dažniausia eilėraščių tematika esti meilė.

Betgi yra ir poezijos, kalbančios apie idealus, artimus graikų bei romėnų kultūrai, jų menui.

Eilėraštis kalba su skaitytoju. Eilėraštis kreipiasi į visų tautų bei kultūrų žmones, dažnai atskleidžiamas kūrėjo išgyvenimus, senąsias vertybes bei pasaulio suvokimą.

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Prefacio

[\[English\]](#)

Para un lector desatento podría parecer, a primera vista, que la selección de poemas aquí recogidos se hubiese hecho al azar, pero si examinase de cerca estos poemas con el prisma de la poesía se daría cuenta que hemos utilizado un gran número de principios estéticos y filosóficos.

Además, esperamos que esta selección sirva de puente para unir la diferencia que separa la experiencia particular de cada país y la perspectiva universal expresadas por la cultura y los mundos europeos.

Se trata de recuperar las cualidades de la mente, consideradas en Occidente como el espíritu de la juventud, que han sido relegadas en la sociedad europea, cuando no ignoradas o despreciadas, en nombre del beneficio, sobre la base de una ideología materialista.

Sin embargo, la libertad de expresión individual constituye solo uno de los muchos y diferentes aspectos de la creatividad humana. La Poesía –tal como la hemos considerado– es el medio más adecuado para mantener el equilibrio entre las dos realidades con las que se enfrenta constantemente Europa: una, la realidad interna de la mente, y la otra, la realidad de la auto conservación en el mundo tal como es.

El contenido y la forma se entretajan indefinidamente. Un poema puede crear un estado de ánimo, una imagen ó un sentimiento. La poesía forma regularmente palabras y mensajes. Un poema puede contar historias en forma de cuentos populares ó leyendas. Un poema escrito en cualquier estilo recuerda, a menudo, los ritmos del lenguaje, por ejemplo, un poema escrito sobre la propia vida, sobre la personalidad, los rasgos y las ambiciones. La poesía trata, a veces, temas serios con humor, o temas relacionados con el amor y el romance. La poesía mantiene los principios e ideales de la belleza característicos del arte, la arquitectura y la literatura greco-romana.

Un poema le habla al oyente, un poema escrito en honor de la gente de todas las naciones y culturas. Un breve poema lírico puede contener profundos pensamientos poéticos. Los pensamientos y los temas en la poesía están frecuentemente relacionados con el amor y el romance. El contenido final del poema incluye, a menudo, el significado de la vida tal como ha sido percibida por el propio poeta.

La poesía, en una escena pacífica e idealizada, cuenta historias sobre héroes de otro tiempo. La poesía representa la vida rural de una manera pacífica y romántica.

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Acknowledgements

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[\[English\]](#)

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Padėka

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